

Hearst's International *combined with* Cosmopolitan

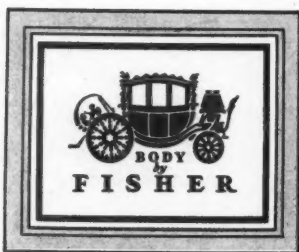
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LOOK TO THE BODY!

GENERAL MOTORS



NO other manufacturer of motor car bodies begins to enjoy the confidence of the public to the degree Fisher enjoys it. An independent nation-wide investigation has established the fact that ninety-four and four-tenths per cent of all those who express a body preference prefer Body by Fisher as against all other bodies. ¶ Obviously, such enormous good will and almost universal appreciation are far more to Fisher than a source of justifiable pride. It is an obligation, a responsibility and an inspiration. It is perfectly plain that Fisher, as the repository of such confidence, would never be so unwise as to do anything even in the slightest measure to

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Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan for October 1929

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Victor Super-Automatic Station Selector: All stations plainly and permanently visible ... just slide the knob to right or left—you have—exactly—the station you want!

Victor MICRO-SYNCHRONOUS Radio

Revolutionizes Musical Reproduction

AT LAST A RADIO THAT IS REALLY A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

For the first time America is hearing a radio that reproduces all the details and subtle variations of tone without distortion. Victor-Radio marks the end of radio's experimental years.

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Victor-Radio Console R-32. Exclusive new modernized circuit; unique sensitivity and selectivity. List price \$155*: Victor-Radio-Electrola RE-45 (above) List price \$275*.

*Less Radiotrons

"Victor-Radio with Electrola is a marvelous instrument and worthy of Victor . . . I have never heard my records sound so beautiful and natural."

John McCormack.

Victor-Radio

with Electrola



VOL. LXXXVII NO. 4

Hearst's International
combined with
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Joseph Hergesheimer

is recognized by the critics as one of the foremost living novelists.

His reputation is built largely on the fact that he knows more about women than any writer of our day.

In his latest novel

"The PARTY DRESS"

Mr. Hergesheimer goes deeper into an analysis of a woman's soul than he ever has before.

"The Party Dress"

begins in

November Cosmopolitan

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Just a Country Boy in the Big, Wicked City

By O. O. McIntyre

NEW YORK is so extravagantly exploited as a wicked city that whenever I journey back to my little home town I am conscious of suspicious glances. They rather suspect my spats hide the cloven hoof and that my awning-striped shirts mean no good to our Nell.

I'd like to be worthy of this Mephistophelean glamour. All of us likely yearn a little, secretly, to be a devil in our own home town.

My old friend Harry Maddy chucks me in the ribs and inquires: "How's Broadway?" which is another way of saying: "You can't fool me, you sin-soaked rascal, you!"

Aunt Betty, apropos of nothing at all, archly observes: "I hope you are behaving yourself in the city. There are so many pitfalls, my dear!" and you know perfectly well she has a sneaking notion you are as wild as a pigeon.

And there is that rather pathetic apology of treasured old friends: "You know, we have very little amusement to offer save the movies and the radio." They do not realize that forms the bulk of the amusement fare of the average New Yorker.

Last night, for instance, the editor of this magazine and I went on a typical New York bust and that is what inspired this piece.

We walked around the gravel path of the Central Park reservoir, had one of those home-cooked chicken dinners at a southern tea room, saw a new talking picture and wound up at a soda fountain at ten o'clock for an orangeade. And so to bed.

One of the most persistent libels about the metropolis concerns its subtle way of insnaring the innocent youth of the land. I know I used to imagine a villain with a dirty mustache, wearing patent-leather boots and flicking a riding crop, waited on every corner to trick us clodhoppers. That myth is not such a great exaggeration in the outland today.

As a matter of fact the average small-town boy knows more of vice than the city boy of the same age. Back yonder a young man has sown his wild oats, settled down and is rearing a family by the time the city chap is casting his first sheep's eyes at a waitress.



Illustration by Rollin Kirby

Vice is uglier in the countryside because it must hide. New York at least gilds the hayloft and puts a jazz band in the blind pig. The young men and young women coming to New York from the village street are given far greater protection than they are in the small town.

To those without money for amusement, the doors of a hundred or more wholesome and pleasant institutions are open, free. Every big employer of labor has his welfare department to meet such exigencies.

Too, vice not only is a monster of frightful mien in Manhattan but is frightfully expensive. The newcomer with a thin purse cannot dip into its sham pleasures.

In New York clothes are essential for the gay life. The young working girl cannot compete with

the expensively dressed members of the scarlet sisterhood. A young man on a thirty-five-dollar-a-week salary cannot do much playing around in a night club.

Thus are the newcomers forced to turn to those amusement agencies which are constantly on the lookout for strangers, with the sole object of providing clean and wholesome means of relaxation. This may upset the cracker-barrel philosophers, but I am acquainted with a large number of instances where black sheep and wayward daughters of the small town were cast adrift in the city, and became useful citizens.

GIVING the dog the proverbial bad name means nothing in a big city. There are many worthy fellows in small towns who have been unable to rise above the provincial blight of local prejudice. So long as they remain in the little community in which they made their mistakes they are beyond the pale of respectable society. I came from the small town and they are all my people, but I do not believe this attitude will ever change.

All this is not true of the city. It is too big, too complex and too self-centered to remember a false step. One may make many and still become an honored citizen. Past is of no consequence.

New York lives in the eternal now, and you must come over. But if you get in jail, don't blame me. And look out for the cable cars!

By CHARLES



Two Out in the Last Half of the Ninth;

DANA GIBSON



Score: VISITORS, 12; HOME TEAM, 0

A New Novel of Modern Business Life
 That Will Start a Controversy in Many Homes
 And be the Talk of Many Business Offices



By Anne Murdock

The Office Wife

By Faith Baldwin

NINE stories above Park Avenue the Eaton Advertising Agency had its headquarters. Through the many open windows the roar of traffic drifted up, subdued to the pulse-beat of a Gargantuan heart and weaving a minor obbligato to the sharp, incisive tapping of typewriter keys. Now and then the sound of a police whistle pierced through, thinned to an elfin note of warning.

The doors of the three elevators gave directly upon the reception room of the agency. They clanged open or shut almost without cessation, receiving or discharging their burdens. People came and went continuously—men, for the most part, the majority of them space-salesmen from the publications, calling to see Landers, the space-buyer of the agency, or one of his assistants.

One man, with a square, rather florid face and an out-thrusting chin, entered the reception room and approached the girl at the desk. He had an ingratiating smile and a charming manner.

"Mr. Jameson," he informed her. "My appointment with Mr. Eaton is for three o'clock."

The girl smiled back, and picking up the receiver, spoke into the transmitter of her telephone. "Miss Andrews? Mr. Jameson? Mr. Jameson to see Mr. Eaton." She replaced the receiver and looked up. "If you'd wait just a moment, Mr. Jameson?"

The man nodded and sat down.

In the private office of the chief executive of the agency, Lawrence Eaton, president of the concern and nephew of its late founder, looked across his desk at his secretary who, returning from her telephone in the adjoining office, reported in a quiet, colorless voice:

"Mr. Jameson is waiting."

She tried to smile, mechanically, but her thin face twitched nervously as she stood beside him, notebook in hand.

"Five minutes," Eaton told her, adding, "We'll just finish this letter. I want it off by special delivery."

He leaned back in his chair, waiting until she should deliver his message to the reception-room clerk. In his relaxed, passive position there was a suggestion of force in leash, of power under control. His gray eyes were dark with concentration but lighted to an impersonal smile as Miss Andrews returned and, sitting down, held notebook and pencil poised.

Eaton continued his effortless dictation. The tall woman in her blue serge frock followed the sound of his voice with the pencil and save for that sound the private office was still.

Writing, she jerked herself back to the sense of the words he was speaking, having lost herself momentarily in the cadence of the voice. What an amazing voice, she thought, keenly conscious of her aching head and the difficulty she had in writing—a voice that could infuse warmth, charm, magnetism into dry business phrases.

The room in which they sat was beautiful. It had recently been decorated, under Eaton's supervision, in the modern manner. But there was nothing restless about it, nothing sharp.

The chairs were low to the thick-carpeted floor, solid, embracing, cushioned in soft-toned leather. The long couch under the windows was of no particular period, but it promised relaxation. The desk at which Eaton sat was square and massive, of beautifully grained, polished wood. A silver bowl, brimming with roses, stood upon it near one lovely bronze, a sexless winged figure, vibrant with dark gleaming life. The paneled walls were



The Author
who wrote
"ALIMONY"
and other novels
as seen by the Illustrator
of her new serial—
R. F. Schabelitz



"I am going to give you a leave of absence, Miss Andrews," Eaton said quickly but most kindly. "I think you need and deserve a rest." "Does that mean that I am—dismissed?"

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broken by tall, built-in bookcases, filled with volumes.

Miss Andrews lifted her eyes from the page of pot-hooks. She lifted them as if in answer to an inner compulsion, as if they were dragged from the page, upward, to the familiar face of the man with whom she had worked for five years. She saw the gray eyes set under heavy brows, the rather blunt nose, the mouth that, though firm, was so beautifully modeled, the square cleft chin; saw, too, the thick brown hair with its rusty glint, and the long, fine hand, idle on the polished surface of the desk. And these things she viewed with that heavy pressure at her breast, that troubling of the blood which had grown, this past year, into such proportions that she could no longer ignore it—no longer endure it.

Her lips, repressed by habit into a straight thin line, quivered, softened. She dropped her eyes again and stared unseeingly at the sheet upon which she had set no mark for a full moment. Eaton, withdrawing his gaze from the windows, spoke to her pleasantly:

"Will you read back what you have there, please?"

She read a paragraph or two, then faltered, stumbling to a full stop, to silence. Then she asked, not looking at him, her voice lowered to a shred of sound:

"I'm afraid I haven't . . . inattentive . . . if you would please repeat the last, Mr. Eaton."

Eaton moved his broad shoulders in the suggestion of a shrug but with no hint of impatience. He saw that her hands were shaking. His brows drew together. What on earth was wrong? Quiet, self-effacing, efficient, she was the best secretary he had ever had.

Of her personal life he knew little. He rarely exchanged a word with her beyond the daily routine. Did he even know her given name? Of course he did, that was absurd—Janet, it was—Janet Andrews. If now and then she absented herself owing to some minor illness he got along as well as possible, scratch secretaries temporarily filling her place. He inquired concerning her daily, with genuine if abstracted interest, and sighed with relief when she returned, quiet and colorless as usual.

He knew that she lived alone; that she went to

Cape Cod on her summer vacations; that she must be—how old? Forty, at a venture.

He was dictating as the swift thoughts flashed through his consciousness. Finishing, he looked at her. She had not written a word. She sat there watching

oppressive. Eaton, usually the most poised of men, felt absurdly ill at ease. He said something—anything, anxious only to help her pull herself—and the situation—back to normal.

"Run along now. Don't give me another thought."



his mouth, her hands in her lap. And as he stared at her, incredulous, she flung her notebook to the floor and surrendered herself, to her own horror no less than to his, to a passion of tears.

Eaton rose quickly and approached her. He touched her shoulder and she quivered uncontrollably. Eaton drew back his hand and spoke, exceedingly uncomfortable and terribly sorry for her.

"Miss Andrews, are you ill? Is anything wrong? May I help?"

She stumbled to her feet, her handkerchief crushed to her eyes. Her inadequate explanation reached him, muffled, broken and frantic with shamed embarrassment.

"I—yes—please forgive me. My head is splitting. I'll be better presently."

He said quickly: "I'm sorry. It's quite all right. Take the remainder of the day and go home and rest and do something for your headache."

The thin blanketed voice answered: "You're—so—good!"

More than gratitude there. A smothered heat, stifled,

"No, no," she said hastily, a little recovered; "I'll stay. I'll be all right. The letter must go."

"I'll see to that. Mr. Sanders' secretary can take it for me. I can get along for the rest of the day," he assured her.

"Thank you, Mr. Eaton."

She went into her own office and he heard the pitiful, unlovely sound of her quiet but obvious sniffing as she took down her well-cut coat from the rack and jammed an expensive unbecoming hat over her reddened eyes. A moment later, he heard the outer door close, that door which she guarded, behind which she sat, alert to keep him from any intrusion.

Eaton returned to his desk and relaxed in his chair, his legs stretched straight before him, his hands deep in his pockets. He frowned; whistled once or twice softly to himself; found his mind framing profanities.

What the devil ailed her?

It was not the first time during the past year that hysteria had flown a warning signal. Latterly, she had been close to tears much of the time. If he spoke to her somewhat brusquely; if, as occasionally happened, appointments became confused or messages forgotten, she would cringe as if he had struck her when he merely called minor mistakes to her attention—and her pale anxious eyes would fill with tears.

And she fussed over him so of late. Was he tired? Must he work so late? Couldn't she stay on? Should she send out for crackers and milk? Was he coming down with a cold? She'd been far worse than a wife—than *his* wife, at any rate, for Linda, superbly healthy herself, thought such discussions better left to doctors and nurses.

Confound it, he couldn't have Andrews around any more—if he and she were going to get on each other's nerves at this rate!

He came to one of his characteristic quick decisions. He would give her a long leave of absence and, at the end of it, dismiss her. Meantime he would have to break in

age whom he knew well socially. And the call was not upon a business matter. Jameson's only business was finding new ways in which to spend his enormous unearned income. And Eaton was glad to see him today, if only to dismiss the problem of Miss Andrews from his mind for ten minutes.

He greeted his friend, indicated a chair, offered a cigaret case. "Sit down, Dick. Sorry to have kept you waiting."

"S'all right," answered Jameson easily. "My time's my own, thank the Lord!"

"And a father in Standard Oil!"

"Quite so. Too bad to barge 'n on you like this but you're never at home, rarely at the club, and I haven't seen you since Hardy's bachelor dinner."

"That," remarked Eaton, with feeling, "was some dinner. A complete K.O. for most of us. But at that, Dick, you and I kept our feet, if not our heads, better than the majority."

"What have you been doing? The last plan I heard—at Hardy's dinner—was your solemn assurance that you would be charmed to fly to the South Sea Islands with that imported Viennese blonde who came in as part of the entertainment."

"Don't I remember it! Linda heard

it too, afterwards. Tommy Norton heard—and told his wife. Hence Linda's information. She didn't take it seriously. No, I've not been to the South Seas. But I have been away a lot. Strictly business. No Strauss waltzes."

"So Linda told me. I mean, that you'd been away. She's much less uncomplaining than the average wife of the T.B.M. Very sporting, really. Now what I wanted to see you about is this: A baker's dozen of us are kicking in to buy some property in Virginia. There's a small disused inn on it which could easily be turned into a hunting club. We propose to put caretakers in, clean it up, hire guides to be on call, and use it week-ends or longer.

"It won't cost much to get it started and to keep it going. I've the approximate (Continued on page 187)



"I've a job," said Kathleen casually, "in the chorus of *The Sky Girl*."
"You've what?" demanded her father.
Anne said quietly, "If you oppose her she'll do something foolish. It's better to have her confidence."

another secretary, no small task or pleasing thought. And he would find a place for Janet Andrews in another office.

But he hated to let her out. She had served him well and loyally. It was difficult to understand the recent change in her. Yet, was it so difficult?

Eaton shrugged as if to shake off an irritating burden. There was, to any thinking man, a natural, even simple, answer to Janet Andrews' present state of mind and emotions. But Eaton was too decently masculine, too removed from personal vanity, to wish to admit that answer even to himself.

Then, with relief and compunction, he remembered Jameson, cooling his heels in the reception room. He picked up his telephone, was connected with the black-haired girl, and a moment later Jameson came in.

Eaton liked Jameson, an aimable bachelor of his own

A 3-months-old Baby



Further than that, it was thrilling for me to visualize my husband in Africa. For at the mouth of the Congo River is a monument which commemorates the time his noted ancestor-explorer, Vasco Da Gama, stopped for water to provision his ships for the historic trip which opened the sea-route to India four hundred years ago.

After an interview with King Albert of Belgium the day of days finally came. All our supplies were aboard the S. S. Elisabethville bound for Matadi in the Belgian Congo, whence we intended to start across Equatorial Africa.

But no sooner had we passed Dakar than I found our expedition included a stowaway, an explorer who had not been accounted for when our ship left Antwerp. To have a child born in the part of Africa we were headed for was something not to be thought of, and besides, my husband wanted his child, the seventeenth descendant of his distinguished ancestor,



Q. "I told my husband the elephant he shot that day should be baby's first birthday present, so after our return to camp we photographed him atop his gift." Above: Countess Da Gama.

MY EXPERIENCE in the African bush with my three-months-old baby will live with me all the days of my life. But I could not write in retrospect anything half so exciting as the recordings I made in my diary during that period. Even now as I reach the point where, with shaking fingers, I made the entry, "My baby is dying," I wonder how I ever lived through the terrifying weeks that followed.

Before admitting you to the pages of my diary let me picture for you how our jungle adventures began.

We had been married, Vasco Da Gama and myself, only a short while, and after a motor trip through Europe we debated the question of going to Africa or India to hunt. We finally abandoned India for the unknown adventures that might await us in the Dark Continent. And because of the excitement of the chase.

30

to be born on American soil. It was almost impossible for him to postpone an expedition for which such extensive preparations had been made. So we decided I should go back to New York while my husband started a first trip across the forest.

Some months later he came back to the coast and cabled me. I wired back that the child was born, that we were both in excellent health, that I was anxious to rejoin him, and that the baby would remain with my mother. This had been my intention until approaching the day of sailing. But the wrench was too great and guiltily I carried my baby aboard, fearing, as you may well imagine, the reception awaiting us at the other end.

There is no doubt that many of my readers will be convinced that it was an insane move to take so young a

in the African Jungle

By Vera,

Countess Da Gama

child into so many unknown dangers, but like all pleasurable reading this has a happy ending. The littlest big-game hunter and explorer not only survived his parents' expedition, but is healthy and strong as a result of the life he led in the open.

After two months we arrived at Matadi and a small boat conveying my husband came to meet us. His surprise and indignation knew no bounds. Although he knew nothing of children, it seemed that once more this expedition after lions and other big game was up against an impossibility. Starting into the interior with a baby meant facing not only the hardships of the climate but also the difficulties attendant upon a trek of several months, traveling by canoes or in caravans across the forest, exposing the infant to the most irregular hours so far as rest and feedings went, tsetse flies carrying the germs of sleeping sickness, mosquitoes with their accompanying malarial ills, and other insects of the jungle.

seventy-five miles to Stanley Pool.

Now you have the setting for our trip. As to the adventures, the almost disastrous fate that awaited the baby, I leave you to my diary.

July 1st

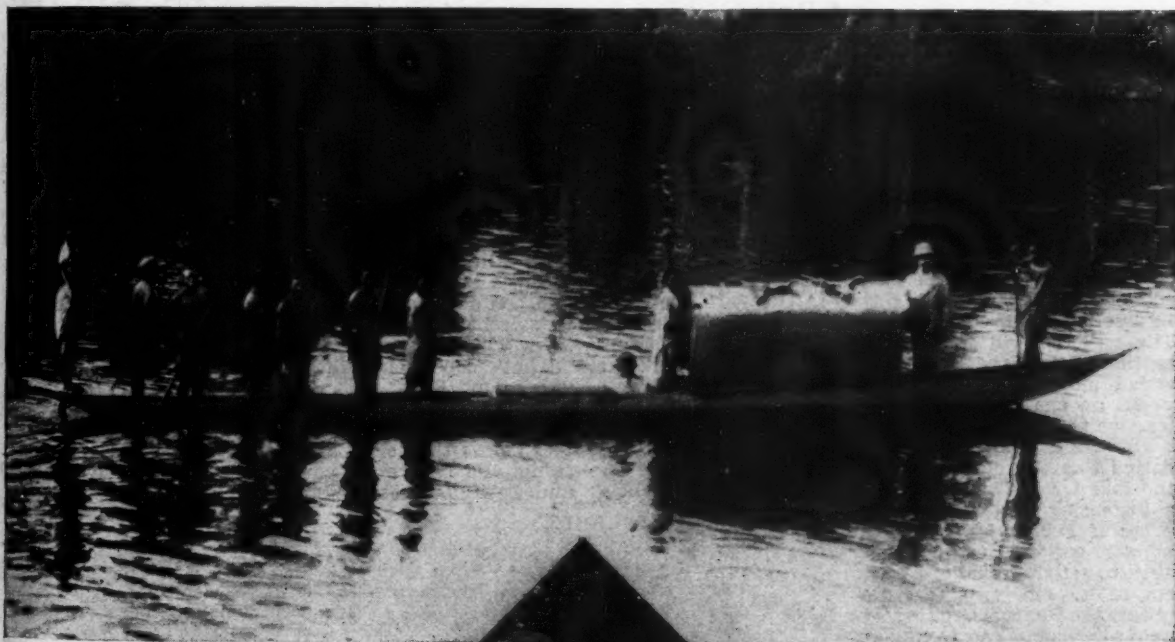
We are leaving for French Equatorial Africa, and are very excited, remembering that the French government frankly admits cannibalism is openly practiced and taxes are not levied for the simple reason that the tax collector never returns.

July 4th

All packed and aboard a steamboat of the British Lever Oil Company which operates on the Congo River. We have seven boys and eighty loads comprising tents, beds, ammunition and food.

July 9th

Mossaka at last. We were met and entertained by the French officer commanding the post. He is collecting



"We had a little bed made for the baby copied from a folding rubber bathtub, which fitted nicely into the canoes."

Fearing once more I was to be sent away, I assured my husband that the only thing necessary for an infant was good food and plenty of sleep. I had brought many cases containing the best food-stuffs for him that I could find in the United States. Sleeping would be an easy matter to arrange as long as the child could be carried in some sort of bed covered by mosquito netting to protect him from insects.

At last Vasco agreed that it might be feasible and the next morning we took the little train which in two weary days of travel covered one hundred and

Count Da Gama—"When baby is older he will appreciate this sample of his father's excellent marksmanship."

four canoes and eighty paddlers for our journey northeast. We had a little bed made for the baby copied from a folding rubber bathtub. Four small rods were screwed at the four ends and united at the tops with other rods, above which a mosquito net was hung. This bed will fit nicely into the canoes.

July 27th

The paddlers are here. A discomfoting sight, since we are headed for cannibal territory.

A detail of native soldiers which has been put by the French Government under (Continued on page 207)

The Life, Loves and Letters of Denny Kerrigan in a

Heart

By J. P.

Illustrations by



Denny

Mr. Dennis Kerrigan,
Gleason Greeting Card Co.,
Tower Building,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Denny,

I am sending you a typewritten copy herewith of the first of the new motto series which we are going to get out right away under the name Heart Throbs. We are going to try these Heart Throbs in the 7x11 size first, 12 assorted hand-colored and boxed for \$1 each retail. The enclosed will give you an idea of the quality of sentiment and there is no reason why you can't go ahead and take orders now for delivery within two weeks on the strength of this sentiment and the attractive price.

You will be interested to know the staff Poet Laureate batted this one out after a big party at my house on the lake. He always seems to work better when he's a little slug nutty. When he wrote If For Girls we had to hang it out on the line for a week to get the smell of Scotch out of it. Oh, well, to paraphrase the General Grant story, we'd sure like to know where he buys that kind of stuff—we'd pour it into our other poets.

GLEASON GREETING CARD CO.

By Al Evans,
Sales Manager

Chicago, Ill.
May 15th, 1929.

Miss Hilda Reichert,
c/o Ye Art Moderne Snuggery,
Milwaukee, Wis.

Hello, Hilda!

Didn't we have fun last night? When I got to Chicago this morning my head was as big as one of those million-year-old dinosaur eggs and felt worse inside. But it wasn't the beer. It must be I'm getting old, eh, Hilda? Anyway, I'll say your old man wasn't a meister brewer

Minneapolis, Minn.
May 11th, 1929.

for nothing. A lot of loving care went into that last batch. And we put some into the drinking of it too, eh, Hilda?

By the way, don't forget to check up on your stock of commencement cards, especially that twenty-five-cent series of folders and engraved inserts containing inspirational quotations from Bruce Barton, Longfellow and Eddie Guest. Nos. 25C9-14 with tissue-lined eps to match.

You don't want to get caught short with that series as they sell big. I left you some telegraph blanks so you can wire in for reorders, but don't wait too long because those folders are all four-color stuff and we can't run them off at the last minute.

I think you've got the smartest shop on my route. That's what I always tell them at the Home Office, the big stiff. You ought to see them, Hilda, the way they sit around up there in Minneapolis as if they owned the earth, making a lot of bum greeting cards and then giving us the dickens because we can't foist them off on the dealers.

Believe me, I tell them! If you'd spend a little more time getting in touch with the trade and less out on Lake Minnetonka, you'd know what's going on in the world, I tell them. And if you don't want to get out and contact the trade yourself, you ought to listen to us salesmen who are in touch with the dealers and know what they want.

That's sense, eh, Hilda? I guess I know what you want, don't I?

Well, I've got to dash out to Ye Merrie Lyttle Nooke on Madison Street and sell them some Every Day mottoes before they close up or they get bombed or something. I'll be around your way again in a few weeks and we'll have some more fun, eh, Hilda? Remember

24M-3? It always reminds me of you.

Sometimes a lot is a little.

And sometimes a little's a lot
Depending of course on who's
who and how come...

Who's who and how come and
what's what.

For a little of you is a lot, you
see,

But a lot too little to satisfy
me.

Denny

P.S. We've got a new Heart Throb motto line coming through. The first one is a darb:

I could sail the waters of all the
world.

Bitter and wild and blue.
And never I'd find a friend to
love

Like the friend I've found in
you.

That's the way the first of
them starts. Isn't that a honey,



Ruth Davis, manager of the What Ho Gifte Shoppe

New Group of Stories by the Author of "Show Girl"

Throb

McEvoy

C. R. Chickering



Q. Doris Miller

Hilda? Better let me put you down for a few dozen assorted.

Miss Ruth Davis,
Manager, What Ho Gifte Shoppe,
Chicago, Ill.

Hello, Ruthie!

How are you feeling? Me, my head is just like that only bigger. When I fell off the Lake Shore this morning I didn't know whether I was in South Bend or Oskaloosa.

What difference does it make? The only one I'm interested in is a little girl out on West Madison Street. I guess you know who I mean, eh, Ruthie?

I can hardly wait until I get back, but I've got to make the swing through Indiana now and it may be I'll have to cover part of Ohio on account of Kimball being in the hospital from overwork. At least, that's what he told the Home Office it was.

Well, it's a hard life at best, Ruthie. You wouldn't believe how lonesome it is for a poor fellow going from one strange town to another selling cheerful greeting cards all day, then staggering into a lonely little two-by-four hotel room and spending the evening there all alone writing up orders and reading Gideon's Bible.

There's one here with a slip pasted inside the cover which tells you what to read when you're lonely or in trouble or something. It says when you're lonely or fearful read Matt. 6: 19-34. I'll look it up sometime.

Don't forget about that new Heart Throb series I was telling you about. They're going big. You ought to order enough for a window and make a drive on it. There's always a last-minute rush and if you haven't got your orders in, you're going to get stuck because we're manufacturing short this year so as to cut down the inventory. Profits are in turnovers, not in holdovers.

I guess that's pretty neat, eh, Ruthie? I ought to pass it on to the sales department to send out to all the men as a slogan or something. But I'd only be casting pearls before swine. My Lord, you'd think they'd pay some attention to us fellows on the road with our fingers on the pulse of things, eh, Ruthie? Instead of that, they give you the razz or toss your real helpful suggestions into the wastebasket and make you go out and sell things which they've pulled out of an old straw hat or what they mistakingly call their brains.

South Bend, Ind.
May 17th, 1929.

Some of these days I'll throw a bomb into this organization. Believe me, I'll go right up there to Minneapolis and fight it out with them in my bare feet on a cake of ice. You've never seen me aroused, Ruthie. You know me only in my tender moods. I'm like No. 48MX-3, you know the one that retails 50 cents with easel and 25 cents with eps:

Smile and stick, kid . . . smile and stick;
What if it all looks dark and thick?
Things have been lots worse before
And liable to be lots worse some more.
Out with your chest, kid . . . up on your toes,
The best defense is a left to the nose.
Whenever you feel that you're out and through
Remember the other bird's tired as you.
And the fight ain't won till you hear the bell,
Smile and stick . . . and give 'em hell!

Well, that's me, Ruthie. They'll have to get up before breakfast to put anything over on me. I'm after a little car now so I'll be independent of the trains. It'll be a lot of fun too, but so far as the Home Office is concerned, it's efficiency.

And it is too, come to think of it. A fellow can work harder and turn in better results if he can eliminate the drudgery.

There's a lot of drudgery in this friendly greeting business. You only have to carry these four hand-trunks of kindly sediments for all occasions all over Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin to find that out. I got a Charlie on my back from the Song Of The Heart motives alone.

Well, toodle-oo, Ruthie. I'll be seeing you soon. I can hardly wait. We'll go out stepping again and make Chicago a big town, eh, Ruthie? Every time I go there I feel it my duty to stay up late to keep the night life going.

Denny

Q. Sheila Cassidy,
owner of Ye Merrie Lytle Nooke



P.S. "Next to myself I like you best." (That's our new val leader for 1930.)

Heart Throb

Mr. Al Evans,
c/o Gleason Greeting Card Co.,
Minneapolis, Minn.
Dear Al,

Chicago, Ill.
May 20th, 1929.

I called on several people today and they all promised me good orders on the new Shut-In line. They all thought they were priced a little high. People won't go 25 cents for a Shut-In as quickly as they will 10, but they thought boxing them in 12's assorted for a buck a box would make a hot item.

You know, it would save people a lot of trouble picking out the sediments. They could just pick up the box and run with it, and then send the Shut-In a different one every day. There ought to be a good merchandising tie-up here with florists who could send flowers every day with a different card and sign them for the people who don't want to go to the trouble of going around there.

I want you to take a good look at the orders herewith and note increases taken in Ye Art Moderne Snuggery, Milwaukee, and What Ho Gifte Shoppe in Chicago. That Davis gel has always been a hard nut to crack but I sure enveloped her with charm this trip. I hope she doesn't come out of her coma until the cases begin to come into the receiving department in October.

I also want you to watch her Heart Throb orders. They ought to be along now any time. The same for Hilda Reichert, Ye Art Moderne Snuggery. She's also going to telegraph for more of 25C9-14 and I promised to keep her covered, so hold out at least 6 dozen each.

You might send them to her and give her advantage of a September billing and tell her I suggested it as a personal favor. That usually pushes them over.

YESTERDAY was Sunday and I didn't know what to do with myself after I'd finished making out my weekly report. So I took a walk up North Clark Street and dropped into one of those little greasy-spoon restaurants for a cup of coffee. Well, the joint was jammed but there was one place vacant at a small table for two and there was a cute-looking kid sitting there, so I thought I might as well brighten her day and sit with her.

Well, it turned out she was pretty enough, Al, but a kind of a dumb cluck. We got to talking and I asked her what she was going to do after she left there, and she said nothing that she knew of, so as long as I didn't have anything to do and all my work was finished I suggested that we bum around together a little bit.

So I paid for her bowl of soup and we strolled up to Lincoln Park and went through the Zoo and she told me all about herself, how she was living in a rooming house on North Dearborn Street, in one of those big private homes that have gone to seed and when she can't stand one of them she moves to another, but they're all alike. She came from a small town in Indiana, Al, but she wouldn't tell me the name of it. Said her folks had the big house on the hill and looked down on everybody but they weren't having anything to do with her any more because she came to Chicago to make her own way.

Doing what I says and she says well I wanted to be a singer.

I was one of those child prodigies when I was little and sang at the church festivals and pie suppers and the folks thought that was swell.

It was all right as long as I was little but when I grew up and told them I was going to stick to it they got sore. My father did, anyway, and I couldn't get anyone there to teach me and he wouldn't give me any money so I told them I would go out and earn it myself. So that's what I did. Mother used to send me a little money on the sly but she died last year.

Well, by this time, Al, we had seen all the monkeys and fed the elephant and had wandered down to the lake and there was one of those excursion boats there that run down to Jackson Park and I asked her how she would like to take a ride on that. So we climbed on board with a hot dog in each hand and sat close together up near the front and talked as we rode along.

IT WASN'T terribly interesting but I let her talk because it seemed to do her good and I was kind of sleepy anyway. It was all about how she worked days at stores and places to make enough money to keep up her singing lessons, and finally one day the teacher told her that she would never make a big singer and was just wasting her money and time, and then she didn't know what to do because she had left her home to be a singer, and that was her whole ambition, and now she didn't have anything to be interested in, and all the time she was so lonesome in these rooming houses with nobody to talk to when she came home and nobody caring whether she came home or not.

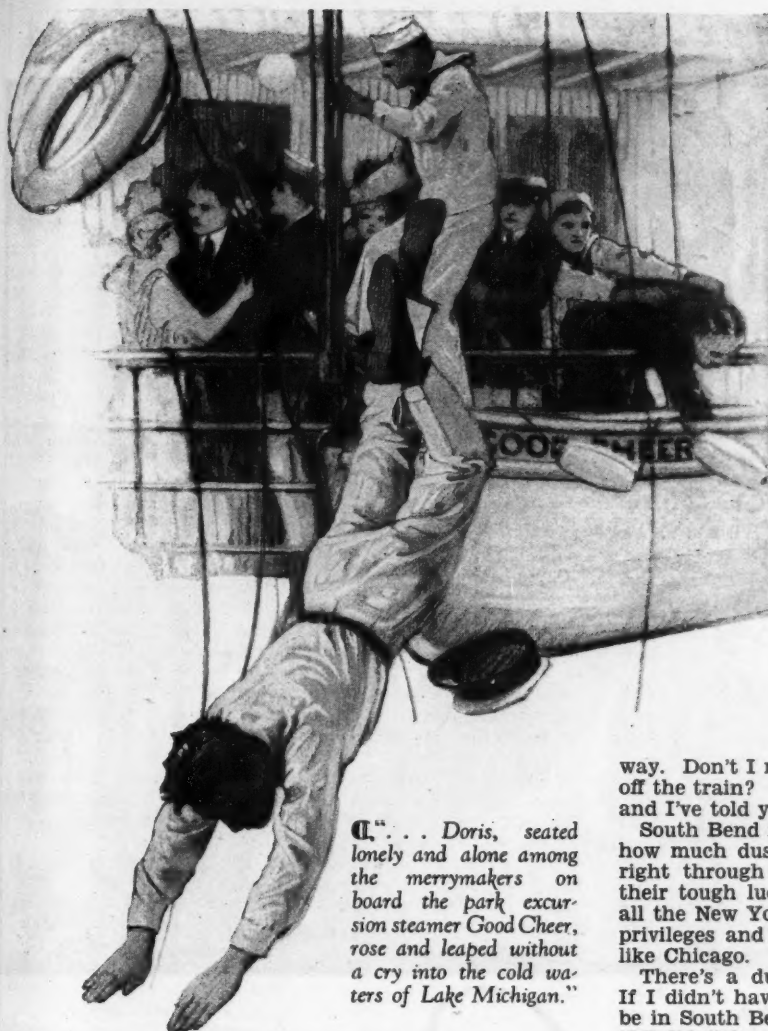
And then she said it was good to find somebody like me to talk to, such a sympathetic listener. And then I thought this would be a good spot to try that new Heart Throb on the dog. So I took her hand and the little band on the boat was playing just soft enough and I looked in her eyes and let go: I could sail the waters of all the world, etc.

Well, I tell you, Al, it knocked her for a goal. She had it memorized in no time and all the rest of the evening she was mumbling it to herself. It's a sock, Al—when it gets the dumb clucks like that it's money in the bank.

Well, to get back to the party. She talked kind of low and slow, and it was sort of soothing and it wasn't doing me any harm and it seemed to make her feel good. Just a dumb cluck, Al, but not hard to look at.

But I wasn't much interested, Al. I'd had a hard week. So I just sort of dozed until we got to Jackson Park and there was a band concert going on and we sat





"... Doris, seated lonely and alone among the merry-makers on board the park excursion steamer Good Cheer, rose and leaped without a cry into the cold waters of Lake Michigan."

under a tree on the grass. They were playing "William Tell" and things like that and I put my head in her lap and fell asleep.

Well, believe it or not, Al, when I woke up the band was gone and it was dark and this dumb cluck was still sitting there holding my head in her lap. She had covered me up with her coat so I wouldn't catch cold.

Well, I was hungry as a wolf, so I said how about food and she says whatever you say, Denny. You see, I had told her my name but I didn't think she remembered it. But she had. So we walked across the golf course and I petted her a little bit, not much, I was too hungry, and we came out on 67th Street and had a swell dinner, and I swear I think it was the first meal she'd had in months the way she ate. It just seemed to change her.

SHE got gay and her cheeks got red and her eyes got bright and I thought to myself, well, the evening's picking up after all, so then I said what would you like to do now, and she said I'd love to go some place and dance. Just dance and dance and dance, which sounded okay to me, so we hopped a cab and went up to White City, and we danced a while, then we went out and went on the roller coasters and shot the chutes and did all those fool things like a couple of kids.

Then we came back and danced some more—well, you never saw a girl have such a good time, but I was about dead. I could hardly keep awake taking her home, but I took her name and address and promised I'd look her up again when I came back to town. Kind of a cute name, Doris Miller, but such a sad little cluck only when she's pepped up. But she sure did eat up that new Heart Throb.

Poetry always gets dames—I've learned that. I guess it is kind of tough at that being a girl away from home

and out of a job most of the time and not knowing anybody but a lot of crazy coots in a rooming house.

She told me about a girl who used to live next to her in one of these rooming houses who spent all of her time writing to Beatrice Fairfax asking her advice about how to handle all these young men who were calling on her and pursuing her. They were all imaginary, of course—no one ever came to see her—but it made her happy to think they did and kept her from going crazy. I guess she must have been a little loco in the coco anyway, eh, Al?

Denny

Terre Haute, Ind.
May 22nd, 1929.

Miss Sheila Cassidy,
Ye Merrie Lyttle Nooke,
South Bend, Ind.
Hello, you little Harp,

Well, how's the old Oliver Chilled Plow Works? Aren't you ever going to warm up? I certainly give you a heavy canvass every time I drop in to your fair little burg, but I don't seem to get anywhere with you. You seem to think I'm not sincere.

I don't see how you can feel that way. Don't I make a bee line for you the minute I hop off the train? I think you're the cutest kid on my route and I've told you so a thousand times.

South Bend is a three-star town for me—I don't care how much dust the Century throws on it. If they go right through without stopping off to see you that's their tough luck. I bet if the fellows knew about you all the New York-Chicago tickets would have stop-over privileges and South Bend would be a railroad center like Chicago.

There's a dumb town! Nothing there and nobody. If I didn't have so many accounts there to call on, I'd be in South Bend a lot more, I can tell you that. And if I didn't have this darned quota too. They've jacked it up 25 percent over last year's totals—that is 25 percent for the Christmas line and 50 percent for friendship cards and folders.

They're always popping the whip up there in Minneapolis. You'd think this guy Al Evans was a Simon Legree or something. Well, you may own mah body, Massa Al, but mah soul belongs to Sheila Cassidy, the little pug-nosed Mick.

By the way, Sheila, you better check up on your friendship stock and how about the new Heart Throbs with the polychrome frames? You promised me an order, remember? And don't forget if you send it in direct to let me have a carbon so I'll get credit.

The mail-order department is always looking for a chance to chisel us boys on the road. I'll throw a bomb in that department one of these days, sitting up there stealing the bread out of our mouths.

And if that wasn't bad enough the old man is always sending us bulletins about pepping it up and seeking new high levels of achievement. I guess he's never read our number No. 11GX-3:

The road of life is wide enough
For all of us to pass,
And no one needs to crowd the rest
Or run 'em out of gas.
And we can stop and give a lift
To others in life's game;
For whether we loaf or go like hell,
We'll finish just the same.

I guess I'll have to close, Sheila. I've a whole lot of orders to write up this evening. I'm sitting up here all alone in my lonely hotel room thinking of you and wishing you'd thaw out a little. We could be great pals, eh, Sheila? But anyway, even (Continued on page 102)

You See a *Henpecked Dreamer* Groomed



Part Two of a *Biography*
as *Glamorous as a Novel*

By *Emil
Ludwig*

Lincoln's

In the preceding installment Emil Ludwig has traced Lincoln's life from his boyhood days among the frontier folk of Kentucky to the moment of his first political victory—a victory which leads him to begin life as a lawyer in Springfield, Illinois.

During the intervening years Lincoln had known hardship and sorrow, and with the death of his first love, Ann Rutledge, he had become a lonely soul, quick to sympathize with the griefs of others because his own heart had been torn. The fettered negroes in the New Orleans slave market wrung his heart with pity. Unconsciously, from his youth, Abe Lincoln had been the defender of the oppressed. But this great-souled man, ever ready to help others, was unable to help himself . . .

At twenty-eight, therefore, he rides forth to begin a new life, mounted on a borrowed nag, with seven dollars in his pocket and debts totaling more than a thousand, engaged (more or less) to a woman for whom he does not care . . .

36

NINETY years ago Springfield, Illinois, was already a town of some

importance, with its fifteen hundred inhabitants and its four inns. Its only genuine rival was Chicago and, being the seat of the legislature, it could still look down upon the new windy city on the lake. As the political center of the state, the young community felt all the pride of authority; indeed, some of the airs of Washington itself seemed to have blown down its dirt-paved thoroughfares.

And it was becoming quite a social center, too. The richer people had built themselves brick houses. Many of them were of southern origin, and here in the North tried to live, more or less, the life of a master class, even if they could not keep slaves.

Being almost penniless, Lincoln on arrival looks up an old companion-in-arms, a storekeeper, to ask whether he may buy a bed and pay for it later. Speed is a kindly fellow and makes his impecunious comrade hospitably

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for the White House by an Ambitious Wife



Illustrations by
Harvey Dunn

Courtships

welcome and lets him share his own bed in the room over the store, where soon four young men will be sleeping in close quarters. Lincoln takes his saddlebags upstairs, and, coming back, says: "Well, Speed, I've moved."

For the time being he takes his meals with Bill Butler, one of the "Long Nine," who says there need be no hurry about settling accounts for board. He has, of course, abandoned his jobs as surveyor and postmaster in New Salem, and is still faced with a heavy load of debt. Therefore he has to find a new source of income, and so, after three weeks of looking about, he enters into partnership with a local lawyer.

Stuart, the man who formerly lent him law books to read, is running for Congress, and, if elected, will need to leave a partner at home. He knows that he can count upon Lincoln's good sense and eloquence, even if his knowledge of the law may still be elementary.

Matters are soon arranged—and a new sign reading "Stuart & Lincoln" is affixed on the first floor at the

courthouse in Springfield. It remains unaltered for four years.

The room is a small one, with a few rough bookshelves, a table, a couple of chairs, papers and plenty of dust. Here our long, lean fellow, who has been used to an open-air life and to frequent changes of occupation, who has by turns used head and limbs, who has generally been able to dispose of his time pretty much as he pleased, who has been poor though independent, is now (being in truth half secretary, half lawyer) put to a hard test.

He has to write legal documents, must turn up punctually at the sessions of the court, must sue for recovery of debts. He who has been half a gypsy must learn to become a full-fledged business man. What happens? He in part adapts himself to his profession, and in part adapts his profession to his own tastes.

At first it is easy, and rather tedious. Lincoln has to handle the affairs of people who have quarreled over a deal in land, such things as any surveyor can manage:



It came natural for people to trust Lincoln—one who seemed a farmer
When he looked at people out of his large gray

or differences about a yoke of oxen, or a cookstove.

Ere long, however, there comes a suit which makes the young lawyer known, after his own peculiar fashion. For Lincoln never acquires the typical lawyer's fondness for the intricacies of legal logic, for the word-chopping of the codes. What interests him in his new profession is a sense of justice, and the opportunities it gives him to help the oppressed. In political life he has already shown his detestation of corruption, and he now transfers this passion to civil life.

SOON, this young man of twenty-eight has all he wants except money, and this he does not miss. He has been lucky in many respects. He is leader of his party in the legislature; partner of an able lawyer; contributor to the local newspaper; a favorite in the little town, because everyone knows that he has been mainly instrumental in securing the transference of the legislature thither; now in a position where he can study new and interesting circumstances; a local wrestling champion and the anecdotist to whom all like to listen.

But his heart is lonely, even lonelier than before. What can this new society offer him? He prefers, as of old, to visit tried and trusted friends, where he peers into the woodshed, saws some wood and slips away.

Difficulties occur in connection with Mary Owens, for she often comes to visit her kindred in Springfield. They spend the evening together and he sees her home. Sometimes, too, he rides out to New Salem. Thus they have plenty of opportunity for convincing themselves how little they are suited to each other.

Nevertheless, matters still hang in the wind. The man feels bound by his word; the girl appears to be waiting for a proposal; neither takes a clear line, but they exchange analytical letters. Here is one of Lincoln's:

Friend Mary:

I have commenced two letters to send you before this, both of which displeased me before I got half done, and

so I tore them up. The first I thought was not serious enough, and the second was on the other extreme. I shall send this, turn out as it may . . .

I am often thinking of what we said about your coming to live at Springfield. I am afraid you would not be satisfied. There is a great deal of flourishing about in carriages here, which it would be your doom to see without sharing it. You would have to be poor, without the means of hiding your poverty. Do you believe you could bear that patiently?

Whatever woman may cast her lot with mine, should any ever do so, it is my intention to do all in my power to make her happy and contented; and there is nothing I can imagine that would make me more unhappy than to fall in the effort. I know I should be much happier with you than the way I am, provided I saw no signs of discontent in you.

What you have said to me may have been in the way of jest, or I may have misunderstood you. If so, then let it be forgotten; if otherwise, I much wish you would think seriously before you decide. What I have said I will most positively abide by, provided you wish it.

My opinion is that you had better not do it. You have not been accustomed to hardship, and it may be more severe than you now imagine. I know you are capable of thinking correctly on any subject, and if you deliberate maturely upon this before you decide, then I am willing to abide by your decision . . .

Yours, etc., Lincoln

A masterpiece! Here writes a man who is engaged to be married, would like to break it off, but is prevented from doing so by his native kindness of heart and by his inborn resignation.

The affair runs on: visits, a parting without a farewell, a renewed meeting. At length, trying to give things a shove, he writes:

If you feel yourself in any degree bound to me, I am now willing to release you, provided you wish it; while, on the other hand, I am willing and even anxious to bind you faster, if I can be convinced that it will, in any



like themselves, stood on their level and used their familiar locutions. eyes, he seemed to be boring into their very hearts.

considerable degree, add to your happiness. This, indeed, is the whole question with me.

Nothing would make me more miserable than to believe you miserable—nothing more happy than to know you were so. If it suits you best not to answer this, farewell. A long life and a merry one attend you. But if you conclude to write back, speak as plainly as I do . . .

Your friend, Lincoln

We do not know her answer. All we know is that Lincoln at length makes up his mind to propose to her. What is the result? Something he has almost ceased to hope for. She refuses. "I'll try to outlive it," he writes to a friend. "Others have been made fools of by the girls; but this can never with truth be said of me. I most emphatically, in this instance, made a fool of myself. I have now come to the conclusion never again to think of marrying, and for this reason: I can never be satisfied with anyone who would be blockhead enough to have me. When you receive this, write me a long yarn about something to amuse me."

He has achieved what he has so long desired, has recovered his freedom, but his nervous temperament always takes alarm at a sudden fulfillment of a wish.

After the tragedy of his first betrothal, and after the comedy of his second, no one can expect that a man so timid will ever play the active rôle in a third love affair.

AT THE very time when the rotund Mary has given him "the mitten," he has for the third time been elected a member of the legislature. As one of the local leaders of his party he has almost acquired the position of leader of the "Clay men" in Illinois.

The following year, when the country is in the throes of a Presidential election, when political passion is rife, Lincoln, who has hitherto had to content himself with audiences of two or three hundred, finds that the number of his hearers has swelled to thousands. He begins

to improve his natural talents as an orator, and to make a deliberate use of what had been no more than youthful improvisations.

He learns how to vary his style to fit the occasion and to suit the mentality of his audience. He has become able to use all the registers.

Speedily, too, he acquires the methods of the agitator and is able to turn the story of his own penurious youth to account. When the Whigs are attacked by the Democrats for being elegant folk who wear fine clothes while pleading the cause of the common people, he, standing on the platform, slyly pulls at his adversary's tightly buttoned coat, which opens to disclose a ruffled shirt and a watch chain with gold seals, and amid laughter Lincoln proceeds:

"I was a poor boy hired on a flatboat at eight dollars a month and had only one pair of breeches to my back, and they were buckskin. Now, buckskin, when wet and dried by the sun, will shrink; and my breeches kept shrinking until they left several inches of my legs bare between the tops of my socks and the lower part of my breeches; and whilst I was growing taller they were becoming shorter, and so much tighter that they left a blue streak around my legs that can be seen to this day. If you call this aristocracy, I plead guilty to the charge."

At times his wide tolerance makes it impossible for him to display the fire wanted in the political struggle: for that reason, he shows to best advantage when he is facing one whom he regards as his enemy.

Such an enemy is Douglas. Is this Democrat going to follow him about perpetually? At the time the two had begun their careers in Vandalia, Douglas had been a candidate for the office of state's attorney. On the selfsame day, five years later, they had been admitted to legal practice before the Supreme Court and now in the same congressional district, each is advocating the cause of his chosen President.

The presence of Douglas (Continued on page 138)

Keep Out of the Kitchen

Illustrations by

FOR centuries, travelers have written in their diaries that the mountains overhanging Lake Como are purple mountains, smiling mountains, with villas bright as specks of mica.

But they were not in the least purple today. They were like old, corrugated ash heaps in a wet back yard. Spring was late, even in Italy, with persistent and wintry rain, and the umbrella pines on the hills looked more like umbrellas than like pines.

The villages, climbing down mountain paths to throw out terraces with cafés under gold-and-crimson awnings above the shore of the lake, were today smeared with fog. They looked damp, they looked lonely, and Telford was bored at the thought of landing from the lake steamer.

He was not going anywhere in particular. Certainly, he grunted at each landing, he wasn't going here, and he bought a ticket on to the next town. But as soon as the steamer had jangled its bells and chugged out into the choppy waves, he wished that he had stopped. For the boat was worse even than a café with damp tablecloths and damp waiters.

At Bellagio a group of peasants came aboard, and they were festal peasants, with wine flasks and glad impulsive cries and the most inordinate reek of garlic. Telford determined to quit at the next stop, Velario, though it was a hamlet of which he knew nothing, and to which Baedeker did not attribute even the tomb of a Roman Emperor or a * * * View. But he saw, as the steamer swung in, that on a point of land was a smallish, decentish hotel.

Try it, anyway.

Telford, American, was a pleasant man of thirty-five who traveled.

There is nothing else to say about him. When he had graduated from college, his parents had complacently died and left him ten thousand dollars a year, which was just enough to keep him from working and not enough to give him responsibility and the visions of power.

He had traveled far, trying to get away from the question of why Mr. Telford existed and what he ought to do about it. He spoke and read French, German, Italian and American, but in none of the numerous large books in those languages could he find any reason why an agreeable and lazy man with ten thousand a year should work and otherwise be uncomfortable.

He had a belief that if he could find a perfect place in which to live, then he would "settle down and get to work." But he had seen too many places ever to consider any one spot perfect. Given a camp in Colorado, he wanted the sea; given an English village peaceful with doves, he wanted the harsh liveliness of New York.

He was modest, good-looking, completely useless, and thoroughly unhappy—Telford, the new sort of American frontiersman, whose pioneering is done in trains



and art galleries, and who carries, instead of old Long Betsy for the annihilation of the Pesky Redskins, an equally lethal vocabulary for the slaughter of taxi drivers.

He was a bit sallow, with a black mustache. He looked French. He had been born in Chicago.

He went ashore at Velario, and as soon as the steamer had sneaked away, he wondered why the deuce he had ever gone ashore at Velario.

At the boat landing there was no hotel bus, no living person, nothing save a plaster tavern of sickly blue, like skimmed milk, decorated with a sign-painter's conception of grapevines, beyond which stretched a chalky road like a mile of wet white soap.

Telford cursed.

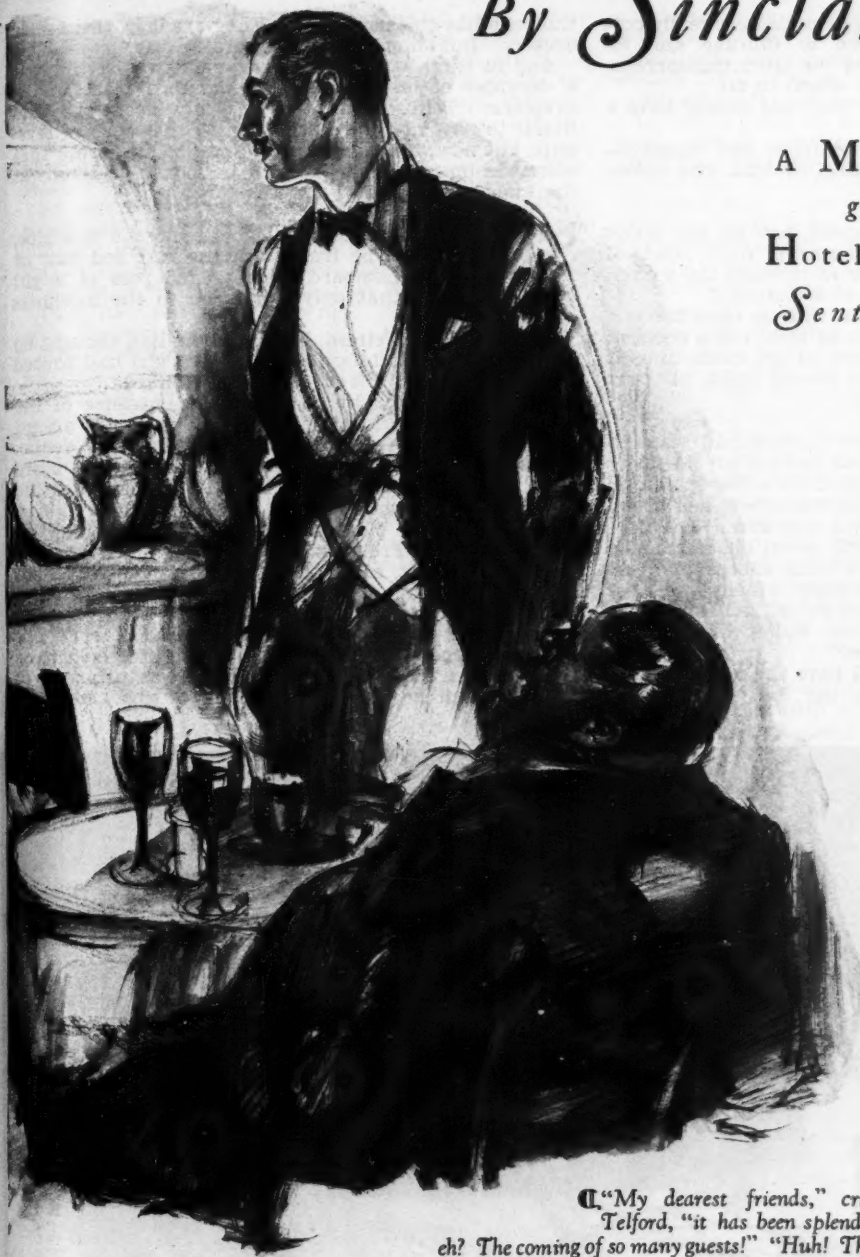
Hotel probably not open yet. No boat for an hour. He shrugged, and patiently waded toward the tavern. They wouldn't have any French cognac. Oh, well, he'd drunk worse things than Italian cognac.

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Henry Raleigh

By Sinclair Lewis

A Man of Leisure goes into the Hotel Business on the *Sentimental Plan*



"My dearest friends," cried Telford, "it has been splendid, eh? The coming of so many guests!" "Huh! They would have come anyway," said Signor Aragno.

Anyway, if he hadn't, he was an experienced enough traveler to persuade himself that he had.

He warmed with walking, and began to feel three or four percent cheerful.

Then toward the landing rattled a hotel omnibus, daubed with green and golden paint which announced that it belonged to the Grand Hotel Universal. It was driven by a creature who, despite a fancy-dress costume of coachman's cape and ancient broad felt hat, seemed to be a woman.

She shrieked at Telford, in Italian.

Did the Signore desire a hotel? Behold! The omnibus for the Grand Hotel Universal, hotel of the first class!

Her voice was agreeable, free of peasant harshness. She rubbed the rain from her eyes, inspected Telford again, and addressed him in hesitating English:

"Hotel? Please, gentleman, de omniboos!"

He nodded and the driver urged the old horse into

and marched across the terrace to welcome Telford. A very select manager he was, with sleek black beard and a frock coat long enough for a parson of the old days when parsons indulged in hell-fire and Prince Alberts.

He rubbed his hands and glistened, and his smile gave promise of fat *gnocchi* and fresh *luccio*. He intoned in English, "It makes a wretched time today, is it not true?"

Telford agreed with the manager, in Italian, that it was truly a time much bad this today, and looked toward the lake.

The garden was quiet, save for stuttering rain and the chuckle of a fountain. Across the lake he could see a tempting valley, climbing up through the clouds toward secret mountain villages.

Here was the spot to loaf, to be still, to consider whether he would go to Paris and marry that nice Miss Featherington from Boston—go round the world and

an hysterical imitation of galloping. At the pier she swarmed down from the box to gather his luggage. After years of it, Telford wasn't sufficiently Europe to decide, "Why shouldn't a woman lug my things? She's probably stronger than I am, and she's more used to it." The American in him surged up, and he helped her lift the steamer trunk, hoist his bags into the bus.

Muffled as she was, and bending over the luggage, he had no idea whether she was young or old, slim or baggy. He did have a glimpse of a soft, rain-soaked cheek, but never in the history of wandering Romeos has a pleasant gentleman humped himself up the steps into a musty-smelling bus with less romantic anticipations than did Mr. Telford on this nasty and celebrated day.

He cheered up at sight of the hotel. He suspected that it had once been a private villa, of some elegance. The gardens were wide, with a promise of roses and wistaria.

The manager himself opened the main door

discover whether the South Sea damsels were really coffee-colored and demure—return to Chicago and Be Something in business, or any of the other innumerable things that he was always just about to do.

He demanded, "Is it possible that one should have a room?"

"Yes, yes, Signore, a beautiful room just vacated—but the favorite room of an English lord who comes here each year!"

"Let's see it."

Telford hoped that there would not be too many guests. He was tired of the incessantly vocal hotels of the Riviera, where he had crawled through the winter, working at tennis and playing at archæology.

In the lounge, rather agreeable, with an open fire and chintz, there was not a guest to be seen, not a servant. The manager himself led Telford to his room, himself ran the lift—there was no lift boy in sight, nor any servants in the long upper hall.

THE room was precisely what Telford had wanted, without knowing that he had wanted it: old-fashioned and high-ceiled enough to have a flavor, but so modern in deep chairs and elastic mattresses and smart private bathroom as to comfort a lazy man. The floor was of tesserae, stony, shiny, chill as an old unfriendly palace, but it was relieved with thick sheepskins dyed scarlet. And outside was a balcony which took in a vista of lake and mountains and far-off bell towers.

"Splendid! Will you have the waiter bring me a Martel V. O. and make the fire?"

"If the Signore permits, I will have the chambermaid bring the cognac and prepare the fire. I find that

thus one has quicker service. They are lazy, these male waiters. But immediately, Signore!"

And in three minutes a smart maid was setting out a decanter of brandy and blowing up a blaze in the fireplace. Telford was too forlornly accustomed to hotels to pay, normally, attention to the looks of servants, but now, in the delight of the fire, the drink that warmed him from gullet to toes, he looked gratefully at the maid and saw that she was gorgeous.

SHE might be fat, some day, but now she was ripe, blooming as a ripe fruit, with the rare red hair of Venice and the Lombard plain—a red rose of a girl with lively eyes that only pretended to the meekness of a servant.

"Ah!" said Mr. Telford, but before he had thought up anything more fetching to remark, the girl had bobbed to him and gone. "Well!" said Mr. Telford.

He was disturbed by the clumping entrance of the porter with his luggage—a provincial porter in absurd peaked cap too large for him and baggy blue denim. Telford noted that the porter also had a black beard and, indeed, looked enough like the manager of the hotel to be his cousin.

"Curious! The old man must be employing all his poor relations. Probably isn't making much money."

He dismissed it, to brood on the rosy maid. Her too he dismissed, and angrily.

There was much of the midwestern prude still, in Telford, and the north-midwestern prude is by one laborious generation and twenty degrees of cold more prudish than New England. Telford was ashamed of himself when he considered women of any class save



¶The driver rubbed the rain from her eyes, inspected Telford, and addressed him in hesitating

his own, when he was stirred by females more earthy and passionate than, say, that nice Miss Featherington of Boston, whom he had met in Paris last autumn—the nice Miss Featherington who was a virginal thirty-six, who wore Sensible Shoes, who was authentically kind, who had correct views about James Joyce and the cooking of snails, who despised cocktails but did drink Burgundy—who was, in fact, as nice a nice Miss Featherington as Telford was a nice Mr. Telford.

He regretfully put away the tempting vision of the plump red-headed goddess and wrote in his diary the inspiring words: "Mar. 7, Colico to Velario, rain, bad veal at lunch, small hotel here, believe will go Venice or return Paris, how about getting flat London?"

Thus the innocence of a man visited by the gods, upon the very day thereof.

There was nothing to do now for the hour before dinner. He bathed and slowly dressed. He stared out of the window, but the world had vanished in gusty and rain-streaked dusk. He tried to interest himself in a dismal French novel in which were set forth the astonishingly novel tidings that since the war social customs have become quite loose and jolly and improper.

HE PUT down the novel to listen—to nothing. He realized that for half an hour now he had been uneasy, oppressed by a menace of silence.

Even the quietest inn, normally, rustles with little living sounds: soft feet along a corridor, laughter in the kitchen, a tapping of plates. But here there was no slightest clatter to be heard.

Telford felt as though he had been trapped in a deserted villa, to be attacked later, by night. He scoffed

at himself, assured himself that he had read too many detective stories, but he caught himself holding the novel tight, longing to creep to the door and listen, to snatch the door open and peer out.

He could not read a word.

It was a relief to hear the moaning of the dinner gong. He brushed his hair again; with portentous dignity he paraded down to dinner. He passed no one in the hall; in the lounge there was no fellow guest nor any servant, only the black-bearded manager doing accounts at his desk; and when he entered the long dining room, brilliant with chandeliers, there was nobody to be seen in all that glaring spaciousness save a waitress who ushered him to a table.

He was in a dream. A hotel without visible guests was as disconcerting as a man without eyes. And curious that, in Italy, there should be a waitress!

As he sat down, he looked up at her and found that she was the rose-red chambermaid whose buoyant charms had disturbed him upstairs.

"Must be pretty low on staff—not doing much business, I guess," he profoundly reflected.

The dinner was excellent: antipasto with princely cold artichokes, soup of leeks, risotto, a roast chicken young and ardent. But there were faults: the silverware had not been polished too carefully; there was grease on the candlesticks.

The waitress-chambermaid stood beside him.

"There are not many guests yet?" he hinted.

"No, Signore, and those that are here dine mostly in their rooms. But it is so much quieter and more restful, not true?"

And with speed she removed herself from the dangers of conversation with an inquisitive guest.

She was sumptuous in her black-and-white uniform, a musical-comedy waitress, and she roused again all the irritable fascination of which he had so respectably disposed, upstairs. He kept trying not to peer at her, and he kept peering at her, as she stood on the other side of the room by a screen concealing the service door.

So he chanced to see the chef, bearded, wearing a tall white cap, thrust his head around the end of the screen and whisper something to the waitress. It seemed to Telford that, like the porter, the chef enough resembled the manager to be his cousin. And there came to him the ridiculous notion that the chef was no cousin, but the manager himself, though Telford had seen the manager, majestic in frock coat, in the office only ten minutes before.

WHAT comedy of changelings and disguises was this, going on behind the scenes of the hotel? Telford felt uncomfortable—more uncomfortable as the stillness of the long dining room began to oppress him with a feeling of smothering.

He pushed aside the *zuppa inglese* which the waitress gave him for sweet and, without waiting for the after-dinner coffee which customarily he regarded as a necessity in his somewhat fussy bachelor life, he strode out to the lounge as noisily as he could.

On the way, he kicked a chair, which was rather relieving.

There was no guest in the lounge, and he noticed that the manager was not in sight.

With an inconsistency not unusual in human beings, the Telford who had hoped that the hotel would not be crowded and disturbing was now irritated because it was dull. He had to have something to do! He tramped up to his room, as no one answered his petulant ringing at the lift; he unpacked a light mackintosh and slammed out of the hotel, to explore the village.

It came to him as he saw the dark windows upstairs in the hotel that the "few guests who dined in their own rooms" existed only in the embarrassed apologies of the waitress: that besides himself there was no guest whatever! He was sorry, then, for her and the rest of the staff, robbed of their tips; he was touched by their trying to keep up an air of opulence; and in a splendid sentimental mood, aided by the good dinner resting in his stomach, he tramped through the village.

And that was a small tramp, (Continued on page 216)



English: "Hotel? Please, gentleman, de omniboos!"

Panama:

The Folks Next Door—

By Irvin S. Cobb

—a Hat
—a Canal
—America's
19th Hole
—the Home
of the
"Heavy Sugar
Papaw"

JUST as South America is different, so going to South America is different, too. If you embark at New Orleans, as we did, you begin to feel the difference the moment you've mounted the ship's side.

The bustle, the crowding and the jamming, the mad rushing to and fro, the hullabaloo of getting aboard and getting left, the whooping of good-bys over the rail, in fact, the general vain excitement and confusion which mark a departure from any of our large eastern ports—these features are pleasantly absent.

Also, when you have climbed the inclined stage-plank, you are not greeted by a whole flock of stewards who are more concerned with sizing you up to figure out about how much you ought to assay in tips than they are with making you feel at home. An officer greets you, a lesser member of the crew takes your hand baggage and then, as a part of the regular ritual, the officer invites you to have a banana or a whole lot of bananas.

Right there at the head of the gangway is a table hospitably laden with fresh ripe bananas, because this happens to be a comfortable steamer of the United Fruit Line; and to state that the United Fruit Line rather specializes in bananas is a mild way of putting it. Coming back, the holds will be bursting full of them and the lower decks will be piled with the fat bunches. Now, going away, bananas are always available along with other tropical or semitropical fruits in the staterooms and in the dining hall and everywhere.

WHEN we reached Havana we thought we should do something by way of testifying to the skipper our appreciation of his kindness. So two of us bought a dozen nice bananas and had them done up in a fancy package and sent to the boat, and then in the presence of a group of the passengers, we presented them to him with an appropriate speech. He seemed touched when he undid the wrappings. Or maybe he was sort of stunned. He practically was stricken speechless, I know that.

Quietly, almost stealthily, the boat draws off from the dock and heads into the wide and muddy Mississippi bound for the mouth. For the sake of tradition and for the sake of beauty as well, it's too bad, I think, that one's last view of New Orleans should be a view of clustering skyscrapers fading into the misty distance.

Commercially speaking, skyscrapers may be a necessary detail of the modern metropolitan picture. At least the architects and the owners seem to think so. But it does seem a pity that they felt it incumbent upon them as a civic duty to Brooklynize New Orleans' horizon line which anciently was so low and so picturesque and so altogether characteristic of her. I'd say that the old New Orleans has as little reason to be proud of the first skyscraper rising in her midst as a show girl would have for a wen sprouting on her brow.



¶ In the old days Sir Henry Morgan person, by all accounts, and here is



Here's another thing that impressed me as we were starting: I don't know how it may be on other trips, but on this trip we had aboard no representatives of the ultra - noisy, ultra - flashy groups that send their delegates to travel on transatlantic steamers.

In fact, practically without exception, our fellow-passengers were of the types we like to mix with at home and are not ashamed of when we run into them abroad—business men, professional men, tourists more intent on seeing and learning than on showing off; and with these a sprinkling of gracious, soft-voiced

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residents of Central and South American countries.

One of the most attractive individuals in the lot was a veteran Jewish commercial agent — a "drummer," if you care to put it that crude way—who had been traipsing through the Caribbean Sea and along the old Spanish Main for thirty years and had taken time while earning a living to cultivate what must have been an innate love for artistic things.

Another was a college president from a middle-western state going to the jungle to indulge a fad for botanizing. Another was a distinguished mining engineer, a walking reservoir of both technical and general knowledge and an



that is like unto an emerald set in a topaz circlet; and there were abundant facilities for indulging in other winter games and pastimes, such as roulette, baccarat and *chemin de fer*, not to mention stud poker and craps.

You know that Havana is getting to be a great winter-time playground. In fact, it already is all of that. Moreover, what with impressive public buildings and gorgeous driveways and parkways, it has been refashioned into a perfect gem of a city and yet the historic old Havana of Spanish times has been preserved, too.

The island of Cuba may practically be bankrupt as a result of our tariff regulations touching on her exports of sugar, which, excluding tobacco and cigars, is her one really important crop for exportation to the States, but the

capital itself shows no outward signs of financial or economic depression.

My guess is that before long, as a resort for rich Yankees and a site for their winter palaces, Havana is going to out-Palm-Beach Palm Beach. For one thing, you don't have to get it through a bootlegger in Havana. It's delivered openly at the front door. And putting down a few simoleons on a likely colt is not by law forbidden as an evil thing but is encouraged and facilitated. And everything agreeable like that. Watch Havana Grow! Here's the Place to Raise a Thirsty Family! Buy a Villa Plot in Bacardihurst-by-the-Sea!

I'm just dashing these sample specimens off on the spur of the moment. Any good, up-to-date Long Island realtor will be able to think up twenty better slogans than mine.

To get started down the west coast of South America, which was our chosen route, we must go by way of the Zone; so, after Havana, the next port of call for us was Cristobal at the eastern entrance to the Strip.

IT MAY be recalled by the reader that from time to time some few faltering and furtive, not to say clandestine words of praise for our national achievement in building and operating the Canal have been penned by native writers and have shrinkingly crept into print, so that now the sum total of this laudatory literature amounts to quite a tidy chunk—say, about enough literature to choke the Congressional Library. Therefore it would seem superfluous for this modest pen to add its feeble sputter to that swelling volume.

In passing, I merely would say that while Uncle Sam has qualified down there as a ditch-digger and as a policeman and as a sanitary inspector and as a lock-keeper and a lockup-keeper and as a garbage collector and as a mosquito-hunter and a fly-swatter and in quite a number of lesser administrative rôles, as a hotel proprietor I regard him as more or less of an awful flop. I won't say a complete flop, because he gets a fifty-fifty break. We have two important government-owned hotels in the Zone, one on the Atlantic side and one across on the Pacific side; and one of them, besides being new and modern, is admirably managed, everything considered, but the other emphatically is not.

Still, there are extenuating circumstances; I'll have to admit that. To begin with, the latter establishment is a typical example of the early Chester A. Arthur school of applied design for wooden-built summer hotels, a survivor of, or rather a throwback to, an architectural period now happily extinct, which means that in it are great wide open spaces at points where space is not really required, (Continued on page 98)



sacked old Panama. Sir Henry was a painstaking proof of it. When he sacked a town it stayed sacked.

authority on the pirates and the buccaneers who once infested these waters.

Then we had along the inevitable set of honeymooners, the little bride preening the fine feathers of her trousseau and the young groom creaking about in the same pair of musical patent-leather shoes in which he'd walked up the church aisle.

Not until we reached Havana did we take aboard any typical New York City sportsmen. There were three of them, the names being Meshach, Shadrach and Abednego. They were going on with us to Panama but what they might be going for, unless it was to buy a hat, the rest of us couldn't figure out. They didn't seem to be the sort who would be interested in a canal.

Offhand, you would have said they could find diversions more suited to their temperaments in Havana than on the Isthmus, for Havana at that moment was having winter racing over her magnificent race course

MIRAGE


Illustration by
Dean Cornwell



The mirage shone before Grosely's eyes.
The illusion held him. He was happy
... For the first time in his life per-
haps he held the present in his hand.

The FIRST of a Series of Strange Tales from Strange Lands

By W. Somerset Maugham



I HAD been traveling in Indo-China and presently made my way to a town in Tonkin called Haiphong, intending from there to take a boat to Hongkong. It was a dull little place and I was hard put to it to find anything to do. For the sake of exercise I walked briskly along its straight wide streets.

Haiphong is traversed by canals and sometimes I caught a glimpse of a scene which in its varied life, with all the native craft on the water, was multicolored and charming. And there was a canal, with tall Chinese houses on each side of it, that had a curve pleasant to the eye. The houses were whitewashed, but the white-wash was discolored and stained.

But it was none too warm and I spent most of the day in the café attached to the hotel reading whatever I could lay my hands on. There was a local paper, a small dingy sheet with stubby type, the ink of which came off on your fingers; and it gave you a political article, the wireless news, advertisements and local intelligence.

I read it from end to end. But the editor must often have been hard-pressed for matter, since he printed each day the name of everyone who had arrived in

Haiphong or left it. I suppose he got a list from the *préfecture de police*. Mine looked odd between a Chinaman's and that of a Tonkinese.

On the morning of the day before that on which my boat was to sail for Hongkong, as I was sitting in the deserted café drinking an *apéritif* before luncheon, the (Continued on page 151)

The Everyday Philosophy
of the *MAN*
who *Became* President

EVER since I was in Amherst College I have remembered how Garman told his class in philosophy that if they would go along with events and have the courage and industry to hold to the main stream, without being washed ashore by the immaterial cross currents, they would some day be men of power. He meant that we should try to guide ourselves by general principles and not get lost in particulars. That may sound like mysticism but it is *only the mysticism that envelopes every great truth*. One of the greatest mysteries in the world is the *success that lies in conscientious work*.

(From this Chapter in the Autobiography
of Calvin Coolidge)



Mr. Coolidge Faces

Illustrations by

IT IS one thing to know how to get admitted to the Bar but quite another thing to know how to practice law. Those who attend a law school know how to pass the examinations, while those who study in an office know how to apply their knowledge to actual practice.

It seems to me that the best course is to go to a law school and then go into an office where the practice is general. In that way the best preparation is secured for a thorough comprehension of the great basic principles of the profession and for their application to existing facts.

Still one who has had a good college training can do very well by starting in an office. But in any case he should not go into the law because it appears to be merely a means of making a living but because he has a real and sincere love for the profession which will enable him to make the sacrifices it requires.

When I decided to enter the law it was only natural, therefore, that I should consider it the highest of the professions. If I had not held that opinion it would have been a measure of intellectual dishonesty for me to take it for a life work.

Others may be hampered by circumstances in making their choice, but I was free, and I went where I felt the duties would be congenial and the opportunities for service large. Those who follow other vocations ought to feel the same about them and I hope they do.

My opinion had been formed by the high estimation in which the Bench and Bar were held by the people in my boyhood home in Vermont. It was confirmed by my more intimate intercourse with the members of the profession with whom I soon came in contact in Massachusetts after I went there to study law in the autumn of 1895.

When I was admitted to practice two years later the law still occupied the high position of a profession. It had not then assumed any of its later aspects of a trade.

The ethics of the Northampton Bar were high. It was made up of men who had, and were entitled to have, the confidence and respect of their neighbors who knew them best. They put the interests of their clients above their own and the public interests above them both. They were courteous and tolerant toward each other and respectful to the Court. This attitude

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S *the* Problems of Life

by Franklin Booth

was fostered by the appreciation of the uprightness and learning of the Judges.

Because of the short time I had spent in preparation I remained in the office of Hammond and Field about seven months after I was admitted to the Bar. I was looking about for a place to locate but found none that seemed better than Northampton.

A new block called the Masonic Building was under construction on lower Main Street and when it was ready for occupancy I opened an office there February first, 1898. I had two rooms with a toilet where I was to continue to practice law for twenty-one years until I became Governor of Massachusetts in 1919.

For my office furniture and a good working library I paid about \$800 from some money I had saved and inherited from my Grandfather Moor. My rent was \$200 per year. I began to be self-sustaining except as to the cost of my table board which was paid by my father until September, but thereafter all my expenses I paid from the fees I received.

I was alone. While I had many acquaintances which I might call friends I had no influential supporters who were desirous to see me advanced and were sending business to me. I was dependent on the general

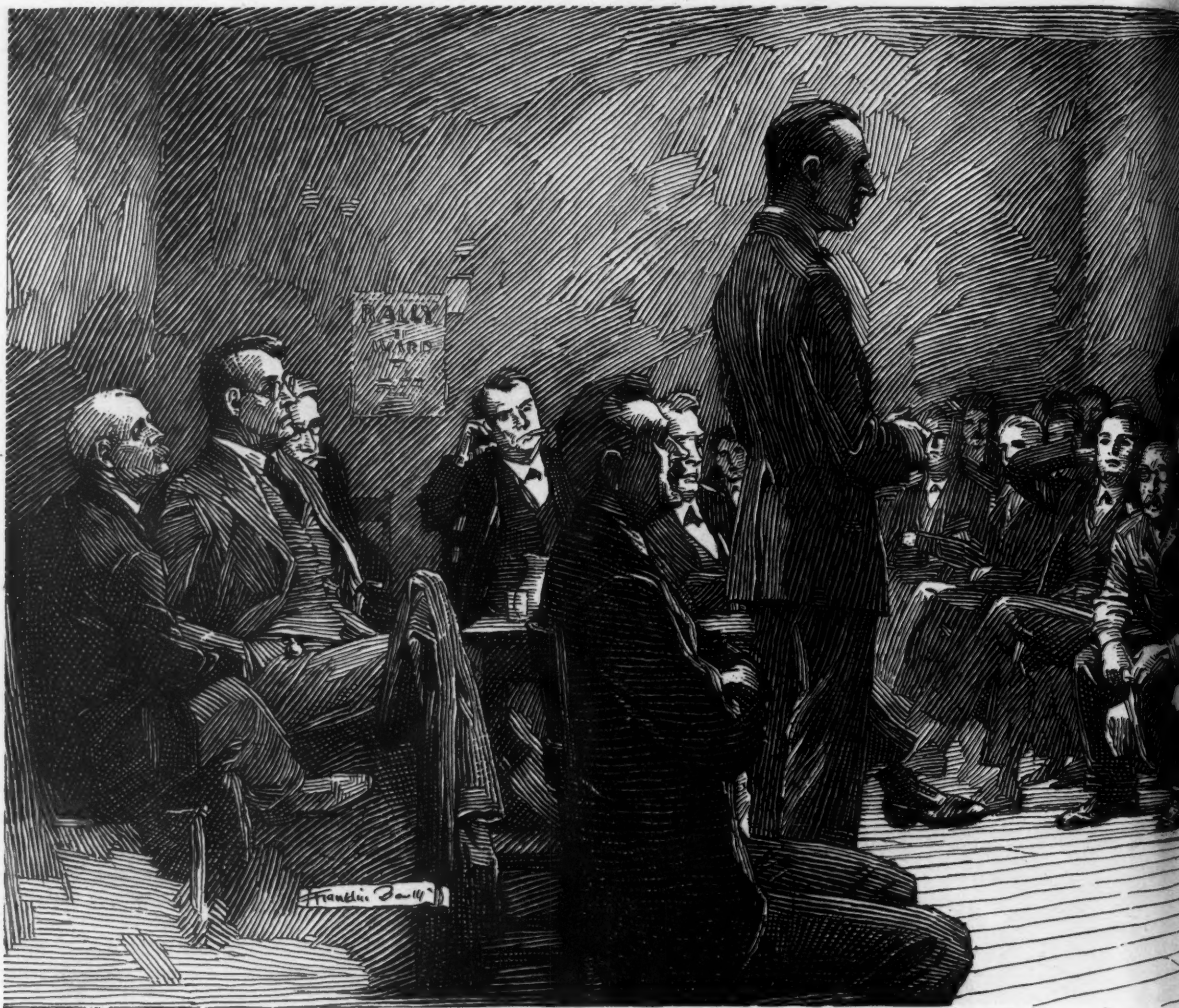
public, what I had came from them. My earnings for the first year were a little over \$500.

My interest in public affairs had already caused me to become a member of the Republican City Committee and in December 1898 I was elected one of the three members of the Common Council from Ward Two. The office was without salary and not important, but the contacts were helpful.

When the local military company returned that summer from the Cuban Campaign I did my best to get an armory built for them. I was not successful at that time but my proposal was adopted a little later. This was the beginning of an interest in military preparation which I have never relinquished.

During 1899 I began to get more business. The Nonotuck Savings Bank was started early that year and I became its counsel. Its growth was slow but steady. In later years I was its President, a purely honorary place without salary but no small honor. There was legal work about the County which came to my office so that my fees rose to \$1400 for the second year.

I did not seek reelection to the City Council as I knew the City Solicitor was to retire and I wanted that place. The salary was \$600 which was not unimportant to me. But my whole thought was on my profession.



C"Of all the honors that have come to me I still cherish in a very high place the confidence of my friends

I wanted to be City Solicitor because I believed it would make me a better lawyer.

I was elected and held the office until March 1902. It gave me a start in the law which I was everafter able to hold.

The office was not burdensome and went along with my private practice. It took me into Court some. In a jury trial I lost two trifling cases in an action of damages against the City for taking a small strip of land to widen a highway. I felt I should have won these cases on the claim that the land in question already belonged to the highway.

But I prevailed in an unimportant case in the Supreme Court against my old preceptor Mr. Hammond. It is unnecessary to say that usually my cases with him were decided in his favor. The training in this office gave me a good grasp of municipal law that later brought some important cases to me.

In addition to the mortgage and title work of the Savings Bank, I managed some real estate, and had considerable practice in the settlement of estates. Through a collection business I also had some insolvency practice. I recall an estate in Amherst and one in Belchertown, both much involved in litigation, which I settled. In each case Stephen S. Taft of Springfield was the opposing counsel.

Perhaps there is no such thing as a best lawyer, any more than there is a best book, or a best picture, but to me Mr. Taft was the best lawyer I ever saw. If he was trying a case before a jury he was always the thirteenth jurymen, and if the trial was before the court he was always advising the Judge. But he did not win these cases.

He became one of my best friends and we were on the

same side in several cases in later years. One time he said to me "Young man, when you can settle a case within reason you settle it. You will not make so large a fee out of some one case in that way but at the end of the year you will have more money and your clients will be much better satisfied."

This was sound advice and I heeded it. People began to feel that they could consult me with some safety and without the danger of being involved needlessly in long and costly litigation in court.

Very few of my clients ever had to pay a bill of costs. I suppose they were more reasonable than other clients for they usually settled their differences out of court. This course did not give me much experience in the trial of cases so I never became very proficient in that art but it brought me a very satisfactory practice and a fair income.

I WORKED hard during this early period. The matters on which I was engaged were numerous but did not involve large amounts of money and the fees were small. For three years I did not take the time to visit my old home in Vermont but when I did go I was City Solicitor. My father began to see his hopes realized and felt that his efforts to give me an education were beginning to be rewarded.

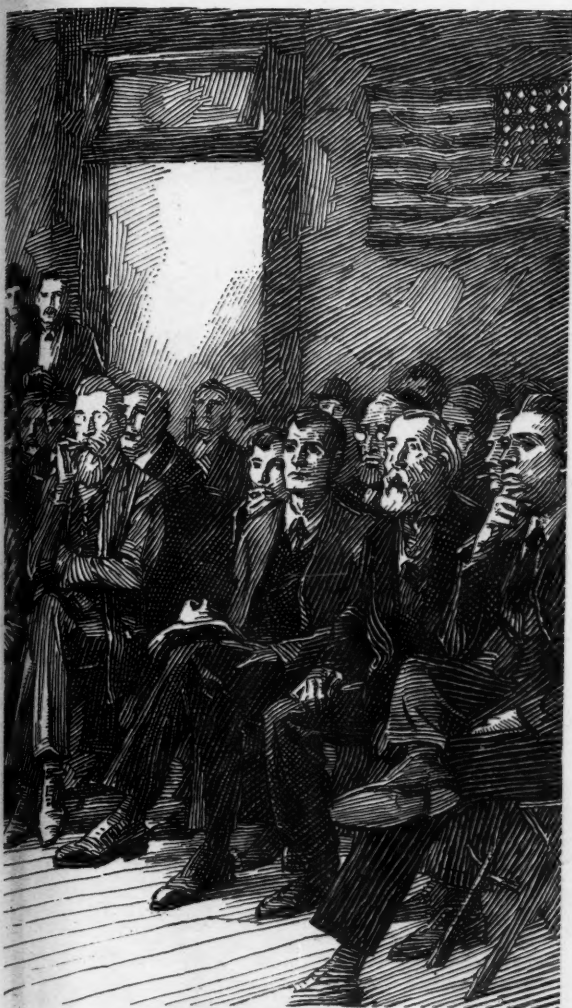
What I always felt was the greatest compliment ever paid to my professional ability came in 1903. In the late spring of that year William H. Clapp, who had been for many years the Clerk of the Courts for Hampshire County, died.

His ability, learning and painstaking industry made him rank very high as a lawyer. The position he held was of the first importance, for it involved keeping all

The Secret of Success

MY progress had been slow and toilsome, with little about it that was brilliant, or spectacular, *the result of persistent and painstaking work which gave it a foundation that was solid.*

(From Next Month's Installment of
Calvin Coolidge's Autobiography)



and neighbors in making me their Mayor."

the civil and criminal records of the Superior Court and the Supreme Judicial Court for the County.

The Justices of the Supreme Judicial Court appointed me to fill the vacancy. I always felt this was a judgment by the highest Court in the Commonwealth on my professional qualifications.

Had I been willing to accept the place permanently I should have been elected to it in the following November. The salary was then \$2300 and the position was one of great dignity, but I preferred to remain at the Bar, which might be more precarious, but also had more possibilities. Later events now known enable any one to pass judgment on my decision. Had I decided otherwise I could have had much more peace of mind in the last twenty-five years.

As the Clerk of the Courts I learned much relating to Massachusetts practice, so that everafter I knew what to do with all the documents in a trial, which would have been of much value to me if I had not been called on to give so much time to political affairs. These took up a large amount of my attention in 1904 after I went back to my office so that my income diminished during that year.

I had been chosen Chairman of the Republican City Committee. It was a time of perpetual motion in Massachusetts politics. The

State elections came yearly in November and the City elections followed in December. This was presidential year. While I elected the Representatives to the General Court by a very comfortable margin at the State election I was not so successful in the City campaign.

Our Mayor had served three terms, which had always been the extreme limit in Northampton, but he was nominated for a fourth time. He was defeated by about eighty votes. We made the mistake of talking too much about the deficiencies of our opponents and not enough about the merits of our own candidates. I have never again fallen into that error. Feeling one year was all I could give to the Chairmanship I did not accept a reelection but still remained on the Committee.

MY EARNINGS had been such that I was able to make some small savings. My prospects appeared to be good. I had many friends and few enemies. There was a little more time for me to give to the amenities of life.

I took my meals at Rahar's Inn where there was much agreeable company consisting of professional and business men of the town and some of the professors of Smith College. I had my rooms on Round Hill with the steward of the Clarke School for the Deaf. While these relations were most agreeable and entertaining I suppose I began to want a home of my own.

After she had finished her course at the University of Vermont Miss Grace Goodhue went to the Clarke School to take the training to enable her to teach the deaf. When she had been there a year or so I met her and often took her to places of entertainment.

In 1904 Northampton celebrated its two hundred and fiftieth anniversary. One evening was devoted to a reception for the Governor and his Council given by the Daughters of the American Revolution. Miss Goodhue accompanied me to the City Hall where the reception was held, and after strolling around for a time we sat down in two comfortable vacant chairs.

Soon a charming lady approached us and said that those chairs were reserved for the Governor and Mrs. Bates and that we should have to relinquish them, which we did. Fourteen years later when we had received sufficient of the election returns to show that I had been chosen Governor of Massachusetts I turned to her and said, "The Daughters of the American Revolution cannot put us out of the Governor's chair now."

From our being together we seemed naturally to come to care for each other. We became engaged in the early summer of 1905 and were married at her home in Burlington, Vermont, on October fourth of that year.

I have seen so much fiction written (Continued on page 130)



BLACKMAIL

Illustrations by
Jack M. Faulks

"THIS is an unbelieving age," said Jenkins, leaning back in his armchair and glancing round at the small group of men who were gathered about him that night in the upstairs smoke room of the Belgrave Club in London.

"Another of your sweeping general statements!" said Mansfield, lighting another cigar carefully and screwing up his eyes. "What do you mean exactly? That religious belief is on the decline?"

"I was thinking rather of belief in human nature."

"Belief in ourselves?" said someone.

"That's about it. Let's say belief in man, his capacity for good, his idealism, his straightness, his worthwhileness, his power to mount. Wherever I go, and I go about a good deal as you know, I hear a voicing of cynicism, especially among the young."

"Only last week I was staying at Pansmuir with the Claverings. One of their big gatherings with lots of boys and girls as well as men of my age. I was there for the shooting. Well, I never heard more incredulity expressed in my life than I heard expressed there by the youngsters."

"A pose!" said Mansfield. "The very young like to seem worldly-wise, and they think it's worldly-wise to be skeptical. Gives the impression, they hope, that they can see through everything."

"It's more deep-seated than that, I fancy. The young of our day show a general inclination to suspect humbug underneath every profession, or even every apparent exhibition of high-mindedness."

"For example! One day at Pansmuir a discussion came up about a disgraceful attack that was published not long ago on the character of a famous man, now dead. Lord Clavering denounced it hotly. But did the young uns back him up? Not a bit of it."

"Young Berriedale was there and he said, 'Ten to one he was a rascal under the rose, and small blame to him. Who isn't, if it comes to that? I don't believe in your so-called saints. My definition of a saint is a man who's lucky enough never to have been found out.'"

"And what was youthful opinion on that?" asked Lock, a short, dark man of about thirty, who had been listening to the conversation with a slight smile on his lips, a faint twinkle in his brown eyes.

"Berriedale's remarks were enthusiastically indorsed! 'Humbug rules the world,' was the verdict. 'And the biggest humbogs are those miscalled saints.' But it was added that a greater frankness is on the way, and that if it comes into its own saints will disappear. We are made what the pious call sinners, and the only way

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of salvation is to acknowledge that cardinal fact, be cheery sinners and have done with pretense."

"Much of a muchness! All in the same boat! That's about it, eh?" said Lock.

"Exactly," said Jenkins. "You're as dirty as I am. We're all in the mud together."

There was an instant of silence. Then Jenkins said, rather brusquely:

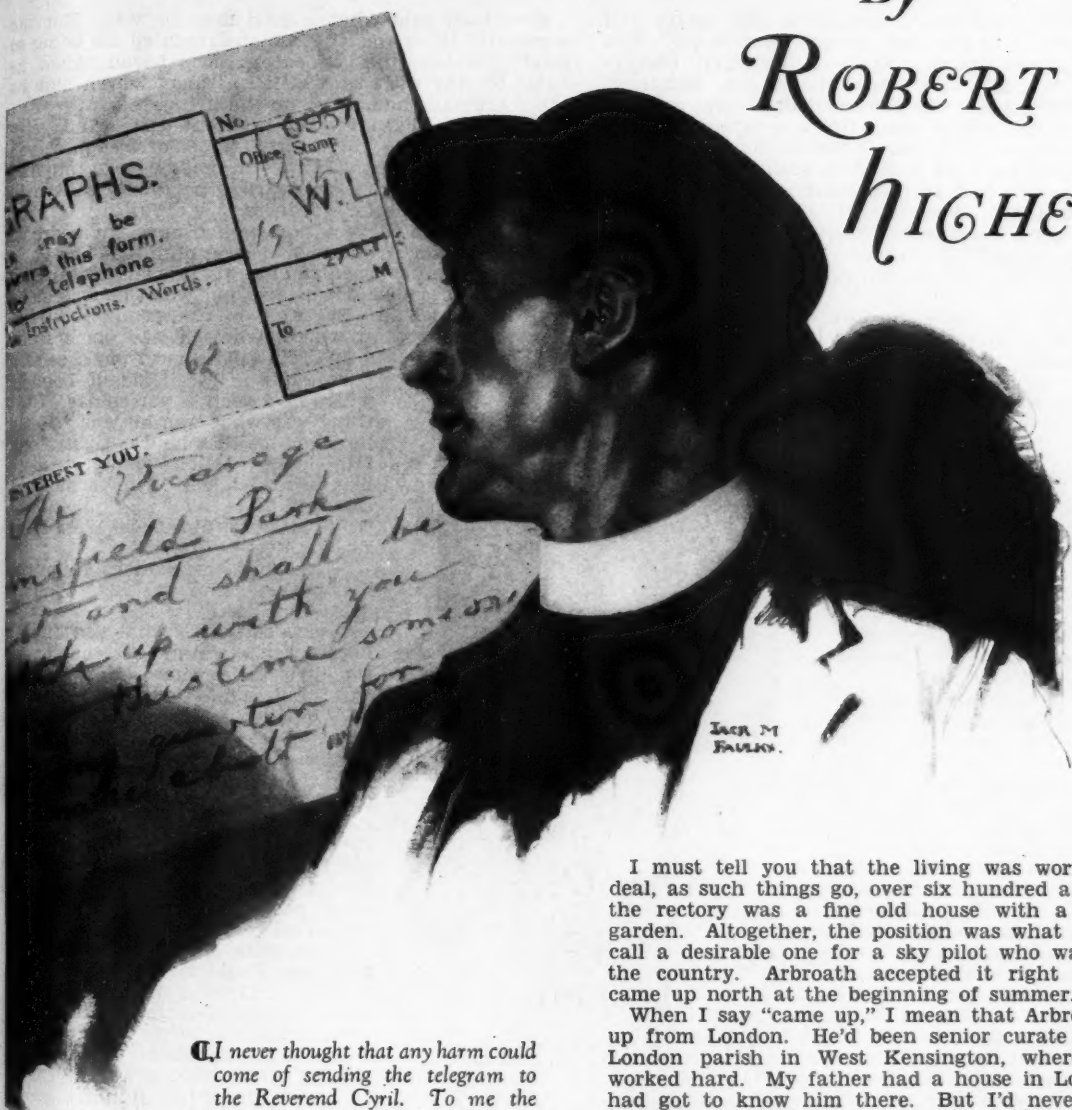
"What the devil are you smiling at, Lock?"

"Was I?"

"Were you? You are now."

"I w
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By
ROBERT
HICHENS



CI never thought that any harm could come of sending the telegram to the Reverend Cyril. To me the whole thing was completely absurd, and a symptom of Leven's jealousy of Miss Smith and the rector.

"I was just thinking of an episode—an episode." "Connected with the subject in hand?" asked Mansfield.

"With saintliness, with sin—I suppose so. But it was tragic. All the same, it was horribly comic. But that's life all over, isn't it?"

"Let's have it," said Jenkins.

"Yes, go ahead, Lock!" said two or three voices.

"But Jenkins will be angry."

"Rot!" said Jenkins. "I suppose the episode you're thinking of backs up the skepticism I was speaking of."

"I'm afraid it does."

"Never mind. A good story's always worth having."

"I didn't say it was a good story. I said it was tragic and horribly comic, too."

"That's good enough. Go ahead."

My father used to have a place up in Northumberland called Lamsfield Park (Lock began). We've had to sell it now, owing to the bad times. But we had it up to five years ago. There's a village of Lamsfield with a fine old church. The living was in my father's gift. When I was just over twenty the rector died and my father had to exercise his prerogative. He appointed Arbroath, the Reverend Cyril Arbroath.

I must tell you that the living was worth a good deal, as such things go, over six hundred a year, and the rectory was a fine old house with a charming garden. Altogether, the position was what you might call a desirable one for a sky pilot who was fond of the country. Arbroath accepted it right away and came up north at the beginning of summer.

When I say "came up," I mean that Arbroath came up from London. He'd been senior curate in a vast London parish in West Kensington, where he had worked hard. My father had a house in London and had got to know him there. But I'd never set eyes on the fellow till he came to settle in Lamsfield.

He seemed an awfully good chap. He wasn't in the least like the stage curate, the novelist's curate, what you might call the *cliché* curate. He wasn't pale; he wasn't willowy; he hadn't long white hands; he didn't wear pince-nez; and if he was mad about tea parties I never heard of it. He was what I should call an excellent specimen of public-school and varsity man—fair, strong, active, full of health and energy. One felt that he had plenty of red blood in his veins.

He looked rather like—let's see—rather like a cheery policeman, who hadn't been in the force long enough to get one of those tremendous sloping chests on him. One could imagine him holding up all the traffic in Piccadilly with his outstretched thumb. He was handsome, I think. But he had one peculiarity that I've never seen in any other man. His eyes were different colors. The right eye was gray-blue; the left eye was as brown as a berry.

Arbroath was a gentleman, a cheery soul—as far as one could judge—and, I suppose, what is usually called a good Christian. As a preacher I thought him dull when I occasionally went to hear him on Sunday. But he played a good game of lawn tennis and had a handicap of seven at golf. He could sit a horse, too.

In fact, he was distinctly "it" for a padre. But he never gave himself any airs. I quite liked the man, and so did a pretty girl in our neighborhood whom I'm going to call Miss Smith. She liked Arbroath, too, and that's how the trouble began.

Miss Smith, who was a delightful and smart and popular girl, evidently fell for the new rector. She was by no means churchy. Quite the contrary. Clergymen weren't at all in her line, I should say. But there was something about the Reverend Cyril that got her. I remember she said of him, "One can forgive him his goodness because he's so jolly." Sounds flippant, doesn't it? But there's a good deal in it, really.

At that time I had an intimate friend. I'll call him Leven, Jack Leven. Poor fellow! He's dead now—died two years ago. He was five years older than I was—twenty-five when I was twenty. He often stayed with us in the country, and he was madly in love with Miss Smith.

He was not only madly in love with her; he'd made up his mind to marry her. And he had a strong will. What he meant to get he usually did get, one way or another.

When the Reverend Cyril settled into the rectory Leven was biding his time. Leven hadn't proposed to Miss Smith, hadn't given her to understand that he wanted to marry her. Fact is, he'd only just gone on the Stock Exchange, and meant to make his way a bit further before he went for a girl with money. She had some money of her own. And as she was young, only twenty-one, no doubt he thought there was plenty of time.

But he'd reckoned without our sky pilot. I never shall forget his language when he came down to stay at the Park and found that the girl he'd already begun to look on as his was enthusiastic about a blackbird. (Leven always called the clergy the blackbirds.) He was an awfully good fellow, but he was rather violent also, and he wasn't at all fond of the clergy. I should call him a civilized heathen, rather like your young uns at Pansmuir, Jenkins. He thought we were all much of a muchness, too, and wasn't inclined to believe in your uncommon good man. As to blackbirds, he wouldn't take them at the current valuation at all.

I remember once, when something was said about the bishops, he sang out, "A bishop is simply you or I in a pair of gaiters and an apron. And what's our piety to boast about? Give us a dog's chance for a sin to our taste and we'll jolly well take it. And so'd a bishop if he was dead sure his diocese hadn't its eye on him."

Poor Leven! He was an impossible chap. I was fond of him. But really his language about Miss Smith and the Reverend Cyril was as bad as a sailor's.

I tried to soothe him, but it was no good. What irritated him particularly was the fact that I had such a high opinion of our padre. And I really had. I couldn't help it. He'd beat me at both lawn tennis and golf. I was only twenty, and he'd been so charming about it that he was half a hero in my eyes.

My opinion of Arbroath, I must tell you, was shared by everyone in our neighborhood, rich and poor alike. The fellow had made himself a universal favorite. And he wasn't one of those men who work hard to be popular and give the show away. He seemed a thoroughly simple and unpretentious man, brimful of cheery energy and sheer downright natural goodness.

Everybody said what a good man he was. But the wonderful thing was that no one resented his being so good. No one, that is, except poor Leven, when he came to stay with us, which was about seven months after Arbroath had taken up the living.

But Leven—by Jove, Leven resented it. And yet—no, perhaps that's not strictly true. For I suppose you can't exactly resent a thing you don't believe in. And Leven from the first swore that he didn't believe in Arbroath's wonderful goodness.

I remember a conversation we had up in my bedroom one night after Arbroath had been dining at the Park, and everyone had been singing his praises. Leven had played up of course downstairs, but when he was alone with me he let go. He began by asking me questions. He wanted to know where Arbroath had come from.

I told him he'd come from a certain parish in the West End of London, where he'd been senior curate. Next thing was what was his age. I said he'd told me that he was thirty-four. (He looked much younger, more like twenty-eight.) After a moment Leven said:

"What made him leave West Kensington?"

"Why, my father's offering him the living down here," I said. "What a question to ask!"

"I dare say that's what *you* think," Leven said. "And of course he wouldn't have come *here* without that. But as he's so infernally strong and healthy and energetic, and as he's supposed to be such a splendidly good and *earnest* man—that's the word, I believe—doesn't it strike you as odd that at the age of thirty-four he should give up hard work in London and bury himself in a place like this, where there's practically nothing to do? Why, how many people are there in Lamsfield Parish all told?"

There were only about four hundred, and I said so.

"And this is your marvelously good man!" he exclaimed. "Leaves hard work in London, where heaven knows there are thousands of heathen waiting for the good news, and comes up here to bring four hundred country souls to God!"

When he said that, for the first time it did strike me that Arbroath had been very ready to jump into the feathers, as you may say. But after all, as I said, were we to blame him for preferring country life to toiling as a curate in London? To this Leven retorted that he wasn't blaming Arbroath, but was merely pointing out that such an action scarcely backed up the general idea of the man's wonderful goodness and devotedness.

"Unless," Leven presently added, "the fellow had some special private reason for wishing to get away from London in a hurry."

This remark struck me as hopelessly prejudiced and even malicious. A curate is offered a good living and he accepts it. What sort of foundation does such a fact make for a mountain of evil suspicions? I couldn't help laughing, but I told Leven I thought he was being carried away into an unfairness unworthy of him.

"Go to bed. Have a good sleep. And you'll feel less suspicious in the morning," was my advice to him.

But I couldn't get him away. He was too embittered to think of sleep.

Sprawling in a chair, he listened morosely to my well-meant remarks and indulged in tirades against the clergy.



*Is a Woman's
Life Over
at 40?*
**JOSEPH
HERGESHEIMER**
answers in
*"The
Party Dress"*
a Novel of 1929
which begins in
Next Month's
COSMOPOLITAN

"Why
long co
"Short
"What
"Arbro
Sudder



CLeven gave me the start of my life. "I sent the Reverend Cyril another telegram this afternoon," he said. I was furious then, and I told him that I wouldn't stand for the second telegram.

"Why is it," he finally said, "that women fall for the long coat?"

"Short jackets in the country," said I.

"What's the fascination in a jam-pot collar?" he cried.

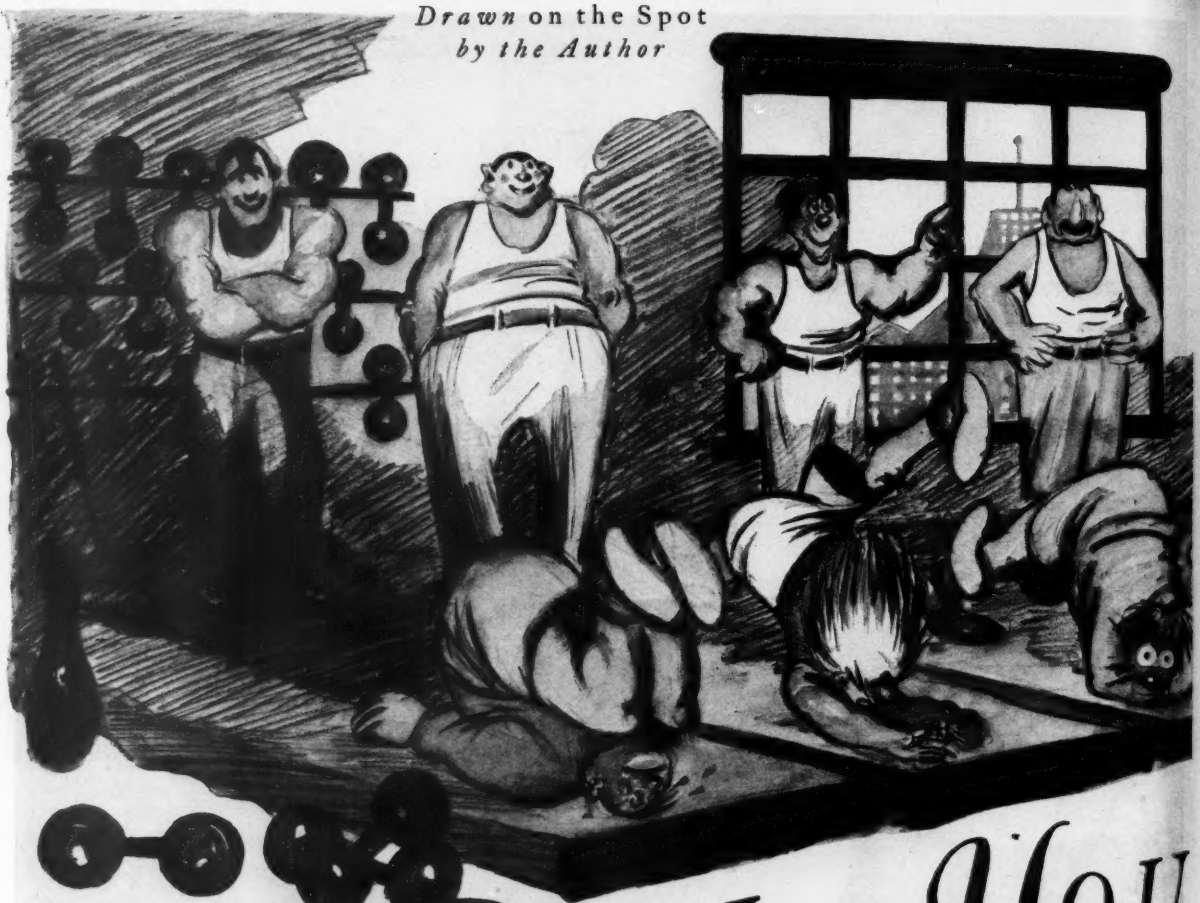
"Arbroath never wears it except on Sunday," said I.

Suddenly he turned on me and blew me up sky-high

for not having warned him about what was going on between Miss Smith and our rector. I said it was none of my business; that even now I couldn't swear that she was in love with him. She'd never said so to me. As to Arbroath, I didn't know he was a marrying man.

"She is in love with him and (Continued on page 202)

Drawn on the Spot
by the Author



What You

a riveting machine and I thought it was about time I awakened my wife to tell her where all the securities were hidden in case she became a widow.

She summoned a doctor, who listened to my chest. He shifted his stethoscope around quite a bit. He probably didn't like the program.

He wrapped an inner tube around my arm and took my blood pressure. There were no leaks. He thumped me all over with a tack hammer and found no loose boards. So he advised me to see a specialist.

"What sort of specialist?" I asked, somewhat surprised to find that I was still alive.

"Oh, just a specialist," he replied. "Heart, gland, nerve, or any other kind you may select. All specialists like to be seen."

Feeling that my breathing was in jeopardy, and knowing that if one doesn't breathe one loses interest in talking movies and stock profits and good-looking girls and pitch shots to the green, I decided to visit all the specialists in a row.

First I went to the best gland specialist in town. He asked me all about myself and my family, and I told him I liked almost any sort of hash and couldn't understand whiskers, and once broke my thumb.

Not to hold out anything on him, I added that my youngest son had a nervous stomach and could not eat much breakfast on school days because he felt so keenly the responsibility of his studies.

He said he could make a lengthy written report on my case to my own doctor. I paid him one hundred and fifty dollars. He sent the written report to the wrong address and when my own doctor finally received it he read with great surprise that I had a nervous stomach

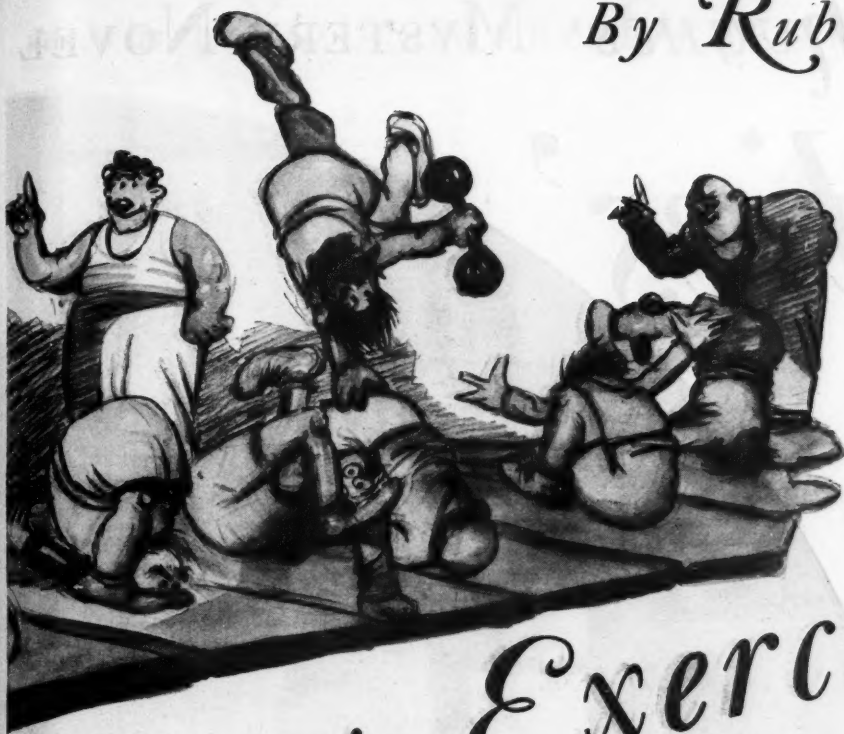
EVERY time I start telling one of my friends about my ailments he breaks in with a long harrowing account of his own afflictions and spoils my story before I really have had a chance to lay bare the intricate workings of my interesting insides. So I decided to negotiate an anatomical debauch in a medium where nobody could bust in at the wrong place and exclaim: "Why, I had exactly the same thing!"

I'll have my say right now and when this magazine is tucked away in moth balls I'll be glad to meet you sometime and listen attentively while you describe all the personal charms of your pituitary gland or what have you. But now it is my turn, so you may as well listen good-naturedly.

I woke up one night with a peculiar gagging sensation. When I say "gagging" I do not mean gagging in the humorous sense. I felt the way I imagine a horse thief feels when he is being hanged. I could not get any air into my lungs. My heart started to thump like

By Rube Goldberg

who
Had Never
Lifted
a Dumb-bell
in His Life



Need is Exercise

and could not eat any breakfast in the morning. The specialist had sent my own doctor an account of what I had told him, only he had got it wrong.

He added profoundly that the whatsis gland in my neck was enlarged and prescribed some medicine for me to take every two hours. He reached the conclusion about the enlarged gland by discovering that my shirt was a bit tight around the neck. Personally, I thought the tightness might have been due to the shrinkage that takes place after thirty or forty washings.

I next visited a psychoanalyst. He was a noted Viennese who was visiting this country on a lecture tour.

Without looking at me, he told me I allowed myself to become unduly irritated by people around me whose peculiarities I sensed too quickly. He said, "If there is something wrong with other people it is their own cause for worry, not yours. Don't let little things bother you. Don't look for weaknesses in other people. Ignore them. If you think you are better than other people don't try to prove it all the time. They'll find it out."

Then he asked me for thirty dollars. This was cheap and I gave it to him gladly. I did not know what this had to do with my difficulty in breathing. But he was a smart man and had to get money for his passage back to Vienna.

Before I left I really did ask him what all this had to do with my breathing. "Very simple," he said. "You are in a highly nervous state and you are swallowing air. Don't swallow any more air."

That was a hot one. Without knowing it I could go to a jazz concert and swallow a full meal consisting of "Button Up Your Overcoat," "I Can't Give You Anything but Love, Baby," and "Ramona." I was getting the air into my stomach instead of my lungs. That is all I could find out. He simply left me with the thought that air was an injurious diet except in the case of balloons and bagpipes.

So I continued on my round of specialists. I underwent a metabolism test. I went early in the morning before breakfast and breathed into a hose that appeared

to be attached to a small aquarium. I only hope that the fish survived.

I went to another specialist, who stood me in front of a fluoroscope and looked for lost treasures. This test I was certain would be negative because the Viennese professor had assured me that I had nothing more solid on my insides than air.

I kept the heart specialist for the last because I feared that my cardiac organ was really the seat of all my trouble. I wanted to postpone the worst.

He first tested my reflexes. You've had it done in the army. They let you sit down and then tap your leg with a small mallet just below the knee. Your foot is supposed to fly out if you are normal.

I was more than normal. I kicked the great specialist's assistant in the pants and booted over a pile of magazines that had not been disturbed since the sinking of the Maine.

THEN the heart specialist asked me the same intimate questions about myself which had been shot at me by the others. Shakespeare or the Bible or Senator Borah said, "Know thyself." I was getting to know myself so well that I was a bit bored by the enforced companionship. I knew every word I was about to utter. I was beginning to wish that I could look in the mirror and see another face.

"Have you ever been athletic?" the heart specialist asked me.

"Not exactly," I answered. "The only real exercise I ever got was lifting an occasional glass of beer or working my neck back and forth trying to get away from a protruding collar button. You see," I added, "I am an artist and I don't have heavy tools to handle."

The great man bowed his head in deep thought. He must have all the facts. I must tell him everything.

"Oh, yes," I suddenly remembered, "I play an occasional game of golf. But I would not call that any form of athletics. You see, the only energy I expend in the game is walking from the first tee to a sand trap where I generally remain for the rest of the day."

"I have it," he said profoundly. "What you need is exercise. Go to a good gymnasium three or four times a week and go through a systematic course of muscle- and bone-loosening. Get the (Continued on page 232)

RUPERT HUGHES' MYSTERY NOVEL

Ladies'

The Story So Far:

THE spectacular murder of Jamie Darricott was more than a nine days' wonder even in New York, that city of wonders. For though thousands saw the deed performed, not one of all the thousands saw the murderer. That person—man or woman—was concealed from view except for two relentless hands that grimly thrust their victim to his death from a window high above the milling after-theater throngs of Broadway. The police were baffled, though they caught, even in the first cast of their net, many who had reason for hating Darricott and some who had threatened to kill him.

The Fendleys, for instance: Horace Fendley, his wife Helena, their son and daughter, Anthony and Rachel, each one might have been guilty of the horrible deed. Horace Fendley, in fact, had quarreled with his wife because of the attentions she had accepted from Darricott; his son had equal cause to hate the man who, so report said, had grown tired of Anthony's mother and was planning to marry his sister. And since it might have been a woman, Helena Fendley and Rachel could not escape suspicion. Each, indeed, had reason to be jealous of Darricott's attentions to the other. Moreover, both were jealous of his latest love—Sibyl Page.

As for Sibyl, she was the last person known to have been with Darricott, and as she marched along with a police officer, her arm bruised and wounded, to face her inquisitors, she remembered the first time she had seen the murdered man . . .

Sibyl had just returned to New York from a journey through Africa hunting big game when she met the young man at the Ritz. He had been lunching there with Helena Fendley, whom Sibyl at first had thought to be his mother. But when her hostess, Mrs. Blanton, had enlightened her Sibyl had found the complicated situation interesting and the young man, who strolled over to their table in answer to a note from Mrs. Blanton, a type new to her.



(L) Sibyl saw Rachel standing by the door, feet. "That's Mother you're telling

Darricott urged the girl to postpone her trip home in order to "see" New York with him, and Sibyl impulsively yielded to his request. The evening that followed was eventful enough, though the events were not those planned by Darricott for her entertainment.

The first change in the evening's program came when Sibyl and Jamie encountered Mrs. Fendley at the St. Regis Club. Jamie, it seemed, had broken an engagement with her, giving as an excuse the illness of an old aunt! Sibyl's first impulse was to leave Darricott at once, but his contrition over the unpleasant incident melted her and she went on with him to the Embassy Club. There they watched the dancers until Darricott suddenly exclaimed:

"Whoop-te-ti-do! Here comes trouble."

He nodded toward a tall young girl who looked vaguely familiar to Sibyl. With the girl was a youth whom Sibyl did not know.

"We now have with us little Rakehell Fendley and her elbow-holder, Peytie Weldon," Darricott explained. "This looks like one of Rachel's bad nights. She does the most appalling things when she's drinking."

in which YOU are the DETECTIVE

Man

Illustrations by
W. Smithson Broadhead

they finally drove to Jamie's apartment. On the sidewalk Sibyl had observed that the building was tall; but once inside the elevator they seemed to go up interminably. Sibyl counted up to thirty-five—and stopped counting just as the door slid back and Darricott mumbled: "We're here!"

FROM the elevator to Darricott's door was a short haul, and Sibyl was glad of that. It was beyond all belief that she should ever visit his apartment in any circumstances, but that she should arrive there with the right arm of an intoxicated young woman draped across her shoulders and her left arm about the girl's waist, was beyond all beyonds.

There was something awesome in the cycle of changes Sibyl had seen transforming this young girl through phase

after phase during the half-day that had passed since she caught the first glimpse of her at luncheon. There was something profoundly and spiritually important in the swift evolutions and devolutions of the human soul and of human society, too, under the sway of alcohol.

What was this girl made of, what was anybody made of, what was the nation made of that a certain chemical should be more potent than reverence for the law, for self, for dignity, beauty, honesty?

Sibyl was no more dumfounded by Rachel's metamorphoses than by her own. It had never been her lot to be associated closely with an alcoholic.

She had never done what she was doing now for any man or any woman, and her wonder that she was here at all almost exceeded her resentment at being trapped in an indecent situation from which it was more indecent to withdraw.

Furthermore, she had never attained the recent informality that permits a young woman to go to a man's apartment at all hours with the indifference of another man.

To her, this was the terrifying penetration of a forbidden realm. As a duenna, Rachel lacked a certain



wild as Lady Macbeth. Darricott leaped to his about!" Rachel cried. "I heard the whole story."

Peytie Weldon ought to be shot for bringing her here when she's like this."

At that moment Rachel spied Jamie and called to him gleefully. He tried in vain to persuade her to go home, and at last in exasperation he turned to Sibyl.

"Let's dance, in heaven's name," he urged.

While they were dancing Rachel and her escort left the room and, knowing that Darricott was worried about the girl, Sibyl suggested following the pair. On a chance they drove to Aristide's, a new restaurant opening that night in Greenwich Village.

They found Rachel and Weldon there, but almost immediately the younger couple left, quarreling, and again Sibyl and Darricott gave chase. As they whirled along in a cab, Darricott caught Sibyl in his arms and kissed her. She thought she ought to be angry, but could not be. All she could say was a whimpered, "Please! Please!" in answer to which Darricott promptly released her.

At the Timbuctoo, in the Fifties, they stopped again—and again met Rachel and her escort. This time, however, Darricott succeeded in persuading the girl to leave with them. In order to calm Rachel's hysteria,



authority. Still, there was nothing to do but to go on with her education. Sibyl had come to night school with a vengeance and there seemed to be no limit to the classes her teachers were rushing her through. By morning she would deserve a diploma of wide implications.

When Darricott finally opened his door and, fumbling inside, found the light-switch, it flung in her face his lair, his hide-out, a significant aspect of his personality.

Luxury, color, extravagance, sensuousness smote her eyes everywhere, in the walls, the woodwork, the curtains, the cushions, the ornaments. One face leaped into the scene with a demanding, "Who's there? How dare you break in upon my sanctuary?"

It was the framed picture of Mrs. Fendley, a carefully studied, illumined, retouched and flattering presentation of her as she wanted her lover to see her. It filled the room with her presence, with her evil claim upon this man and this retreat.

SIBYL recoiled from it as if it called her a spy, a thief of goods already stolen.

The picture of Mrs. Fendley staring at her made it especially nice to be bringing Miss Fendley here at her own request. Oh, very nice! thought Sibyl. Still nicer things were to happen before she left the room.

Darricott seemed to realize Sibyl's thought, but he was impatient of women's scruples and unscrupulousnesses and he was all for trampling them down on his way to his destination, which was usually only the next thing ahead.

The next thing ahead just now was to get this pestilential inebriate off his shoulder.

He dragged Rachel and, with her, Sibyl across his living room to his bedroom, which he also flashed on Sibyl. He had all too evidently dressed in haste and left disorder behind him. Further intimacies struck

Sibyl's fastidious eyes: his discarded shirt and under-shirt and drawers and socks, which no maid or valet had troubled to collect.

But Sibyl's arms and shoulders and heart were so weary of the heavy Rachel that nothing else much mattered. When she reached the bedside she let the girl fall.

Darricott clutched at her to ease her to repose, but he could not manage all her disjunct members and she flopped with a violence that woke her from her stupor.

Heavy eyelids rose over sullen eyes of hostility and ugly words assailed Sibyl. At the sight of Jamie, Rachel became a wretched child again and wept and clung and dragged him to his knees beside her. There was a troublesome innocence about her caresses and her clinging, for she was not, after all, a child but indeed a woman.

Suddenly her concern was all for the gown she wore. It must not be ruined. It was new and imported and cost a lot. It must be removed at once. She yawned babyishly and bragged and pouted.

Her memory was so stupefied that the mood of one moment had no relation with any other. She forgot or did not care where she was or with whom, and, sitting up, began to undress frankly and drowsily. Her clumsiness promptly angered her, so that she was ready to tear to pieces the frock she had just been so anxious to save.

Sibyl nodded to Darricott to retreat, but the moment she tried to help, Rachel glared at her and insisted that Jamie was the one to take care of her. Jamie did not mind being her maid. She had a valet now and Jamie was his namie. This tickled her poetic

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C Sibyl could not quite see from where she sat behind the table, or be seen. But she heard the knob turn. She saw Darricott's upraised arm lowered slowly. Then she heard a strange voice say: "You blackguard!"



W. SMITHSON
BROADHEAD.

fancy and she made a song of it, chanting it over and over with an alarming crescendo:

"I have a valet now
And Jamie is his namie.
He something or other sumpin,
But he loves me all the samie."

She loved that and responded to numberless imaginary encores while she somehow peeled off her dress. Darricott made no point either of looking or of not looking, but busied himself finding a pair of pajamas for her. He stood with eyes averted for Sibyl's sake rather than Rachel's or his own, while Rachel stood up and waveringly extracted herself from her elaborate sheath by pulling it over her head and emerging from it serially upside down.

She flung the Paris robe to the floor and staggered about in a crazy dance. Sibyl could not but feel a heartbreak at the beauty of the girl. Her body was lovingly and lovably modeled for love and for motherhood and for everything pure and holy.

But inside that lissom envelope her soul fumed and curdled, poisoned with whisky and the perverse ideals it inspired. Yet it was battling with them, dimly horrified by them and defending itself from its degradation by a false mockery.

Like a towering nautch girl with a wide hiatus in her costume, she stood, her arms bent round back of her tugging at the hooks of her brassière. Below the bare flesh below the breast-girdle was a pair of little silken trunks. These and her stockings were her only garb, for Sibyl, kneeling, had removed her slippers.

As the brassière sailed into the air, Sibyl was erect in time to fling over Rachel's shoulders the jacket of a pair of Darricott's gorgeous pajamas. It fell about the girl almost to her knees, and Darricott held her up while Sibyl helped her into the trousers as decorously as she could, for Rachel's sense of modesty had been chloroformed along with the rest of her better self.

By now she was so exhausted that when Darricott pulled back the sheet and blankets she went over into the bed and into abysmal sleep at once.

He spread the covers across (Continued on page 223)

By Damon
Runyon

Madame

ONE night I am passing the corner of Fiftieth Street and Broadway, and what do I see but Dave the Dude standing in a doorway talking to a busted-down old Spanish doll by the name of Madame La Gimp. Or rather Madame La Gimp is talking to Dave the Dude, and what is more he is listening to her, because I can hear him say yes, yes, as he always does when he is really listening to anybody, which is very seldom.

Now this is a most surprising sight to me, because Madame La Gimp is not such an old doll as anybody will wish to listen to, especially Dave the Dude. In fact, she is nothing but an old haybag, and generally somewhat ginned up. For fifteen years, or maybe sixteen, I see Madame La Gimp up and down Broadway, or sliding along through the Forties, sometimes selling newspapers, and sometimes selling flowers, and in all these years I seldom see her but what she seems to have about half a heat on from drinking gin.

Of course nobody ever takes the newspapers she sells, even after they buy them off of her, because they are generally yesterday's papers, and sometimes last week's, and nobody ever wants her flowers, even after they pay her for them, because they are flowers such as she gets off an undertaker over in Tenth Avenue, and they are very tired flowers, indeed.

Personally, I consider Madame La Gimp nothing but an old pest, but kind-hearted guys like Dave the Dude always stake her to a few pieces of silver when she comes shuffling along putting on the moan about her tough luck. She walks with a gimp in one leg, which is why she is called Madame La Gimp, and years ago I hear somebody say Madame La Gimp is once a Spanish dancer, and a big shot on Broadway, but that she meets up with an accident which puts her out of the



Miss Billy Perry and Miss Missouri Martin give Madame La Gimp such a going-over that she is by no means the worst looker in the world.

dancing dodge, and that a busted romance makes her become a gin-head.

I remember somebody telling me once that Madame La Gimp is quite a beauty in her day, and has her own servants, and all this and that, but I always hear the same thing about every bum on Broadway, male and female, including some I know are bums, in spades, right from taw, so I do not pay any attention to these stories.

Still, I am willing to allow that maybe Madame La Gimp is once a fair looker, at that, and the chances are has a fair shape, because once or twice I see her when she is not ginned up, and has her hair combed, and she is not so bad-looking, although even then if you put her in a claiming race I do not think there is any danger of anybody claiming her out of it.

Mostly she is wearing raggedy clothes, and busted shoes, and her gray hair is generally hanging down her face, and when I say

La Gimp

Romance
in the
Roaring Forties

she is maybe fifty years old I am giving her plenty the best of it. Although she is Spanish, Madame La Gimp talks good English, and in fact she can cuss in English as good as anybody I ever hear, barring Dave the Dude.

Well, anyway, when Dave the Dude sees me as he is listening to Madame La Gimp, he motions me to wait, so I wait until she finally gets through gabbing to him and goes gimping away. Then Dave the Dude comes over to me looking much worried.

"This is quite a situation," Dave says. "The old doll is in a tough spot. It seems that she once has a baby which she calls by the name of Eulalie, being it is a girl baby, and she ships this baby off to her sister in a little town in Spain to raise up, because Madame La Gimp figures a baby is not apt to get much raising-up off of her as long as she is on Broadway. Well, this baby is on her way here. In fact," Dave says, "she will land next Saturday and here it is Wednesday already."

"Where is the baby's papa?" I ask Dave the Dude. "Well," Dave says, "I do not ask Madame La Gimp this, because I do not consider it a fair question. A guy who goes around this town asking where babies' papas are, or even who they are, is apt to get the name of being nosey. Anyway, this has nothing whatever to do with the proposition, which is that Madame La Gimp's baby, Eulalie, is arriving here."

"Now," Dave says, "it seems that Madame La Gimp's baby, being now eighteen years old, is engaged to marry the son of a very proud old Spanish nobleman who lives in this little town in Spain, and it also seems that the very proud old Spanish nobleman, and his ever-loving wife, and the son, and Madame La Gimp's sister, are all with the baby. They are making a tour of the whole world, and will stop over here a couple of days just to see Madame La Gimp."

"It is commencing to sound to me like a movie such as a guy is apt to see at a midnight show," I say.

"Wait a minute," Dave says, getting impatient. "You are too gabby to suit me. Now it seems that the proud old Spanish nobleman does not wish his son to marry any loby, and one reason he is coming here is to look over Madame La Gimp, and see that she is okay. He thinks that Madame La Gimp's baby's own papa is dead, and that Madame La Gimp is now married to one of the richest and most aristocratic guys in America."

"How does the proud old Spanish nobleman get such an idea as this?" I ask. "It is a sure thing he never

sees Madame La Gimp, or even a photograph of her as she is at present."

"I will tell you how," Dave the Dude says. "It seems Madame La Gimp gives her baby the idea that such is the case in her letters to her. It seems Madame La Gimp does a little scrubbing business around a swell apartment hotel in Park Avenue that is called the Marberry, and she cops stationery there and writes her baby in Spain on this stationery saying this is where she lives, and how rich and aristocratic her husband is. And what is more, Madame La Gimp has letters from her baby sent to her in care of the hotel and gets them out of the employees' mail."

"Why," I say, "Madame La Gimp is



Illustrations by
David Robinson

Many guys are sorry they do not get Judge Henry G. Blake's job as stepfather to Madame La Gimp's baby.

nothing but an old fraud to deceive people in this manner, especially a proud old Spanish nobleman. And," I say, "this proud old Spanish nobleman must be something of a chump to believe a mother will keep away from her baby all these years, especially if the mother has plenty of dough, although of course I do not know just how smart a proud old Spanish nobleman can be."

"Well," Dave says, "Madame La Gimp tells me the thing that makes the biggest hit of all with the proud old Spanish nobleman is that she keeps her baby in Spain all these years because she wishes her raised up a true Spanish baby in every respect until she is old enough to know what time it is. But I judge the proud old Spanish nobleman is none too bright, at that," Dave says, "because Madame La Gimp tells me he always lives in this little town which does not even have running water in the bathrooms."

"But what I am getting at is this," Dave says. "We must have Madame La Gimp in a swell apartment in the Marberry with a rich and aristocratic guy for a husband by the time her baby gets here, because if the proud old Spanish nobleman finds out Madame La Gimp is nothing but a bum, it is a hundred to one he will cancel his son's engagement to Madame La Gimp's baby and break a lot of people's hearts, including his son's."

"Madame La Gimp tells me her baby is daffy about the young guy, and he is daffy about her, and there are enough broken hearts in this town as it is. I know how I will get the apartment, so you go and bring me Judge Henry G. Blake for a rich and aristocratic husband, or anyway for a husband."

Well, I know Dave the Dude to do many a daffy thing but never a thing as daffy as this. But I know there is no use arguing with him when he gets an idea, because if you argue with Dave the Dude too much he is apt to reach over and lay his Sunday punch on your snoot, and no argument is worth a punch on the snoot, especially from Dave the Dude.

So I go out looking for Judge Henry G. Blake to be Madame La Gimp's husband, although I am not so sure Judge Henry G. Blake will care to be anybody's husband, and especially Madame La Gimp's after he gets a load of her, for Judge Henry G. Blake is kind of a classy old guy.

To look at Judge Henry G. Blake, with his gray hair, and his nose glasses, and his stomach, you will think he is very important people, indeed. Of course Judge Henry G. Blake is not a judge, and never is a judge, but they call him Judge because he looks like a judge, and talks slow, and puts in many long words, which very few people understand.

THEY tell me Judge Blake once has plenty of dough, and is quite a guy in Wall Street, and a high shot along Broadway, but he misses a few guesses at the market, and winds up without much dough, as guys generally do who miss guesses at the market. What Judge Henry G. Blake does for a living at this time nobody knows, because he does nothing much whatever, and yet he seems to be a producer in a small way at all times.

Now and then he makes a trip across the ocean with such as Little Manuel, and other guys who ride the tubs, and sits in with them on games of bridge, and one thing and another, when they need him. Very often when he is riding the tubs, Little Manuel runs into some guy he cannot cheat, so he has to call in Judge Henry G. Blake to outplay the guy on the level, although of course Little Manuel will much rather get a guy's dough by cheating him than by outplaying him on the level. Why this is, I do not know, but this is the way Little Manuel is.

Anyway, you cannot say Judge Henry G. Blake is a bum, especially as he wears good clothes, with a wing collar, and a derby hat, and most people consider him a very nice old man. Personally I never catch the judge out of line on any proposition whatever, and he always says hello to me, very pleasant.

It takes me several hours to find Judge Henry G. Blake, but finally I locate him in Derle's billiard room playing a game of pool with a guy from Providence, Rhode Island. It seems the judge is playing the guy from Providence for five cents a ball, and the judge is about thirteen balls behind when I step into the joint, because naturally at five cents a ball the judge wishes the guy from Providence to win, so as to encourage him to play for maybe twenty-five cents a ball, the judge being very cute this way.

Well, when I step in I see the judge miss a shot anybody can make blindfolded, but as soon as I give him the office I wish to speak to him, the judge hauls off and belts in every ball on the table, bingity-bing, the last shot being a bank that will make Al de Oro stop and think, because when it comes to pool, the old judge is just naturally a curly wolf.

Afterwards he tells me he is very sorry I make him hurry up this way, because of course after the last shot he is never going to get the guy from Providence to play him pool even for fun, and the judge tells me the guy sizes up as a right good thing, at that.

Now Judge Henry G. Blake is not so excited when I



And who is it but Good-Time Charley Bernstein.

tell him what Dave the Dude wishes to see him about, but naturally he is willing to do anything for Dave, because he knows that guys who are not willing to do things for Dave the Dude often have bad luck. The judge tells me that he is afraid he will not make much of a husband because he tries it before several times on his own hook and is always a bust, but as long as this time it is not to be anything serious, he will tackle it. Anyway, Judge Henry G. Blake says, being aristocratic will come natural to him.

Well, when Dave the Dude starts out on any proposition, he is a wonder for fast working. The first thing he does is to turn Madame La Gimp over to Miss Billy Perry, who is now Dave's ever-loving wife which he takes out of tap-dancing in Miss Missouri Martin's Sixteen Hundred Club, and Miss Billy Perry calls in Miss Missouri Martin to help.

This is water on Miss Missouri Martin's wheel, because if there is anything she loves it is to stick her nose in other people's business, no matter what it is, but she is quite a help at that, although at first they have a tough time keeping her from telling Waldo Winchester, the scribe, about the whole cat-hop, so he will put a story in the Morning Item about it, with Miss Missouri Martin's name in it. Miss Missouri Martin does not believe in ever overlooking any publicity bets on the layout.

Anyway, it seems that between them Miss Billy Perry and Miss Missouri Martin get Madame La Gimp dolled up in a lot of new clothes, and run her through one of these beauty joints until she comes out very much changed, indeed. Afterwards I hear Miss Billy Perry and Miss Missouri Martin have quite a few words, because Miss Missouri Martin wishes to paint Madame La Gimp's hair the same color as her own, which is a high yellow, and buy her the same kind of dresses which Miss Missouri Martin wears herself, and Miss Missouri Martin gets much insulted when Miss Billy Perry says no, they are trying to dress Madame La Gimp to look like a lady.

They tell me Miss Missouri Martin thinks some of putting the slug on Miss Billy Perry for this crack, but happens to remember just in time that Miss Billy Perry is now Dave the Dude's ever-loving wife, and that nobody in this town can put the slug on Dave's ever-loving wife, except maybe Dave himself.

NOW the next thing anybody knows, Madame La Gimp is in a swell eight- or nine-room apartment in the Marberry, and the way this comes about is as follows: It seems that one of Dave the Dude's most important champagne customers is a guy by the name of Rodney B. Emerson, who owns the apartment, but who is at his summer home in Newport, with his family, or anyway with his ever-loving wife.

This Rodney B. Emerson is quite a guy along Broadway, and a great hand for spending dough and looking for laughs, and he is very popular with the mob. Furthermore, he is obligated to Dave the Dude, because Dave sells him good champagne when most guys are trying to hand him the old phonus bolonus, and naturally Rodney B. Emerson appreciates this kind treatment.

He is a short, fat guy, with a round, red face, and a big laugh, and the kind of a guy Dave the Dude can call up at his home in Newport and explain the situation and ask for the loan of the apartment, which Dave does.

Well, it seems Rodney B. Emerson gets a big bang out of the idea, and he says to Dave the Dude like this:

"You not only can have the apartment, Dave, but I will come over and help you out. It will save a lot of explaining around the Marberry if I am there."

So he hops right over from Newport, and joins in with Dave the Dude, and I wish to say Rodney B. Emerson will always be kindly remembered by one and all for his cooperation, and nobody will ever again try to hand him

the phonus bolonus when he is buying champagne, even if he is not buying it off of Dave the Dude.

Well, it is coming on Saturday and the boat from Spain is due, so Dave the Dude hires a big town car, and puts his own driver, Wop Sam, on it, as he does not wish any strange driver tipping off anybody that it is a hired car. Miss Missouri Martin is anxious to go to the boat with Madame La Gimp, and take her jazz band, the Hi Hi Boys, from her Sixteen Hundred Club with her to make it a real welcome, but nobody thinks much of this idea. Only Madame La Gimp and her husband, Judge Henry G. Blake, and Miss Billy Perry go, though the judge holds out for some time for Little Manuel, because Judge Blake says he wishes somebody around to tip him off in case there are any bad cracks made about him as a husband in Spanish, and Little Manuel is very Spanish.

The morning they go to meet the boat is the first time Judge Henry G. Blake gets a load of his ever-loving wife,



Madame La Gimp, and by this time Miss Billy Perry and Miss Missouri Martin give Madame La Gimp such a going-over that she is by no means the worst looker in the world. In fact, she looks first-rate, especially as she is off gin and says she is off it for good.

Judge Henry G. Blake is really quite surprised by her looks as he figures all along she will turn out to be a crow. In fact, Judge Blake hurls a couple of shots into himself to nerve himself for the ordeal, as he explains it, before he appears to go to the boat. Between these shots, and the nice clothes, and the good cleaning-up Miss Billy Perry and Miss Missouri Martin give Madame La Gimp, she is really a pleasant sight to the judge.

They tell me the meeting at the dock between Madame La Gimp and her baby is very affecting indeed, and when the proud old Spanish nobleman and his wife, and their son, and Madame La Gimp's sister, all go into action, too, there are enough tears around there to float all the battleships we once sink for Spain. Even Miss Billy Perry and Judge Henry G. Blake do some first-class crying, although the chances are the judge is worked up to the crying more by the shots he takes for his courage than by the meeting.

Still, I hear the old judge does himself proud, what with kissing Madame La Gimp's baby plenty, and ducky-ing the proud old Spanish nobleman, and his wife, and

son, and giving Madame La Gimp's sister a good strong hug that squeezes her tongue out.

It turns out that the proud old Spanish nobleman has white sideburns, and is entitled Conde de Something, so his ever-loving wife is the Condesa, and the son is a very nice-looking quiet young guy any way you take him, who blushes every time anybody looks at him. As for Madame La Gimp's baby, she is as pretty as they come, and many guys are sorry they do not get Judge Henry G. Blake's job as stepfather, because he is able to take a kiss at Madame La Gimp's baby on what seems to be very small excuse. I never see a nicer-looking young couple, and anybody can see they are very fond of each other, indeed.

Madame La Gimp's sister is not such a doll as I will wish to have sawed off on me, and is up in the paints as regards to age, but she is also very quiet. None of the bunch talk any English, so Miss Billy Perry and Judge Henry G. Blake are pretty much outsiders on the way uptown. Anyway, the judge takes the wind as soon as they reach the Marberry, because the judge is now getting a little tired of being a husband. He says he has to take a trip out to Pittsburgh to buy four or five coal mines, but will be back the next day.

Well, it seems to me that everything is going perfect

The proud old Spanish nobleman seems somewhat bored, although he cheers up no little when a lot of dolls drift in.

so far, and that it is good judgment to let it lay as it is, but nothing will do Dave the Dude but to have a reception the following night. I advise Dave the Dude against this idea, because I am afraid something

will happen to spoil the whole cat-hop, but he will not listen to me, especially as Rodney B. Emerson is now in town and is a strong booster for the party, as he wishes to drink some of the good champagne he has planted in his apartment.

Furthermore, Miss Billy Perry and Miss Missouri Martin are very indignant at me when they hear about my advice, as it seems they both buy new dresses out of Dave the Dude's bank roll when they are dressing up Madame La Gimp, and they wish to spring these dresses somewhere where they can be seen. So the party is on.

I get to the Marberry around nine o'clock and who opens the door of Madame La Gimp's apartment for me but Moosh, the door man from Miss Missouri Martin's Sixteen Hundred Club. Furthermore, he is in his Sixteen Hundred Club uniform, except he has a clean shave. I wish Moosh a hello, and he never raps to me but only bows, and takes my hat.

The next guy I see is Rodney B. Emerson in evening clothes, and the minute he (Continued on page 200)

The Tie that Binds

A Story of a Bust-up

AS TOM CROSBY rolled westward from New York in the same box car with his four roping horses he was, for the first time in his life, lonely; it had dawned upon him suddenly that he had no friends.

And that was true. The men of his closely circumscribed world on the rodeo circuit might smile at him, talk with him, eat and drink with him and appear to be friendly, but—they were not his friends. In his profession he was vastly superior to them all; in events where he and Bart Eaton were entered, these alleged friends knew that Tom and his former partner stood between them and the big money, provided their luck held.

Secretly they hated him, and when in liquor many of them had admitted it and been thrashed for their pains. Indeed, Tom had fought many a dirty rough-and-tumble battle in defense of Bart Eaton's honor, and now, with

a lump in his throat, he recalled that the prodigal and temperamental Bart had fought as many in his defense.

He wondered what Bart's plans for the future might be. Their casual and strained parting had occurred just after the show at Madison Square Garden. Bart had been crowned the champion roper of the world, noting which the Honorable Cecil Scott-Enderly, a sporty gentleman from the Argentine, had informed Mr. Eaton that the latter could not, under three minutes, rope and hog-tie a llama. Furthermore, he had offered to bet any amount of money he was right, and had stripped Bart of his last dollar. In fact, Bart had had to sell his roping horses to Tom for a road stake.

Tom Crosby fell to picturing his next meeting with Bart on the circuit—the embarrassment and pain of it. Suppose old Bart should ask him for the use of one of his horses? Mounted on any one of Tom's horses, Bart might conceivably beat the horse's owner to first money in the roping events. Tom decided he would not, under any circumstances, rent one of his horses to Bart.

Well, he had discovered a new facet of Bart's character. Bart could be jealous. But Tom had erred in



Q Tom Crosby saw Bart's steer back off for another thrust. In the fifth of a second Tom's loop was around the beast's head.

in the Partnership of *Two* Bronco Busters

By Peter B.
Kyne



demonstrating that he knew roping tricks of which Bart had never heard; at last, deep in his heart, Bart had been made to realize that Tom Crosby was his master.

"I sure strained the old cuss too far," Mr. Crosby ruminated. "I'd ought to have knowed better. Many's the time I could have beat him out for first ropin' money, but when I seen we had first an' second money cinched I'd work slow an' let him win first to make the sucker a drawin' card.

"Ain't Bart got no sense? The way him an' me have traded champeneeships an' the number we've won, you'd think he ought to suspect they weren't all naturals. I reckon old Bart's conceited thataway."

Well, that was all water over the dam, Mr. Crosby decided. When next they met in action it would be each man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. Bart was a better roper than any other man in the United States or Canada with the exception of Tom Crosby, who led him by a nose, as it were; and Mr. Crosby, who possessed much professional pride but no ego, knew that this was so.

Coldly and resolutely, therefore, he resolved to take from Bart Eaton every championship he, Tom Crosby, had ever permitted his partner to possess. "I was good to him," Tom told himself sorrowfully, "an' he treated

me like a bum. Now I'll make a bum out o' him."

He met Bart at the Livermore Rodeo the following Fourth of July. Now, during seven of his eight years of partnership with Bart Eaton, Tom Crosby had resolutely refused to do any bulldogging, because of the hazardous nature of that sport. However, at the Livermore show, when Bart entered for the bulldogging, Tom entered the lists also, merely to compete with Bart, to beat the latter out of the final money if he could.

He stopped his first steer and decorated him in nine-and-a-quarter seconds, whereat the crowd cheered him wildly. No other contestant remotely approached that record and Tom won first final money, while Bart was not even in the final money.

At roping Tom made the fastest time on any one calf; won first day money three days in succession and first final money, as a result, and was proclaimed the best all-around cowboy in the show.

AT SALINAS he repeated his Livermore performance and removed from Bart Eaton's brow the crown of champion roper of the State of California. At the two-day Ukiah show he won over Bart in the steer-bucking contest; lost to him in the bulldogging; won over him in the bucking-horse riding and in the roping contests; again made the fastest time on any one calf; won first final money, and was again proclaimed the best all-around cowboy in the show. Nevertheless, Bart was right behind him.

At the Stampede in Calgary Tom suddenly decided to bulldog no more. He had a feeling that Bart was due to get hurt and he wanted to be free to enjoy the spectacle. And Bart *was* hurt. A peevish big Brahma steer threw him to the ground, dragged him and walked on him, and Bart had to be carried off the field.

He had no bones broken, but he was badly bruised—so much so that subsequently, when he drew a mediocre bucking horse, he was forced to claw leather disgracefully in order to hang on until the pick-up men could take him off. His bruises affected his roping, also, although Tom knew Bart would have been in second

money, had he been riding one of his own old horses.

Bart's spirit must have been broken a little, for when he reported at the chutes to rope his first calf and found Tom there, holding the two old horses that had carried him to victory in happier days, he choked and Tom thought he was going to cry. After a while he addressed the latter for the first time since they had parted in New York.

"How about rentin' me ol' Shiny, Tom?" he half pleaded. "Usual terms. Third o' what I win; nothin' o' what I lose."

Tom merely stared coldly at him, so Bart rented a half-broken Canadian horse that carried wide with him and was afraid of the rope. He made no time to speak of. Later Tom caught him petting his old horses, looking at their feet, inspecting their teeth, running his hands over their ribs to test their condition, crooning to them.

That year Tom occupied the old room at the Palliser Hotel which he and Bart had reserved year after year. He ascertained that Bart was holed up in a fifty-cent rooming house and the news tickled him wondrously.

He noted also, with satisfaction, that Bart, whose sombreros had always been the wonder and the envy of his fellows (he paid as much as a hundred and fifty dollars for them), was now wearing a worn old hat that could not have cost him more than ten dollars. His silver-mounted spurs were gone, too; a rusty old steel pair had replaced them. His shirts were now cotton instead of silk and he rolled his own cigarets, although for eight years he had luxuriated in "tailor-mades." All in all, it seemed to Tom, his enemy was considerably decayed financially.

At the Pendleton Round-up, Tom again exerted himself to top the show. He was second in bulldogging, while Bart was not even in the money. He was first in bronco riding and Bart was second; he was second in steer riding and Bart was third; he was first in roping while Bart was second; he won first final money and was proclaimed champion roper and best all-around cowboy of the Northwest.

At Billings he again "wiped Bart's eye" and became champion roper and best all-around cowboy of Montana. He was the heaviest winner and first in roping at Cheyenne, where Bart was third in roping, having lost to a new man by a fraction of a second.

At Cedar Rapids Tom knew he had broken Bart's spirit. Nothing succeeds like success—and Bart's mind was obsessed with memories of his defeats. Slowly, inexorably, Tom had given him an inferiority complex. The lack of his old horses was a handicap he could not overcome, with the result that when the Cheyenne show

closed Bart was regarded as a good man who was deteriorating rapidly.

He no longer heard through the loud-speaker such phrases as, "Keep your eye on Chute Number Five. Bart Eaton, of California—champion of champions—coming out on Tornado!" or, "Time on the last calf thirteen seconds flat. Made by Bart Eaton, of California, champion roper of the world." It was Tom Crosby who was the idol of the public now, monopolizing the honors he had once so generously shared with Bart



"You sit tight an' don't fall off," Mr. Eaton bade Tom Crosby. "I'll argue with this boy."

in days ago. There was no let-down in Tom's work. If possible he was better than he had ever been.

Now, albeit Tom Crosby had planned to sell at Calgary the two roping horses Bart had formerly owned, he suddenly decided not to do so after seeing Bart looking his lost treasures over that day. He made up his mind to carry them with him from show to show, to torture Bart with their presence around the chutes. They were well-known horses and greatly in demand; indeed, their rentals almost paid the expense of their fodder and transportation.

At Cedar Rapids, as Tom was loading the horses into a box car, Bart strolled by and paused to stroke the silky noses of the only two living things that loved him. They had seen him first and nickered for him, and at this evidence of undying allegiance Bart's heart was wrung with misery. Out of the corner of his eye Tom watched the lost partner's lip tremble a little, saw a slight film come over his eyes.

"Tom," said Bart presently, "you don't need these two horses an' they cost you more to carry around with



Illustrations by
William Meade Prince

you than they earn. I'd like to buy them back from you."

Tom Crosby strangled a sudden mad impulse to give the horses to Bart, to shake him by the hand and call him partner again, to ask him to let bygones be bygones, to ask him to come on to the Garden show as his partner and again be proclaimed champion roper of the world. Instead he replied:

"They'll cost you fifteen hundred dollars. I got to have a profit!"

"Sold!"

"Cash," Mr. Crosby reminded him.

"You'd be the last man on earth I'd ask credit from," Bart flared back at him, and added, as he counted out the money and prepared to lead the horses away, "You dirty Shylock!"

Instantly Mr. Crosby hated himself for his soft-heartedness. He wished now that he had cut those horses' throats before selling them back to Bart. The fellow was dirty beyond words and sweet Christian thoughts were absolutely wasted on him.

Muttering three words of one syllable each, Mr. Crosby leaped down from the box car and struck Mr. Eaton forcibly on the jaw with his right and in the midriff with his left. Mr. Eaton countered with left and right to the Crosby jaw and they clinched. Coming out of the clinch, each sent a sizzling "haymaker" toward the other's jaw; the punches landed simultaneously.

When Bart Eaton regained consciousness, the first thing he saw was Mr. Crosby, flat on his back, arms and legs outspread, his eyelids fluttering a little.

"Double knock-out," Mr. Eaton murmured hazily. "If there was a purse up on that event we'd sure have split it!"

He was gone with his horses before Mr. Crosby came to; and since there was none hard by to inform the latter he had fought a draw, forthwith he hugged to himself, with considerable chagrin, the belief that Bart had thrashed him. Decidedly, that was no help!

The Garden show was productive of its average dividend to Tom Crosby, but when it was over he did not return directly to California. He had heard of a roping show in Juarez, Mexico, that appealed to the last drop of artistic blood in his veins, and thither he shipped.

The show in question was to be an international roping contest under the auspices of the Charros Club of Juarez. There are numerous Charros Clubs throughout Mexico, notably in Mexico City, and the sole excuse for their existence is to promote the art of roping, raise it to new artistic levels and demonstrate, by frequent contests, that the art is not retrograding.

A Charros Club contest is not one in which peons compete. It is sacred to the (Continued on page 160)

Has an Unmarried Woman



☐ Kate Pullman and Adonis Aristotle

Bloom

the Right to a Child?

Here is the Story of a Woman who Defied the Conventions Recently. Next Month, One who tried the Experiment 17 Years Ago tells her Story

LESS than a year ago my son was born. His birth was the subject of nation-wide discussion because I had broken the age-established convention that forbids motherhood without marriage.

I had broken it because I questioned the right of a man-made code to interfere with the urge within me for motherhood.

I had had one marriage, from which I escaped with my illusions shattered. I determined to remain unmarried for the rest of my days.

I took steps to support myself and to win financial independence. I was happy until I became assailed by a longing that gave me no rest. I wanted a baby—my own perfect baby. But I did not want a husband.

While I cared nothing for conventionality no one realized more clearly than I that it was not lightly to be broken; that there was always a penalty to be paid.

I knew the responsibility that would be mine. Could I make up to my baby for its unconventional birth? I convinced myself that I could.

So I had my baby, and nothing else counted but him and his welfare. I considered it a personal matter. I thought only of the magnificent specimen of manhood he would become under my never-failing love and guidance, with his heritage of a sound mind in a sound body.

Soon I found it was not a personal matter. Other women also were crying, "Am I to be denied the joy of a child because I am unmarried? Must I be forced into marriage when I don't want marriage or cannot achieve it? Why cannot I have my child without chaining my future to the father of that child?"

I discovered that the world looked upon my venture as an experiment. It has been spoken of as a step toward the emancipation of women.

People have condemned me, of course. Most of these have been women. Most of those who have approved my venture have been men. I have received letters from all parts of the country.

The questions asked me are enlightening. I shall answer them as well as I can.

1. "How did you set about finding the father of your child?"

Although there had been no time in my busy life for romance and lovers, I knew several men whom I liked and respected. The relation between us was based on long-established friendship. We enjoyed the companionship that can exist between men and women who see each other as human beings and not as members of the opposite sex.

By Kate Pullman

I selected my baby's father from among these friends. I told him what I planned to do.

At first the idea appalled him. Men are less daring than women in breaking away from custom. He repudiated it as absurd, impossible, not to be considered for a moment.

After that whenever I saw him, I would speak about the glory of bringing into the world a child such as the one for which I longed. Finally he became interested, but only after I had convinced him of the earnestness of my wish.

When I won his consent I insisted upon my own terms. There was to be no discussion of money between us. I was to assume all responsibility. The baby was to be mine. He must make no future claim on me or my child.

I liked him tremendously. I admired and respected him but I did not love him. He also admired and respected me but he did not love me. Love played

no part in our agreement.

2. "What name will you give your baby? He has no legal right to his father's."

He can have mine. There is nothing wrong with it. Surely it is as good a name as any father could give him. Why shouldn't he bear it? He's all mine. I alone am responsible for him. I alone will provide for him and cherish him. I call him Adonis Aristotle Pullman as a symbol of what I hope to make him—a combination of physical and mental perfection.

3. This question was asked in the following letter:

Washington, D. C.

Dear Miss Pullman:

Do you think it wrong to have a child out of wedlock?

Two years ago I, too, had a fine baby boy under similar circumstances but I had been raised to believe that a girl who had a child without being married was disgraced and forever outside the pale of decent society. My parents would disown me if they knew.

I hid the birth of my baby from them. I put him in a home some distance away and pay board for him. Although I love him very much I see him

only on Sundays when I get away from my work. I go there like a sneak with fear and trembling that someone will discover my secret.

If I had the courage to acknowledge my baby before the world, I, too, would have the happiness of raising him even though people might cant and rave. I'd then say, let them.

May I wish you much joy and comfort in your son and I know my wish will be fulfilled.

I will have to remain unnamed except as

An Unacknowledged Mother

My answer is this: If I had had the faintest consciousness of doing wrong I (Continued on page 184)



© E. O. Hoppe

Within a few days of each other two extraordinary manuscripts based on like experiences were received in this office. Both articles were by women who braved public scorn to have a child outside of matrimony. But with this difference: Kate Pullman is still in the early stages of her experiment; Rose Wilding has lived through seventeen years of hers. Her son is now a young man with his own outlook on life and with his own problems. In these articles one woman looks forward; the other looks backward.

Without intending to do so, Rose Wilding in her article answers Kate Pullman, because Miss Wilding has undergone the experiences Miss Pullman has yet to face.

Read Kate Pullman's story in this issue. Then next month read Rose Wilding's.

Tommy Jones
Helps
A Lady in Distress

By
Royal Brown

Poor, dear

EMERGING at Pine Falls, New York, from the sleeper he had boarded in the Grand Central the night before, Tommy Jones tipped the altruistic colored gentleman who had guarded his slumbers and greeted what to him was practically the dawn. The sun, this June morning, had been up since half past four, but *he* had not. The air at Pine Falls was chill as a shower bath at this ungodly hour; nature was out to challenge the red corpuscles.

Tommy, however, merely yawned in nature's face. And, inevitably, in the faces of the natives who had come to the station to witness the daily drama of the Montreal express passing through.

Tommy's first impression was that the gathering was exclusively male. In the middle of his yawn he discovered otherwise.

Among the vehicles of various vintages drawn up at the platform—all aged in the woods, as it were—was a touring car that must have cost at least six thousand. Once upon a time, that is.

"A product of motor's mauve decade," decided Tommy.

The observation was purely parenthetical. His interest in the car would have remained nil had it not been for its occupant. She had thrust open the door and now she was swinging toward him.

"My great-great-aunt Geraldine!" murmured Tommy. "It can't be poor, dear little Joanna—or can it?"

Tommy had never met poor, dear little Joanna. All he knew about her had been gathered from a letter now in his pocket. The letter had been sent to Samuel Sears, Esq., whom Tommy considered—perhaps prematurely—his employer. Samuel Sears, Esq., had been born some fifty years before in Pine Falls, New York, but had subsequently moved on.

"Most wisely," Tommy had assured himself when, consulting time-tables, he had discovered Pine Falls was but a flag station on the road to Montreal.

The letter, marked "Personal" but turned over to Tommy for his guidance, read:

Dear Samuel:

Pine Falls, N. Y., June 12th.

I imagine you may be surprised that I should write to you after so many years. Perhaps I should not, but you once said you would be my friend always and I do feel that I need a friend now.

Whether you heard of John's death I do not know. He passed away very suddenly a month ago. Added to the shock of that, of which I cannot speak, is the discovery that he left his affairs in very bad shape.

Naturally, I never knew anything about his business and now poor, dear little Joanna and I are all alone in the world with not a soul to advise us. I do not at all understand what has happened, but I have the feeling that if there were only some man I could turn to for advice everything could be straightened out.

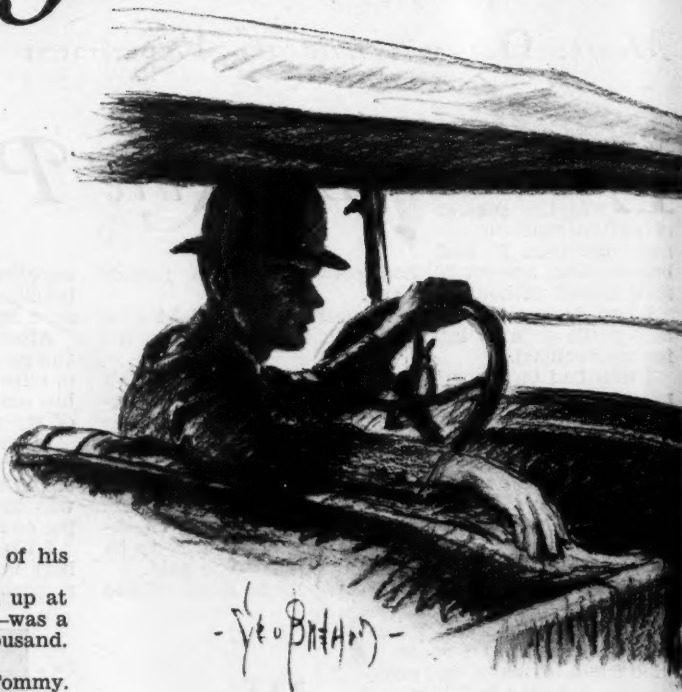
I know you have prospered greatly and are very busy. Yet perhaps you could spare a few hours of your precious time to come here and go over John's affairs for me. You seem my only hope now.

Yours very sincerely,

Amanda DeWitt

This had been delivered to Samuel Sears at Southampton, Long Island.

"Please read this," he had suggested to Tommy the previous afternoon.



Samuel Sears, at something under sixty, was tall and still flexible of figure. He was bald, like Cæsar, and had the same authority of countenance but he had humor too—else Tommy would never have had a chance to show his stuff.

"Let's see," Samuel Sears had said as soon as Tommy had finished the letter. "It was your idea, wasn't it, that although I might not realize it, I needed a sort of combination errand boy and personal shock absorber who could attend to odd and unusual jobs with diplomacy and dispatch?"

"Well, here's your chance to prove it," he had added. "I wish you would go to Pine Falls and see Mrs. DeWitt. Explain to her that it is literally impossible for me to come at the moment."

THIS did not surprise Tommy. Samuel Sears was a man of many and tremendous interests. He worked under never-ceasing pressure. But even before he went on, Tommy sensed that something made the older man really wish he might answer this appeal in person.

"You will have to use your own judgment about many things—and I trust I am not overestimating it," he had gone on crisply. He had paused the smallest possible fraction of a second, while his eyes gauged Tommy. Then: "I am asked again and again to give some young man what is referred to as an 'opportunity,'" he had remarked dryly. "I am deaf to such appeals because primarily I am a business man and not a charitable organization. I haven't the slightest interest in any man to whom it is necessary to give an opportunity."

"No man ever lacks opportunity. I do not care where he is placed or what he is doing. Opportunity knocks at his door. Not once but again and again."

"The history of every big fortune proves that. The man behind the fortune started small. He may have worked at bench or desk. The only difference between him and his fellows was that he had his eyes open and they did not. The average man is average because he goes around with his eyes shut."

"Old methods are being scrapped continually. As a

little Joanna



Illustrations by
George Brehm

"I was an amateur palmist in my youth," Tommy informed Joanna. "What a precocious youth you must have been!"

result of men who see a way of bettering an old process or creating a new one. The surest formula for success is to discover an obvious need and then supply an obvious solution for it. The solution is always obvious—after someone has seen it."

He had paused again, his eyes holding Tommy's for a moment.

"I am giving you, very briefly, my own formula," he had explained. "What its application may be in the present case I do not know. I do know that when I say that I want a complete report I hope for something more than the average man would see, hear and prepare for me."

He had risen, and so had Tommy. "Of course," he had added, his eyes twinkling, "if that source mind of yours has any suggestion to offer I'd appreciate that, too."

This had been humor. But though he had yawned at his first glimpse of Pine Falls, Tommy felt that what happened during his stay here would either make or break him so far as Samuel Sears was concerned.

Pine Falls itself was but a man-made scar on the face of nature, a clutter of buildings surrounding the station. The latter looked neglected and weather-beaten

and so did the men lounging around it. The few who were of an age to have known Samuel Sears during his boyhood made Samuel Sears himself seem incredible. They seemed rooted here; they could not be pictured elsewhere.

The girl coming toward Tommy could be. It was not so much what she wore—the brown felt pulled over her ears was out of season and the short leather coat was not new—but the way she wore it.

There was a suggestion of smartness, a hint of sophistication about her. And it was poor, dear little Joanna.

"Your wire came last night," she was saying. "It was awfully good of you to come."

The brown eyes, gold-flecked, met his competently. She was obviously that sort of girl, whatever idea her mother might have of her. She was not marvelously, unprecedentedly lovely, certainly, but she was slim and supple and vibrant. Sooner or later some man surely would build the inevitable illusion around her.

If some man hadn't already done so.

Such was Tommy's swift impression, gathered as they moved toward the ancient car. She slipped in behind the wheel and he tossed his bag in back and settled himself beside her.

"If you care to see our town, look quick," she suggested satirically as she shifted into gear. "Or shut your eyes. The worst will soon be over."

Tommy, however, was more interested in her. The road was atrocious and the car heavy, but she handled it with casual ease. She swung wide for another car,

and then a jeweled arrow on her hat caught the sun as her eyes met his.

"I suppose I may as well be frank," she announced. "I haven't shown your wire to Mother or told her you were coming. You see, she had a wild notion that Mr. Sears would come himself. That was preposterous, and yet—"

"And yet it's going to be a blow to her," contributed Tommy. He grinned and added, "And it's a blow to you too, I suspect. I'm sort of a problem at the moment, eh?"

"Do I sound as bad as all that?" she protested. "I'm sorry. But—Mother is so darned feminine. She dates back to the days when a woman felt that if there were only some solid middle-aged man to advise her, all her troubles would be nicely solved. She just won't face what we are up against."

"That must at least save some wear and tear on the nervous system," commented Tommy.

"It merely staves off the inevitable," she amended. "I feel that it's much wiser to face the facts."

"And I," Tommy informed her, "had already guessed you'd feel that way. All by myself I guessed it."

"Clever of you," she mocked. "How did you guess it?"

"It's a gift," he assured her modestly. "Perhaps I'm psychic. Offer me a penny for my thoughts and see what you get."

"If you are at all psychic you must know I'm practically penniless," she giped.

"I'll trust you, then. At the moment you are wondering how you can break the news to me that you do not intend to have me see your mother."

Joanna looked startled, but she did not even attempt to deny it. "I do think it would be better for you not to," she confessed. "I—Have you had breakfast?"

"Hours ago. Almost twenty-four, in fact."

"Can you stand twenty minutes of this sort of driving?"

"If you and the car can," he retorted.

"Then I'll drive you out to Bill's and demand that he feed you," she announced. "I don't know what you think of me!"

"That isn't half so interesting as what I thought of you before I saw you. I pictured you"—Tommy's grin flashed—"as a cross between a clinging vine and a weeping willow."

"Mother would write something like that, of course," commented Joanna satirically. "That it was 'so hard' being 'all alone in the world' with just 'poor, dear little Joanna' and not a soul to advise her. But"—the pretty mouth was ruthless for a second—"she doesn't want advice. She wants a miracle."

"In my youth I was quite a competent magician," Tommy informed her. "Good at taking rabbits out of silk hats and all that sort of stuff."

She smiled, then grew serious. "I don't doubt that

you are very clever," she began. "If you weren't you wouldn't be—"

"One of Samuel Sears' bright young men?" hazarded Tommy. "Well, without pinning any medals on myself I can assure you that if I fall down on this job it will be the first time I've failed Samuel Sears since I've been in his employ."

Joanna gave him an uncertain glance. "Really? Well, I'm sorry, but I'm afraid your record is going to be marred."

"Oh, it isn't much of a record. This is the first job he ever intrusted me with."

The car lurched into a rut as her startled eyes met his.

"Sorry," apologized Tommy. "Perhaps I shouldn't have told you—but you said you preferred to face the



"You mean that that is truly the formula?" gasped Joanna.

facts. Still, they say fact is stranger than fiction and in fiction, you know, bright young men are forever achieving miracles."

"And marrying the girl?" added Joanna, recovering herself and giving him flippancy for flippancy. "I'm sorry"—her clear brown eyes were mocking—"but I'm engaged." Her expression did not change but her voice did as she added, "Or I should say 'was engaged.'"

"One more fact to be faced," murmured Tommy. "I'm learning fast."

"That slipped out. It's purely personal," she assured him. She was silent for a moment, then added impulsively, "I'm sorry if you hope to achieve anything that will impress Mr. Sears. I didn't know Mother had written him until after she had mailed the letter. She knew I would object, of course. It was an imposition, and besides, we are up against a problem nobody can solve."

"Fine," approved Tommy. "I'm practically nobody." The sun, riding high over the encircling hills, was developing intensity; the crisp air was a bit more benign. The scenery was primitive and superb save where a farm was encountered. Everything achieved by man was an affront to the vision.

AT LEAST that was Tommy's impression until a swing in the road revealed a low rambling farmhouse that had obviously been remodeled. The result was an air of casual sophistication. A glassed-in porch at one end and blue blinds that broke its weathered expanse suggested charm within as well as without.

"This is where you breakfast," announced Joanna. "Oh, Bill's!" recalled Tommy. "I take it Bill doesn't run an inn. Gentleman farmer?"

"A gentleman—but not much of a farmer," amended Joanna. "It's supposed to be a chicken ranch. And also the home of the man who is to write the Great American Novel. At least that's Bill's idea of it, but Bill was ever one to count his chickens before they were hatched, his chapters before they were written."

This might have been of doubtful taste had it not been addressed to Bill's face, for it was undoubtedly Bill who was lounging toward them. A leisurely, tanned young six-footer with a pipe between his teeth and his hands in the pockets of well-worn riding breeches.

"I deny the allegation—and defy the allegator," he protested, with an amiable grin. "I was up with the chickens this morning and they're all doing well. I've also written four pages."

"Miraculous!" commented Joanna, and she introduced Tommy to his prospective host.

"Breakfast? Of course," acquiesced Bill. "I'll have to wangle it myself, though. The woman who is supposed to 'do me,' as they say up here, usually does on the slightest provocation. She has yet to appear—late again. But she has her points."

"And isn't it too bad she drinks?" contributed Joanna. From her tone one might have believed that mockery

too—if Mrs. Sawyer who 'does' me hasn't removed either or both in what we will charitably call a moment of abstraction."

"'Abstraction' is the word," commented Joanna, with feeling. "That woman winds you around her little finger." "Which is not so little," commented Bill. "I've been wound around much smaller ones, in fact."

Tommy assayed that swiftly, although in Bill's voice there was nothing of the bereft lover, and if it were a shot at Joanna she ignored it. "Well, they are both supercivilized—and to be supercivilized means to be as stoical as an Indian," decided Tommy.

"Let me get breakfast," suggested Joanna. She removed her hat, stripped off her leather coat and commandeered the supplies. Tommy saw their eyes meet as Bill yielded them and in Bill's was what he had suspected might show there at an unguarded moment.

But the next minute Bill was smiling at Tommy. "Every woman believes she can cook better than any man," he remarked.

As they breakfasted in the kitchen, Joanna announced: "Mr. Jones is here as the personal ambassador of Samuel Sears, Bill."

TOMMY, busy with bacon, grinned. "That sounds good. I wondered if you had forgotten. If somebody would give me a general idea of the situation—"

"That, at least, is easy," Joanna assured him. "Father manufactured a floor polish from his own formula. He had a factory—if you choose to call it that—and employed five men, all told. But it was a one-man affair."

"The factory itself is only a shack. The equipment is moth-eaten and worthless. There are some two thousand cans of polish on hand and—well, that's all there is, there won't be any more. The formula died with Father, you see."

"Good Lord," gasped Tommy. "Do you mean to say that nobody else knew it—that he kept it in his head?"

"Not exactly." Joanna glanced at Bill. "Please get that fifty-thousand-dollar formula of Father's," she

C. "Absolutely and unquestionably yes," replied Tommy. "And the secret of the secret will perish with me."



formed the basis of her relations with Bill. But Tommy suspected otherwise.

"Bill," he decided, "is the man she was engaged to—but isn't he. And what does one make of that, Watson?"

It was plain that Joanna was a privileged visitor here. When Bill started for the kitchen she suggested to Tommy that they had better accompany him.

"Bill is apt to become absent-minded when genius bursts into one of its fitful flames," she explained. "If inspiration should strike him he might forget us altogether."

Bill, shaking up the fire in the range, merely grinned.

"I can always safely offer a guest an egg," he told Tommy. "And I think I can guarantee bacon and coffee

said. And, as Bill rose, she turned to Tommy. "It's a secret formula, remember—please promise to keep it so."

Tommy recognized that as satire. "Why do you call it a fifty-thousand-dollar formula?" he hazarded.

"Because that is what a manufacturer of floor polish—one of the big national advertisers—that Bill went to see was willing to pay for it," explained Joanna. "Ten thousand down and the rest in royalties."

She paused. Bill was back bearing a long brown envelope which had originally been sealed with red wax. He handed Tommy the envelope.

Tommy glanced at it. Typed across its face was:

"Secret formula for floor polish"

Tommy lifted his eyes. "Well, what next?"

"Take the formula out and read it," suggested Joanna.

Tommy drew a typewritten paper from the envelope and studied it briefly. "But (Continued on page 108)

An Affair of the Heart

IN PARIS, at the time of this story, there was not a better-known figure, in certain circles, than that of Señor Don Vicente Rodríguez Alvarado.

This young gentleman was an Argentine of pure Spanish descent, as all Argentines claim to be. Don Vicente, however, was more than ordinarily proud of his blood. Well, you couldn't wonder. For the Alvarados, by lineage and tradition, stand among the first of the *caballeros* of Spanish America, and are one of the few Argentine families who are accepted on terms of equality by the ancient houses of Spain.

So our slim young friend bore his blood with a lofty air. For the rest, he would describe himself in his precise clipped English as "a Christian gentleman."

Well, "a Christian gentleman" he may have been. Who are we to judge?

It must be observed, however, that at that time in Paris there was a notable scarcity of men and women who thought of Vicente Alvarado as a really nice young man. That is not to say, of course, that he was entirely without friends. On the contrary, there were not a few young men who greatly admired Don Vicente's dash, his spirit, his audacity—notably, cheerful young José Maria de Casa Valda, of whom we shall hear more later.

It goes without saying that women spoiled the fellow. He had an air, a figure, looks, all that—and women, it is well known, are silly about those dark fellows.

They chased after the little devil, there's no denying that. It's curious how some Anglo-Saxon women have no sense of decency when it comes to South Americans. Respectable women, too, when they are home. You can't talk them out of it, either. Well, we all have to learn.

His liquid black eyes appeared to have an indescribable effect on them. Anyhow, let us call it "indescribable." Why probe? While his dancing, of course, gave them sheer bliss.

And he could look melancholy.

That should be remembered—he could look melancholy. For your melancholy fellow, from what one hears, appears to have a great way with silly women, particularly the silly women who "love" Paris.

You couldn't, of course, call Señor Don Vicente Rodríguez Alvarado a *gigolo* and leave it at that. That is, you could if you liked, but you would get your eye well blacked, as like as not. For he had a tigerish way with his fists, had our young friend. And audacity. Decidedly, he had audacity. A great deal of audacity.



At that moment the door was opened. she saw Sir Julius Román, and gave you," Vicente said harshly. "I was

Patricia
a little
just co

Michael Arlen

in a Surprising New Mood

Illustrations by
Charles De Feo

But, audacity or no, people usually found him out in the end—that he was, well, unreliable. Even Fenwick found the little devil out in the end.

Fenwick was one of those pleasant muscular Englishmen—"clean-cut," "loose-limbed," what you like—who are to be found wandering in a dazed condition among the flashy riffraff of Paris. Why, nobody knows. Fun? Do they have fun? Anyhow they keep, against overwhelming odds, their childlike faith in their new friends in the most charming way imaginable. This makes everyone like them, and no wonder.

It gave Fenwick a nasty jolt, the unmasking of Vicente. He trusted his friends not to be "unreliable," did Fenwick.

"You're a nasty little cad," says Fenwick, looking quite bewildered at that discovery.

"Then I can imagine your embarrassment," smiles our young friend, "at being in the same room with me. Why don't you get out?"

"I'm going," says Fenwick.

All the same, he hung around, lost in his troubled contempt for the queer little outsider whom he, Fenwick, had thought he "understood."

This friendly conversation took place one evening at Vicente's apartment, high up in a gloomy building in the Faubourg St. Germain. You couldn't, of course, have found a more suitable quarter for a man of ancient blood.

FENWICK had just called on him, uneasily. Well, it's disagreeable for a decent fellow to carry bad news. In short, Fenwick had to tell Vicente that old man Maugan would die rather than give his consent to the marriage of his only child, Patricia, with Señor Don Vicente Rodriguez Alvarado, that Christian gentleman.

"Why?" said Vicente, not amused.

But you can see his point. An Alvarado being held in question by an American—*americano del Norte!* Naturally, that amused Don Vicente.


"He described you, old man, as the most notorious Argentine in Paris."

"I'll have to talk to him myself," said Vicente softly. "Doesn't the silly old fool realize that I, an Alvarado, am doing him an honor by asking him for his daughter? An American tradesman!"

"Well, not quite," said Fenwick uncomfortably. The Alvarado business seemed to him rather overdone. "He also happens to be one of the most respected men in America—besides being one of the wealthiest men in the world."

"Money!" And Don Vicente showed his bright white teeth in a way he had when he wanted to be particularly irritating. "You English and American people seem to think of nothing but money."

It annoyed Fenwick, the little devil's sarcastic hostility. "Anyhow," he snapped, "I did all I could. Your name is too black, my young friend."



Patricia looked at her lover anxiously. Then a little gasp. "This old man has come for just coming," Patricia said, almost inaudibly.

"What did he say," Vicente asked, "when you told him that I would marry his daughter whether he liked it or not?"

Fenwick's large body stirred uneasily under the uncomfortably smart clothes he had donned for his friendly mission to old man Maugan. He had always had a liking for the flashing, handsome, audacious little Argentine, maintaining that Vicente wasn't as bad as he was painted. But now he wished bitterly he hadn't let himself in for approaching old Maugan on so delicate a matter.

But who would have thought that old man Maugan, whom he had heard of all his life as a grasping old man, would turn out to be such a decent and human old boy? That had been a shock, decidedly. Old man Maugan really was "a Christian gentleman," that's what it came to.

And here was this conceited little puppy—an Alvarado, whatever that meant in his comic country—sneering at the old boy because he didn't jump at the idea of his only child marrying the most notorious Argentine in Paris.

Fenwick looked with distaste at the scion of the Alvarados. It would take him a long time to forget the picture of burly old Maugan wincing pitifully at the very suggestion of this marriage.

"Well?" said Don Vicente.

"About your marrying her anyway?" Fenwick repeated uneasily. "I didn't mention that. The old boy looked hurt enough as it was."

"Yes?" said Vicente softly. "Not half so hurt as he would look if he were here now."

Fenwick rose to the bait. He glowered at the little devil.

"Whatd'you mean?" he snapped, longing to knock the grin off the fellow's exquisite face. But the queer friendship between the two had begun with a fight, Montparnasse way. The Christian gentleman had won. So things go.

"Mean?" says Don Vicente. "Look."

And with one of those slinky movements of his he threw open the door into his bedroom.

"Ssh!" he whispered, looking at the big frowning Englishman as if he was expecting to be entertained. He was.

Fenwick stood in the open doorway agape, speechless. Don Vicente showed his bright white teeth at the

Englishman's darkening face. Then he followed the other's startled eyes.

Oh, yes, she was still asleep, curled up on the bed, fully dressed—Miss Patricia Maugan, the richest heiress in the world. And lovely too, of course. Don Vicente had a reputation to keep up, you understand.

"You're not married!" Fenwick gasped at last.

"No," Vicente whispered. "That is, not yet. But



Just when Don Vicente thought he was going him in that amazingly public way in which

honor obviously demands it. You are of my opinion?"

"By heaven!" said Fenwick, looking down at the little devil as though he was about to tread on him. But you can't very well tread on a tiger even when you tower above him. It is an unjust world.

"Ssh!" said Don Vicente, softly closing the door against Fenwick's black stare. "We must not wake her. Her father has had two detectives chasing after her all day and she had a tiring job giving them the slip."

"I've finished with you after this," Fenwick said slowly.

"Right," said Vicente; "I only hope I can rely on that." And "the Christian gentleman" moved towards the couch, as though the big Englishman had ceased to exist. Argentines have not much respect for Englishmen, anyhow. It's curious, inexplicable, deplorable—but what's to be done when they simply *won't* see our superiority?

As Vicente crossed the room he reminded Fenwick of

"You little rat!" said Fenwick at last, going to the door. "I'm going to old man Maugan now, to tell him where his daughter is."

Vicente, stretching himself out among the bright cushions on his couch, yawned. With such teeth, you understand, one could take quite a pride in yawning.

"He won't let you get near him again," Vicente said sleepily. "Don't be a fool, Fenwick. Good-by."

Fenwick slammed the door of the little flat behind him. Our young friend went to sleep.

That is to say, he lay with his eyes closed. Only by looking closely at the pale exquisite face would you have seen faint beads of perspiration on his forehead. His lips twitched, too. An uneasy sleep, if sleep it was.

Unfortunately, the "Christian gentleman" slept very little these days. Well, it stands to reason that you can't play with the devil and get away with no worse than a cold in the head.

The craving was most intense at these evening hours, between six and eight o'clock. The craving became intolerable then.

Trying to resist it, he sometimes thought he was going mad. Those hours were perfumed with the after-taste of delight. It was annihilating, the memory of delights he must never taste again.

Never again. The only doctor he trusted, the cynical and accomplished Jean Jacques Gaudin, had told him that he had an obscure disease of the heart which opium affected dangerously. Opium would kill him, Doctor Gaudin had said. He must give it up.

And so he had given it up. Vicente Alvarado did not want to die. Why should he die? Life was so amusing, it would be stupid to die.

In time he would get over this craving; of course he would. But now it was difficult, unbearable. As the weeks went by, it grew more difficult. And being alone was terrible to him. When he was alone, and this craving came on him, Don Vicente thought that he was going mad. And his soul quailed before the specter of madness.

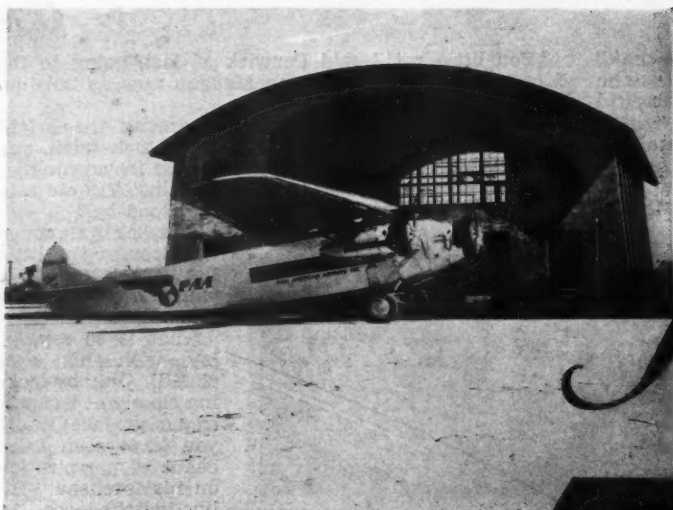
And that, of course, was what had put the idea of marrying Patricia Maugan into his head. Oh, yes, he wanted the best, did Don Vicente. But you can see his point—was the best too (*Continued on page 117*)



mad, Patricia had come along—and fallen in love with Anglo-Saxon women fall in love with Argentines.

flowing water, dark flowing water. You couldn't get hold of him. The fluid little rat . . .

But to appreciate his lithe arrogant slenderness, one had to see the scion of the Alvarados dancing. That was a sight for the gods—the pagan ones, of course. It was interesting, too, to watch the expressions of the women dancing with him. They looked enchanted, blissful, blah, what you like, but at the same time queerly troubled, as though something unknown was happening to them. Well, he had a talent for making people uneasy, had Don Vicente. A charming fellow, undeniably.



Fly America

THE dinner-table conversation had swung from politics to sports and was turning to travel. A vivacious young woman, smiling into the candlelight, remarked that she and her family were going abroad next month.

"To London or Paris?" the man beside her inquired.

"London first, and from there we're going to fly to Paris, and perhaps to Berlin. We're really more interested in that part than anything else, because none of us ever has been up."

"But why go to Europe for the purpose of flying?" someone asked. There was a moment of silence.

"But where can one go in the United States?" came in a surprised chorus.

Where can one go?

Many Americans, listening to the story of European air travel, have not noticed the growth of facilities in their own country. Most of them realize vaguely, from continued repetition, that the longest air-mail line in the world is operated in the United States. Most of them realize that the nine thousand miles of lighted airways in the United States are the means by which the most extensive night-flying service in the world is carried on.

BUT though everyone knows that regularly scheduled planes fly from London to Paris across the Channel, not many are aware that about fifty-three thousand passengers were carried in 1928 on similar lines in the United States. As I write there are forty-four operators who carry passengers or mail and express, or both, flying more than sixty-two thousand miles every twenty-four hours on schedule.

Unfortunately, at the present time our passenger-carrying facilities are often judged by the terminals of the lines. In many cities airports are just being constructed.

The growth of the industry has come more quickly than most municipalities could, or did, foresee, and consequently old commercial fields have become overcrowded with hastily built hangars and unsightly shops and offices.

While city councils have wrangled over proper sites and appropriations, these impermanent fields have been allowed to remain dirty, dusty, and inconvenient—outgrown mementoes of pioneer days.

Often the only time the average person sees them is on Sunday. "Oh, Daddy, let's stop and watch the airplanes," has usually halted the family automobile somewhere in sight of flying activities.

The impression of aviation gained from this cursory observation is almost as inaccurate as an impression of ocean steamship lines would be if their efficiency were judged by ferry service on the Hudson River. The numerous light open airplanes interspersed by larger closed models, all hopping about the sky in apparent



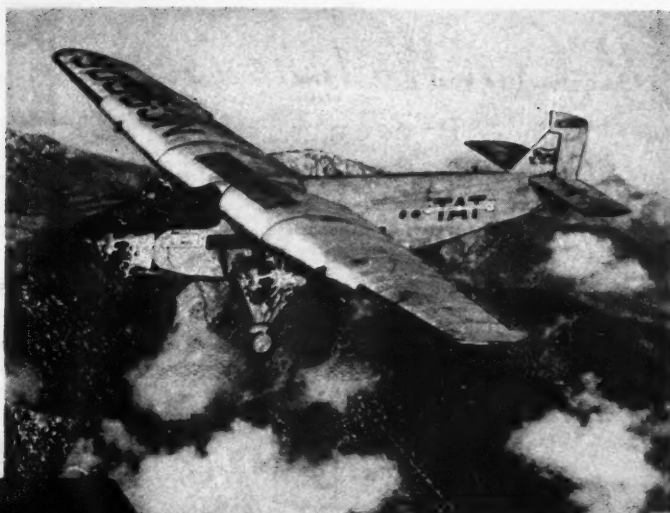
"One can go almost regularly established

abandon, give no idea of the comfort and dependability maintained on the regular lines.

AGAINST fluffy white clouds below a bright blue sky, a tri-motored airplane spread its graceful shape. Within the shaded interior of a large Spanish-type station a group of people waited to greet friends who were aboard. A maid in a green uniform with a dainty white cap was serving tea in the balcony. Her costume and the bright-colored clothes of the visitors seemed like tropical flowers produced by the brilliant sunshine outside.

Slowly the airplane circled the field and landed. It taxied to a neat little graveled walk before the arched main entrance, where the passengers descended. Boys

By Amelia Earhart First



anywhere in the United States on airplane routes," says Miss Earhart.

In uniform rushed forward to carry baggage and give directions for the routine of an international airport of entry. Customs officials were seen, and medical examinations made, while friends waited outside a gridded gateway. A ship of the air docked as unconcernedly as one of the water.

I am drawing a picture of a foreign airport, of course. Am I? Not at all. At Miami, Florida, Pan-American Airways has erected a sixty-five-thousand-dollar concrete hangar as a terminal, and I have only sketched the high lights of what goes on there every day.

When the line was opened I was a passenger on the first liner to leave Miami. Since then five thousand passengers a month have been carried over the beauty

of the tropical waters—as lovely a trip as any in the world.

All the brass buttons are not on Europe's air lines.

The service inaugurated by the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Santa Fe with the National Air Transport has been developed through several years of study, and has been underwritten to the extent of five million dollars. By leaving New York via train at six in the evening one may arrive in Los Angeles forty-eight hours later, flying by day and traveling by train at night. The route is called informally the Lindbergh Line, because the famous colonel has been one of the chief consultants for the aerial part of the service.

Though no women's names appear on the list of technical advisers, I feel they play a great part in the whole scheme. Before the attractive stations were built some of the company's officials gave me the privilege of seeing the preliminary plans.

"Do you think women will like this color?" "Are these rooms really convenient?" "Is there anything else we can do to increase the comfort of women passengers?"—these were some of the questions asked me by representatives present.

I AM sure the tinted woodwork and colorful hangings and the comfort they symbolize would not be so carefully studied for men alone. Indeed, old-timers who catch sight of cretonne curtains at the windows of waiting rooms, or see the restaurants and lounges, can hardly recognize aviation. Only yesterday there were no shelters, and the hot-dog stand, if any, was three miles down a dusty road.

Rail-air service seems to me distinctly American. The nearest approach that Europe has to it is an agreement by the government railways in Germany, for instance, to carry passengers on trains, if the airplanes for any reason are unable to complete their run.

So far as I can discover, the selling of airplane transportation through railroad ticket offices is not practiced in Europe. In the United States it is. A man in New York may buy with his rail ticket to Cleveland, say, an airplane fare from there to Chicago, or almost anywhere else he wishes, over an established route. Many railroads and travel bureaus make a point of this service.

Western Air Express, from Los Angeles to San Francisco and Salt Lake City, has been run for three years as a model airway for mail and passengers. Its airplanes have traveled a distance equal to one hundred times around the world with a record of 99.6 percent perfect performance.

Maddux Lines not only run from San Francisco to Phoenix and Tucson through Los Angeles, but cross the border at Caliente for a taste of old Mexico.

In Chicago so many beacons from crisscrossing lighted airways flash their signals at night that the air traveler may be confused if his (Continued on page 134)

P. G. Wodehouse
Presents
the Perfect Butler

JEEVES

in a Comedy of a
Hundred Laughs:

The Borrowed Dog



"If the young pot of poison tells me I have a face like a fish, I shall clump his head. We Woosters have our pride."

JAMES MCCREERY FLAG

I WAS jerked from the dreamless by a sound like the rolling of distant thunder; and, the mists of sleep clearing away, was enabled to diagnose this and trace it to its source. It was my aunt Agatha's dog, McIntosh, scratching at the door.

The above, an Aberdeen terrier of weak intellect, had been left in my charge by the old relative while she went off to Aix-les-Bains to take the cure, and I had never been able to make it see eye to eye with me on the subject of early rising. Although a glance at my watch informed me that it was barely ten, here was the animal absolutely up and about.

I pressed the bell, and presently in shimmered Jeeves, complete with tea tray and preceded by dog, which leaped upon the bed, licked me smartly in the right eye, and immediately curled up and fell into a deep slumber. And where the sense is in getting up at some ungodly hour of the morning and coming

scratching at people's doors, when you intend at the first opportunity to go to sleep again, beats me.

But could you make a dog see that? Not in a million years. Every day for the last five weeks this loony hound had pursued the same policy, and I confess I was getting a bit fed.

There were one or two letters on the tray, and, having slipped a refreshing half-cupful into the abyss, I felt equal to dealing with them. The one on top was from my aunt Agatha.

"Ha!" I said.

"Sir?"

"I said 'Ha,' Jeeves. And I meant 'Ha.' I was registering relief. My aunt Agatha returns this evening. She will be at her town residence between the hours of six and seven, and she expects to find McIntosh waiting for her on the mat."

"Indeed, sir? I shall miss the little fellow."

"I, too, Jeeves. Despite his habit of rising with the milk and being hearty before breakfast, there is sterling stuff in McIntosh. Nevertheless, I cannot but feel relieved at the prospect of shooting him back to the old home. It has been a guardianship fraught with anxiety."

"You know what my aunt Agatha is. She lavishes on that dog a love which might better be bestowed on a nephew; and if the slightest thing had gone wrong with him while I was *in loco parentis*, if he had developed rabies or staggers, I should have been blamed!"

"Very true, sir."

"And, as you are aware, London is not big enough to hold Aunt Agatha and anybody she happens to be blaming."

I had opened the second letter, and was giving it the eye.

"Ha!" I said.

"Sir?"

"Once again 'Ha,' Jeeves, but this time signifying

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mild surprise. This letter is from Miss Wickham."
"Indeed, sir?"

I sensed—if that is the word I want—the note of concern in the man's voice, and I knew he was saying to himself, "Is the young master about to slip?" You see, there was a time when the Wooster heart was to some extent what you might call ensnared by this Roberta Wickham, and Jeeves had never approved of her.

He considered her volatile and frivolous and more or less of a menace to man and beast. And events, I'm bound to say, had rather borne out his view.

"She wants me to give her lunch today."

"Indeed, sir?"

"And two friends of hers."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Here. At one-thirty."

"Indeed, sir?"

I was piqued. "Correct this parrot-complex, Jeeves," I said, waving a slice of bread and butter rather sternly at the man. "There is no need for you to stand there saying, 'Indeed, sir?' I know what you're thinking, and you're wrong. The old fire is dead. As far as Miss Wickham is concerned, Bertram Wooster is chilled steel. I see no earthly reason why I should not comply with this request. A Wooster may have ceased to love, but he can still be civil."

"Very good, sir."

"Employ the rest of the morning, then, in buzzing to and fro and collecting provender. The old King Wenceslaus touch, Jeeves. You remember? Bring me fish and bring me fowl—"

"Bring me flesh and bring me wine, sir."

"Just as you say. You know best. Oh, and roly-poly pudding, Jeeves."

"Sir?"

"Roly-poly pudding with lots of jam in it, Jeeves."

Miss Wickham specifically mentions this. Mysterious, what?"

"Extremely, sir."

"Also oysters, ice cream, and plenty of chocolates with that gooey, slithery stuff in the middle. Makes you sick to think of it, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"So it does me. But that's what she says. I think she must be on some kind of diet. Well, be that as it may, see to it, Jeeves, will you?"

"Yes, sir."

"At one-thirty of the clock."

"Very good, sir."

"Very good, Jeeves."

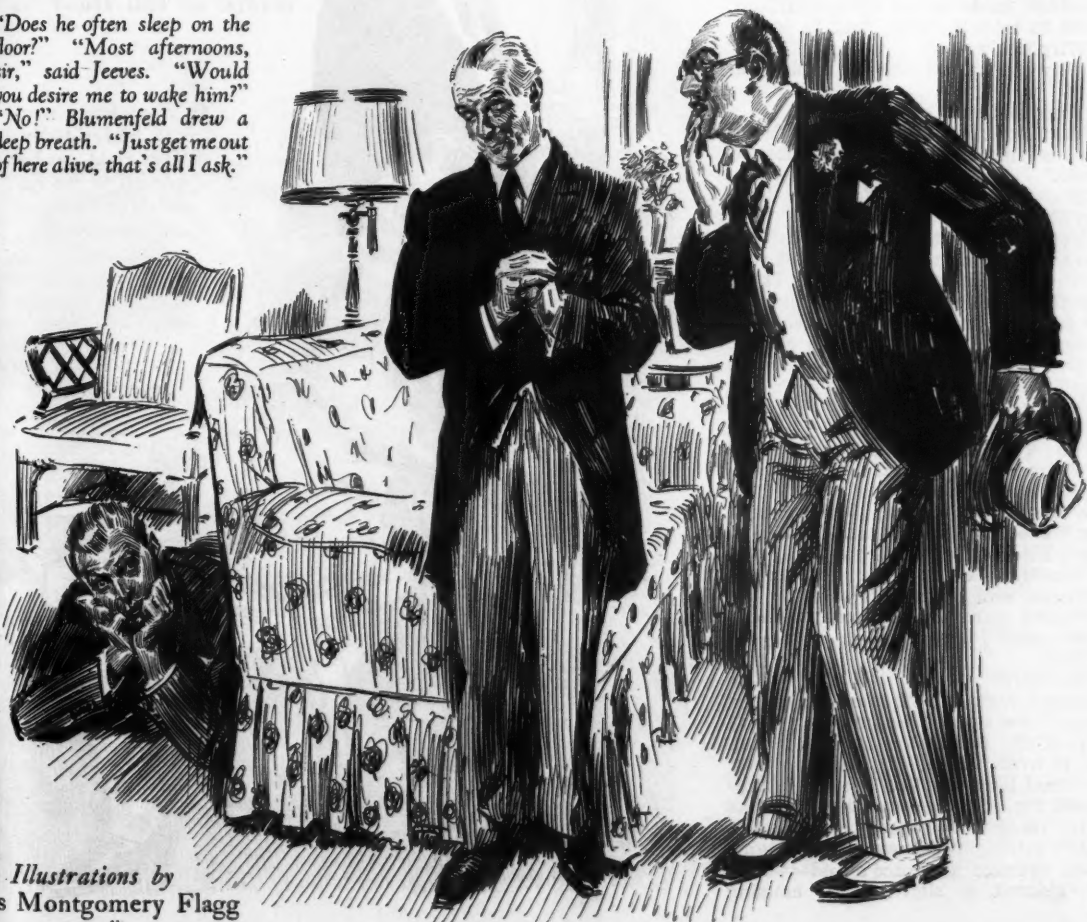
AT HALF past twelve I took the dog McIntosh for his morning saunter in the Park; and, returning at about one-ten, found young Bobbie Wickham in the sitting room, smoking a cigaret and chatting to Jeeves, who seemed a bit distant, I thought.

I have an idea I've told you before about this Bobbie Wickham. She was the red-haired girl who let me down so disgracefully in the sinister affair of Tuppy Glossop and the hot-water bottle, that Christmas when I went to stay at Skeldings Hall, her mother's place in Hertfordshire.

Her mother is Lady Wickham, who writes novels which, I believe, command a ready sale among those who like their literature pretty sloppy. A formidable old bird, rather like my aunt Agatha in appearance. Bobbie does not resemble her, being constructed more on the lines of Clara Bow.

She greeted me cordially as I entered—in fact, so cordially that I saw Jeeves pause at the door before biffing off to mix the cocktails and shoot me the sort of grave, warning look a wise old father might pass out to the effervescent son on seeing him going fairly

"Does he often sleep on the floor?" "Most afternoons, sir," said Jeeves. "Would you desire me to wake him?" "No!" Blumenfeld drew a deep breath. "Just get me out of here alive, that's all I ask."



Illustrations by
James Montgomery Flagg

strong with the local vamp. I nodded back at him, as much as to say, "Chilled steel!" and he oozed out, leaving me to play the sparkling host.

"It was awfully sporting of you to give us this luncheon, Bertie," said Bobbie.

"Don't mention it, my dear old thing," I said. "Always a pleasure."

"You got all the stuff I told you about?"

"The garbage, as specified, is in the kitchen. But since when have you become a roly-poly pudding addict?"

"That isn't for me," said Bobbie. "There's a small boy coming."

"What!"

"I'm awfully sorry," she said, noting my agitation. "I know just how you feel, and I'm not going to pretend that this child isn't pretty near the edge. In fact, he has to be seen to be believed. But it's simply vital that he be cosseted and sucked up to and generally treated as the guest of honor, because everything depends on him."

"How do you mean?"

"I'll tell you. You know Mother?"

"Whose mother?"

"My mother."

"Oh, yes," I said. "I thought you meant the kid's mother."

"He hasn't got a mother. Only a father, who is a big theatrical manager in America. I met him at a party the other night," Bobbie explained.

"The father?"

"Yes, the father."

"Not the kid?"

"No, not the kid."

"Right. All clear so far. Proceed."

"Well, Mother—my mother—has dramatized one of her novels, and when I met this father, this theatrical-manager father, and, between ourselves, made rather a hit with him, I said to myself, 'Why not?'"

"Why not what?"

"Why not plant Mother's play on him."

"Your mother's play?"

"Yes; not his mother's play. He is like his son: he hasn't got a mother, either."

"These things run in families, don't they?"

"You see, Bertie, what with one thing and another, my stock isn't very high with Mother just now. There was that matter of my smashing up the car—oh, and several things. So I thought, here is where I get a chance to put myself right. I cooed to old Blumenfeld—"

"Name sounds familiar."

"OH, YES; he's a big man over in America. He has come to London to see if there's any hing in the play line worth buying. So I cooed to him a goodish bit and then asked if he would listen to Mother's play. He said he would, so I asked him to come to luncheon and I'd read it to him."

"You're going to read your mother's play—here?" I said, paling.

"Yes."

"My Lord!"

Bobbie nodded. "I know what you mean," she said. "I admit it's pretty scaly stuff. But I have an idea I shall put it over. It all depends on how the child likes it. You see, old Blumenfeld for some reason always banks on his verdict. I suppose he thinks the child's intelligence is exactly the same as an average audience's and—"

I uttered a slight yelp, causing

Jeeves, who had entered with cocktails, to look at me in a pained sort of way. I had remembered.

"Jeeves!"

"Sir?"

"Do you recollect, when we were in New York, a dish-faced kid of the name of Blumenfeld, who on a memorable occasion snootered Cyril Bassington-Bassington when the latter tried to go on the stage?"

"Very vividly, sir."

"Well, prepare for a shock. He's coming to lunch."

"Indeed, sir?"

"I'm glad you can speak in that light, careless way. I only met the young pot of poison for a few brief minutes, but I don't mind telling you the prospect of hobnobbing with him again makes me tremble like a leaf."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Don't keep saying 'Indeed, sir?' You have seen this kid in action and you know what he's like. He told Cyril Bassington-Bassington, a fellow to whom he had never been formally introduced, that he had a face like a fish. And this not thirty seconds after their initial meeting. I give you fair warning that if he tells me I have a face like a fish, I shall clump his head."

"Bertie!" cried the Wickham, contorted with anguish and apprehension and what not.

"Yes, I shall."

"Then you'll simply ruin the whole thing."

"I don't care. We Woosters have our pride."

"Perhaps the young gentleman will not say that you have a face like a fish, sir."

"Ah! There's that, of course."

"But we can't just trust to luck," said Bobbie. "It's probably the first thing he will say."

"In that case, miss," said Jeeves, "it might be the best plan if Mr. Wooster did not attend the luncheon."

I beamed upon the man. As always, he had found the way.



"Everything went off splendidly. The child stuffed himself to the eyebrows and got more and more amiable."

"But Mr. Blumenfeld will think it so odd," said Bobbie. "Well, tell him I'm eccentric. Tell him I have these moods, which come upon me suddenly, when I can't stand the sight of people. Tell him what you like."

"He'll be offended."

"Not half so offended as if I soaked his son on the upper maxillary bone."

"I really think it would be the best plan, miss."

"Oh, all right," said Bobbie. "Push off, then. But I wanted you to be here to listen to this play and laugh in the proper places."

"I don't suppose there are any proper places," I said.

AND with these words I reached the hall in two bounds, grabbed a hat and made for the street. A cab was just pulling up at the door, and inside it were old Blumenfeld and his foul son. With a slight sinking of the old heart, I saw that the kid had recognized me.

"Hullo!" he said.

"Hullo!" I said.

"Where are you off to?" asked the kid.

"Ha, ha!" I replied, and legged it for the great open spaces.

I lunched at the Drones', doing myself fairly well and lingering pretty considerably over the coffee and cigarettes. At four o'clock, I thought it would be safe to think of getting back; but, not wishing to take any chances, I went to the phone and rang up the flat.

"All clear, Jeeves?"

"Yes, sir."

"You're sure Blumenfeld Junior is nowhere about?"

"No, sir."

"He's not hiding around in any nook or cranny, what?"

"No, sir."

"How did everything go off, Jeeves?" I asked then.

"Quite satisfactorily, I fancy, sir."

"Was I missed?"

"I think Mr. Blumenfeld and young Master Blumenfeld were somewhat surprised at your absence, sir. Apparently they encountered you as you were leaving."

"They did. An awkward moment. Jeeves. The kid appeared to desire speech with me, but I laughed hollowly and passed on. Did they comment on this at all?"

"Yes, sir. Indeed, young Master Blumenfeld was somewhat outspoken."

"What did he say?"

"I cannot recall his exact words, sir, but he drew a comparison between your mentality and that of a cuckoo."

"A cuckoo, eh?"

"Yes, sir. To the bird's advantage."

"He did, did he? Now you see how right I was to come away. Just one crack like that out of him face to face, and I should infallibly have done his upper maxillary a bit of no good. It was wise of you to suggest that I should lunch out."

"Thank you, sir."

"Well, the coast being clear, I shall now return."

"Before you start, sir, perhaps you would ring Miss Wickham up. She instructed me to desire you to do so."

"You mean she asked you to ask me to?"

"Precisely, sir."

"Right ho. And the number?"

"Sloane 8090. I fancy it is the residence of Miss Wickham's aunt in Eaton Square."

I got the number. And presently young Bobbie's voice came floating over the wire. From the timbre I gathered that she was extremely bucked.

"Hullo? Is that you, Bertie?"

"In person. What's the news?"

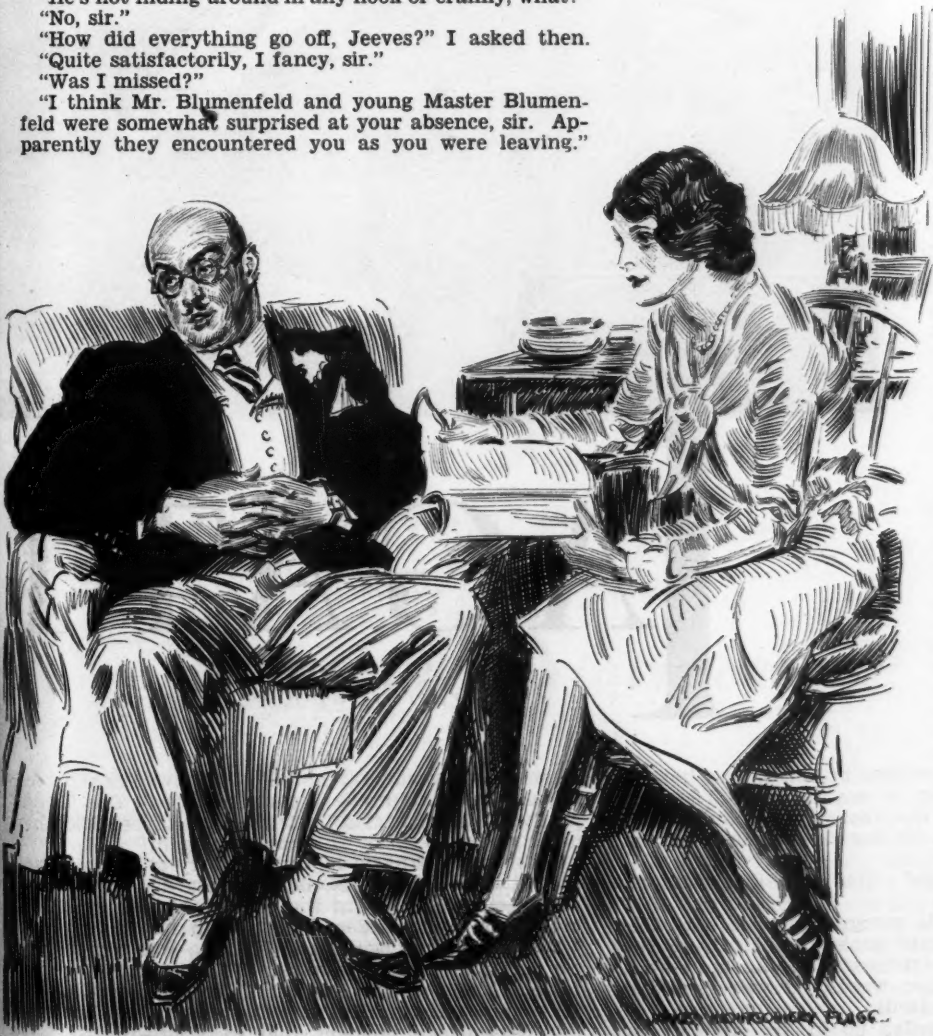
"Wonderful. Everything went off splendidly. The

luncheon was just right. The child stuffed himself to the eyebrows and got more and more amiable, till by the time he had had his third go of ice cream he was ready to say that any play—even one of Mother's—was the goods. I fired it at him before he could come out from under the influence, and he sat there absorbing it in a sort of gorged way, and at the end old Blumenfeld said, 'Well, sonny, how about it?' and the child gave a sort of faint smile, as if he was thinking about roly-poly pudding, and said, 'O. K., Pop,' and that's all there was to it.

"Old Blumenfeld has taken him off to the movies, and I'm to look in at the Savoy at five-thirty to sign the contract. I've just been talking to Mother on the phone, and she's quite consumedly braced."

"Terrific!"

"I knew you'd be pleased. Oh, Bertie, there's just one other thing. You remember saying to me once that there was nothing



WILLIAM DOUGLAS FLAEG

(Cont. on page 126)

The Story So Far:

IT WAS Felicia Lissell's misfortune to incur the enmity of Dick Cardross' wife Stella almost from the moment of becoming a guest at Mañana, the Cardrosses' Rhodesian home, whither she had come as companion to Dick's aunt, the Countess Karamine. Somehow, Felicia had attracted the two men whom Stella considered her particular property, though the girl had made no attempt to do so; had even made a point of not joining the party when the Tagati mine partners, Patrick Fenn and Paget Vyner, came to Mañana.

The situation made Felicia unhappy, especially as Vyner surreptitiously made love to her. Fenn, however, who was to her the more interesting, suddenly began to avoid her.

Felicia had long since decided that it had been one of these men whose dramatic whisper in the darkness had so startled her on her first night in Rhodesia when she had entered the wrong room in the hotel by mistake. At the sound of her slipper slurring across the floor in the darkness, there had come to her ears a sharp whisper: "Confound you, Stella! Won't you ever learn to play the game?" She had fled at once, gasping, "Oh, the wrong room!"

Though she had tried to banish the regrettable incident from her thoughts, it was impossible to keep from wondering whether Fenn or Vyner had uttered those ghastly words. And one night at Mañana, she thought she had discovered the answer to the puzzle when she was awakened by voices near her hut.

"I'll never give you up to any woman! I'd rather kill her first—or you!" was the cry that reached her ears, and the stormy words were spoken unmistakably by Stella.

"Don't be a fool, Stella! You can't give what you haven't got."

This voice, too, Felicia recognized. Not only that, but the intonation brought back the memory of that other cry heard in the darkness! She knew now who had spoken those puzzling words. It was Fenn! At last the mystery was solved!

But a great misery welled up in her, and another puzzle filled her mind. Who was that other woman



TAGATI

Illustrations by Rico Tomaso

whom Stella would rather kill than give Fenn up to?

On top of this mystery came another. The Tagati partners had quarreled irretrievably. Report said they never meant to speak to each other again!

Dick went posthaste to Tagati, to try to patch things up between his friends, but he returned home convinced of the gravity of the quarrel. And no one, not even Dick, could find out the reason for it.

Then the rains began and Mañana was temporarily cut off from the outside world. Felicia and Stella were forced to depend on each other for company—a contact unpleasant for both. Consequently, when the rain ceased for a moment, they sped outdoors.

It was on a day when Felicia was busy with planting



"Either Vyner or I must clear out—but only on my terms," said Fenn. "Why should it be for you to make terms?" Stella demanded.

ABOUT the time that Malash, having carried out Stella's order, returned to his job, Felicia had finished her planting and it occurred to her that she would like to increase her store of natural history by new and curious facts.

"Show me this wonderful *isi-Bunu*, Malash," she amiably requested, walking toward him around the shrubbery.

"Here!" said he impressively, putting a finger on what seemed merely an excrescence on a branch, but which proved to be a little package of the substance and coloring of twigs.

She examined it closely. It resembled a packet of tiny cigarets tightly stuck together.

"The *schelm tagati* is inside," he stated.

"Open it and let me see," Felicia demanded, and he managed to detach it from the branch and pry it open.

His statement was true. The little packet had an inmate: a dark squat grub lay dormant there, awaiting its appointed hour, and when she saw how beautifully it had been packed Felicia felt sorry they had disturbed it.

Malash informed her that the *schelm* packs itself, beginning with small pieces of grass and stick, and making them adhere by some sticky exudation of its own.

Then, when it has grown bigger and is more

elaborately packed, it makes its way by the help of its head and forefeet, which are able to emerge, to a selected branch, attaches itself and awaits the mysterious command of evolution.

When she read up the subject later Felicia discovered that the *schelm* is the larva of one of the many moths that disturb the comfort of human beings during the wet season. Its real name in Sindebele is a word that means "goes with his house."

Following the example of Stella, she was inclined to keep the little thing as a curiosity, but Malash became so firm in condemning its sinister qualities that she gave in and allowed him to destroy it by squashing it with his spade.

A Novel more powerful than "PONJOLA"

By
Cynthia Stockley

a flower garden that she heard her hostess question one of the boys working in the orchard close by. "Malash, *upi-lo dingus* on that tree?" asked Stella, and Felicia smiled at the queer form of her query.

"It is *isi-Bunu*," Malash replied. "This *isi-Bunu* is extremely dangerous and full of magic. It is now half past three o'clock. A cattle that ate the *isi-Bunu* at this hour would be dead at sundown."

"How fascinating!" murmured Stella. "Would it kill a person who ate it? Would it kill me?"

"Without a doubt," solemnly averred Malash.

There followed a silence, then Stella's voice, low and curiously breathless, said:

"Get it down for me, quickly, and take it to my hut."

There came a break in the wet weather. It was November, and those downfalls that had so impressed—and depressed—the visitors to Mañana were merely spring rains, slight affairs compared with those that would stagger humanity when the rain-god got going in earnest.

Meanwhile, the skies glowed with a hard unflecked bird's-egg blueness. The sun, a dazzling ball of gold at five A.M., was colored a dark and sinister red, as if bloodstained by travel, when it set again at six P.M. Thirteen hours of breathless light in which to keep body and temper cool while counteracting thirst!

Of course there were occasional coolish days thrown in; days when a gentle wind and the moisture from rain in some other province blessed the air, without disarranging the day's program. That was the time for cars to come trundling through the drift, bringing visitors laden with scandals from the dorp.

The inhabitants of Mañana also went visiting on such days, or with stores at a low ebb they would dash madly into the dorp to replenish before the rains began again. There was a curious breathlessness about it all, and a certain pleasure in careening along the freshened roads, the veld a blaze of green splashed with the gayety of flowers, the trees spraying their tender tints against vivid skies, and stretches of land smothered under the little wild petunia—a starry flower of purest white, growing in sheets close to the earth, giving an effect of snow in summer.

But still no one came from Tagati! The doings at that famous mine remained "wropt in mystery." And one morning at the breakfast table Stella declared her intention of going in person to look into the quarrel.

"I shall pop over and back directly after luncheon," averred Stella, but Dick, looking glum, said brusquely: "Better leave it alone, my dear. After all, it's their indaba, not ours."

"I don't see that at all," she argued, but with more moderation than she usually exhibited for her husband's

ask! I can manage, of course, but why you couldn't be decent and let Tagati give me the two-seater, I don't know!"

Dick turned unexpectedly surly. "Are we going to have that all over again?"

She looked at him petulantly. "Most husbands would be only too pleased to make their wives happy over a little thing like that."

"If a wife can't be happy without taking presents from other fellows she had better stay unhappy," he declared with a shortness that surprised her.

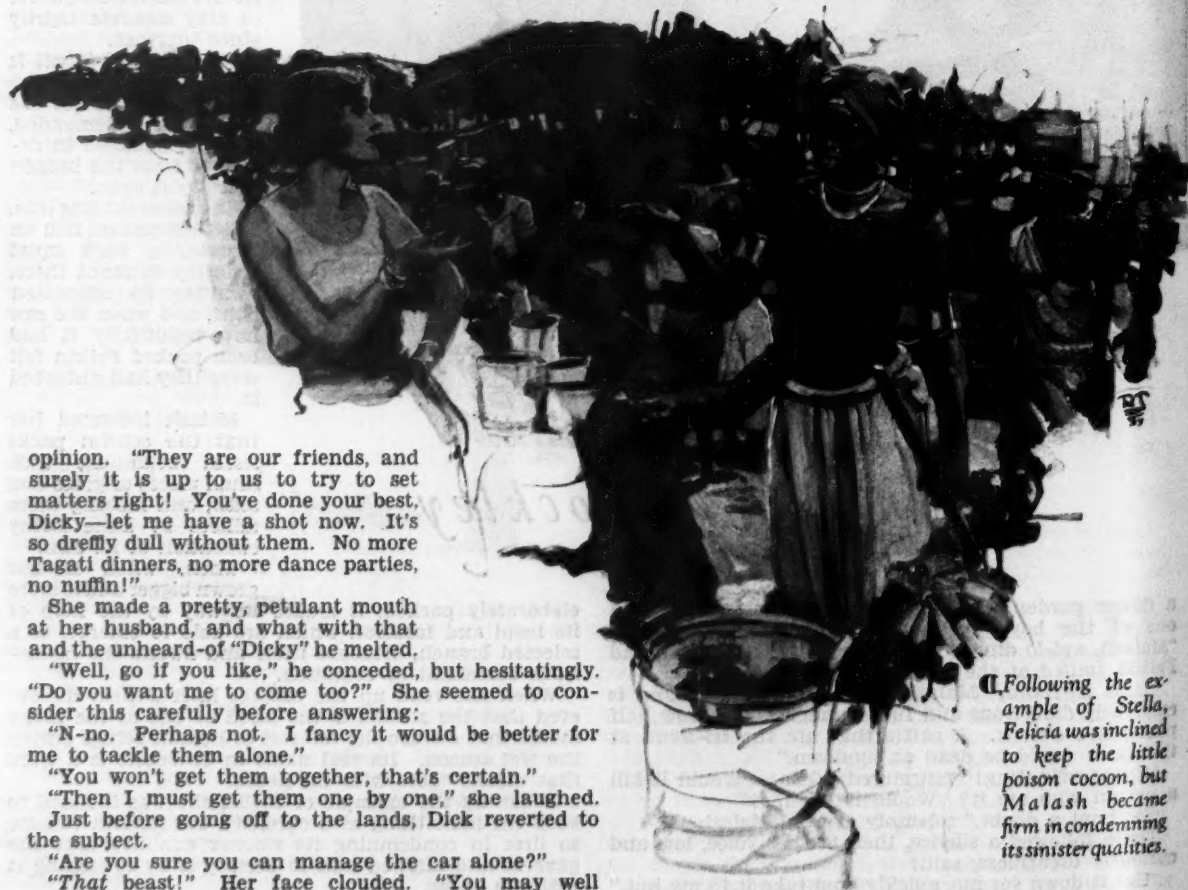
"Oh, quite!" she agreed bitterly. "And since she does without so much, why should she cry about one thing more? Treat 'em rough! That's the proper husband-stuff, isn't it?"

"You know perfectly well that I consider nothing too good for you, when I have it to give. You shall have a new car as soon as I can afford one. If the tobacco crop does as well this year as I hope—"

"If the tobacco!—if the cotton!—if the mealies!" she sneered, and went out into the sunshine, across the garden to her hut, leaving him standing there looking after her with bloodshot eyes.

STELLA stepped from the car looking about in impatient annoyance that no one was on the spot to meet her. Where were they all? Surely every soul on the mine must have heard the rattle of the approaching Underseas! Casting a glance around, she was just in time to see old Goodreef pop his head out of the mill door, then dodge quickly back. "Inquisitive old horror—I never liked him," she thought, and almost immediately saw Vyner emerge as if in a hurry from the same door, followed by Fenn, who came out at a more leisurely gait and stood for a moment contemplating the scenery.

Without waiting for either, she mounted the front steps and entered the house. She was sitting on the big leather sofa in the dining room when Vyner joined her, his air heavy, as of a man with (Continued on page 169)



opinion. "They are our friends, and surely it is up to us to try to set matters right! You've done your best, Dicky—let me have a shot now. It's so drearily dull without them. No more Tagati dinners, no more dance parties, no nuffin!"

She made a pretty, petulant mouth at her husband, and what with that and the unheard-of "Dicky" he melted.

"Well, go if you like," he conceded, but hesitatingly. "Do you want me to come too?" She seemed to consider this carefully before answering:

"N-no. Perhaps not. I fancy it would be better for me to tackle them alone."

"You won't get them together, that's certain."

"Then I must get them one by one," she laughed.

Just before going off to the lands, Dick reverted to the subject.

"Are you sure you can manage the car alone?"

"That beast!" Her face clouded. "You may well

Following the example of Stella, Felicia was inclined to keep the little poison cocoon, but Malash became firm in condemning its sinister qualities.

By Bruce Barton

Can You LOAF?

COMING down on the Merchants Limited from Boston, I made a census of the thirty-two passengers in one chair car. It was as follows:

Asleep (in various awkward positions).....	13
At work (earnest-looking men with glasses and large brief cases; perhaps engineers)	2
Looking straight ahead with bored expression	6
Reading fiction.....	5
Reading serious book.....	1
Doing cross-word puzzles.....	2
Playing solitaire.....	1
Applying lip-stick.....	2

Thirty-two Americans, each with five hours on his hands, and all bored. Here is another picture:

A friend of mine, who rides in the Park before breakfast, met up with a gentleman of middle age who showed signs of wanting to unburden his heart.

"I retired from business two years ago," he said.

My friend nodded encouragement, and the man continued:

"Yes. All my life I had been planning that when my daughter was off my hands, and I had a sure income, I would retire. Well, my daughter married, and I was fifty-two, and I had the money. So I sold my business to my two partners and went to Europe.

"The wife enjoyed it. So did I, for a while. Then the other Americans began to come home, and we were lonesome. So we came home and went to Florida.

"You must remember that I had been thinking about retiring for a long time. I was well equipped for the easy life. I enjoyed riding and swimming and golf. I fished and hunted and played a fair game of bridge. It looked safe enough, and you'll probably think I'm crazy when I tell you what happened.

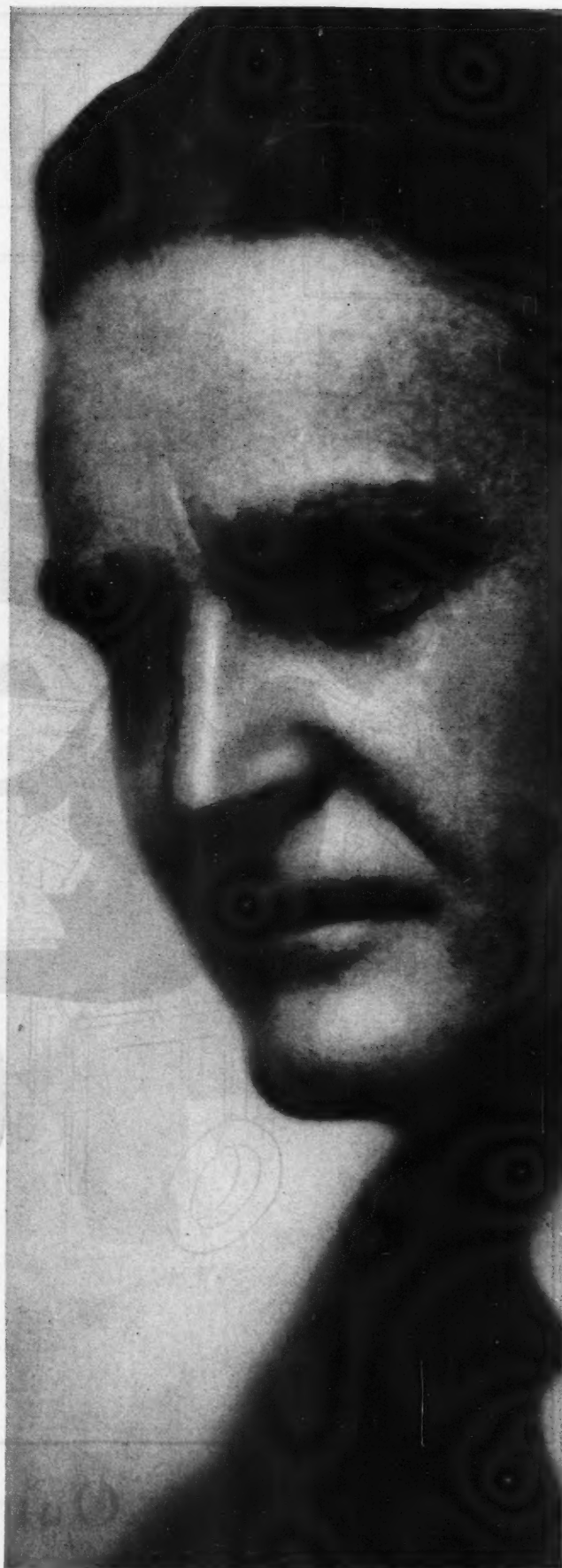
"After about three weeks I began waking up with a terrible thought: 'Gosh, now I've got to get out to that first tee and plug around that same old golf course all day.' It was worse than going to work.

"Another thing. I like the ladies; nobody likes them any better. But when you're around with them all day and every day—well, it's like those girls who work in the candy factory; they never want to see another piece of candy.

"Men would come down to Florida for a couple of weeks and then they'd say: 'Well, old fellow, you're the lucky dog, staying here in the bright sunshine. Back to the mines for us.' And they would wave good-by, and I—well, you remember that song of Victor Herbert's:

"I'd like to be an island
In an ocean of girls.

"That was yours truly, an island in an ocean of girls. I would have traded the whole ocean for one good Robinson Crusoe who would have stuck with me. But (Continued on page 136)





"Four Out of Five"

The Bonmartini

By S. S.
Van Dine

"LAST Sunday evening," said John F.-X. Markham, New York's district attorney, when he and Mr. Philo Vance and I had settled ourselves in the lounge-room of the Stuyvesant Club, "you mentioned the Murri-Bonmartini case.

"A curious thing, but the case was mentioned in court last Thursday—the defending attorney for Freeman waxed rather eloquent over the affair, and I have a feeling he was using it as a club with which to batter me over the head." The district attorney smiled ironically. "I've forgotten the details of the case."

Vance lighted one of his Régie cigarets and smoked a while in silence, his dolichocephalic brow puckered as if he were making an effort to adjust his memory.

The Murri-Bonmartini tragedy had come up in conversation at the club the preceding Sunday, but the hour had grown late and Markham had had work to do. Tonight Vance told us the story of that astounding crime and its more astounding consequences.

THE Murri-Bonmartini case (said Vance, with an animation that startled me) was one of the greatest miscarriages of justice in modern times. It was a *cause célèbre* comparable only with the Dreyfus affair.

No more sensational trial was ever held in Europe, and surely no more violent prejudice was ever shown against any defendants than was exhibited in this trial.

As you remember, the trial aroused a storm of indignation that swept over all Europe.

The most glitterin' lights in literature, science and politics leaped to the defense of the victims. Karl Federn, the great German essayist, wrote an entire book on the proceedings, which has been translated into practically every European language; and it contains introductions by such men as Björnstjerne Björnson, Guglielmo Ferrero, and Gabriel Séailles.

You may recall that Mark Twain and William Dean Howells planned an American and English edition of



Linda was condemned entirely on vague suspicions and rumors.

the book; and the French Law Society—the *Jeune Barreau*—held various meetings of protest at which Anatole France, Charles Gide, Louis Havet and similar luminaries exuded eloquent parts of speech.

A whole literature has sprung up around this famous case, the results of which have brought about many changes in the criminal procedure of various nations.

The crime itself was a most morbidly fascinatin' one. And I must say that the victim was rather in need of killin', don't y' know. Few women ever have suffered at a husband's hands as intolerably as the young and talented Countess Bonmartini suffered at the hands of her indecent spouse. Her life was a most distressin' martyrdom; and when the swaggering and wholly vicious Count Bonmartini was found stabbed to death in his apartment it appeared to be a blessing to the world in general and to the young countess in particular.

BUT alas! it was no blessing—it was a kind of augmented tragedy. For not only was the countess herself accused of the crime, but her brother, her lover, her maid, her uncle and three friends were

Murder Case

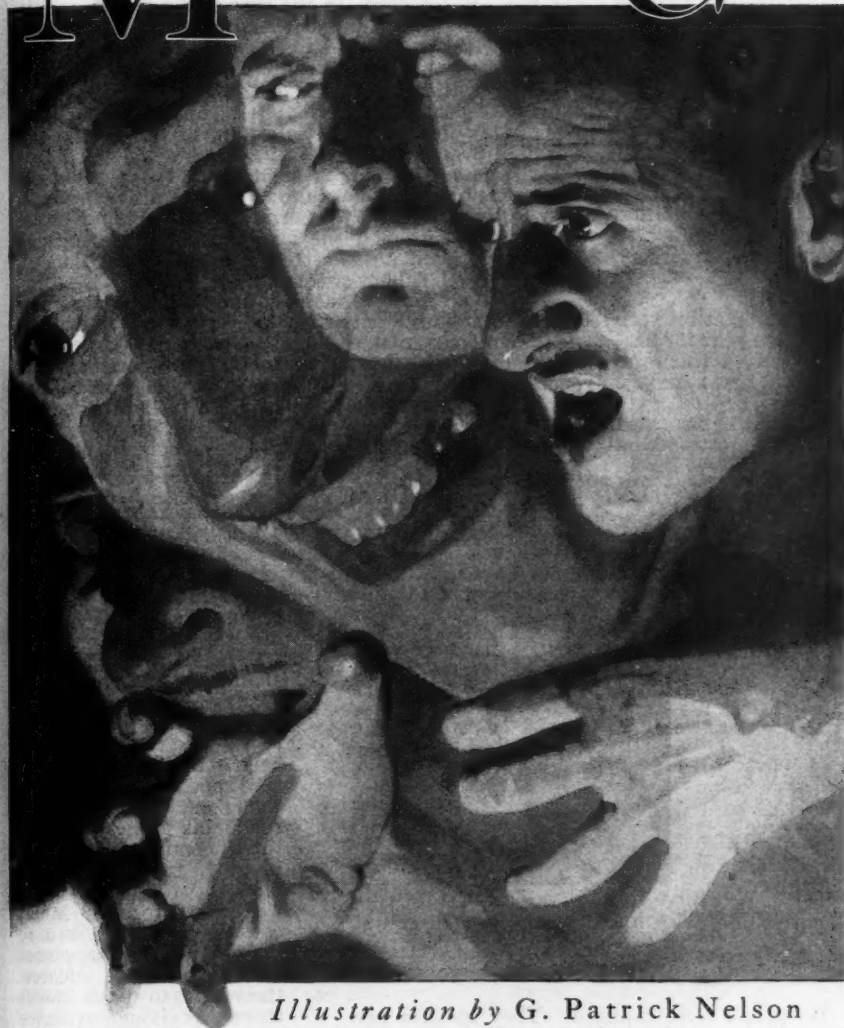


Illustration by G. Patrick Nelson

PHILO VANCE
Analyzes
A Famous Crime
from Italy
in which Justice
was Blind

lasting passion. But her parents frowned upon a marriage between them because of the great disparity in their ages; and Doctor Secchi was politely but firmly requested to discontinue his wooing.

Linda was broken-hearted, but in 1892 she met the young Count Francesco Bonmartini, and Doctor Secchi was temporarily shelved. In June, 1892, her engagement to the young nobleman was announced, and a few months later he led her triumphantly to the hymeneal altar.

The marriage from the start was, I weep to say, a failure. Bonmartini was decidedly not a nice man, Markham. He was crude and vulgar—a boaster and a cad, possessed of an inordinate vanity, and a dashing Don Juan in the demimonde. Moreover, he was addicted to telling flowery and amorous tales of his conquests, which, as you may imagine, shocked his young wife.

The marriage would have gone on the rocks at an early date had it not been for the birth of two children—a daughter, named Maria, in 1894, and a son, Ninetto, two years later.

After the birth of the second child, Linda's health went to pieces. She was a sensitive and delicate woman, and her weakened physical condition accentuated her already strong repugnance toward her philanderin' spouse. Against her doctor's orders she insisted upon nursing Ninetto, and in 1897 she went through a severe attack of typhoid fever followed by pneumonia.

THE following year there was a complete estrangement between her and her husband; and from certain passages in Bonmartini's diary, as well as from letters which she wrote to Doctor Negri, the gynecologist who attended her, we learn that she was—as our grandparents would say—a wife in name only.

In 1898 Linda again met Doctor Secchi, at the house of the Marchesa Rusconi, and while there may have been certain flutterings in her heart at the sight of the object of her girlish passion, she maintained a discreet and uncorrupted matronhood. However, in December of the same year she suggested a divorce to her husband, but got nowhere with him. He was as stubborn as he was indecent . . . Most distressin'.

Entries in Bonmartini's diary give us a vivid picture

all dragged to the bastille. Eight arrests for one murder! A bit thick, what?

Not that any one of them wasn't morally justified in translating the count into the Beyond; but really, y'know, eight people can't wield one dagger. The astounding part of it was that five of 'em were convicted—four of whom were obviously innocent. And the actual perpetrator of the deed should have been placed in an asylum. It was all very sad and very terrible. But criminal and legal history was in the making . . .

The circumstances leading up to the Bonmartini crime were both tragic and remarkable. Augusto Murri was a well-known physician and the professor of anatomy at the famous old University of Bologna. His daughter Theodolinda—the cause of all the trouble—was born in 1871; and her brother, Tullio, put in an appearance on this earth three years later.

They were both brought up according to the strict tenets of Catholicism by their mother, but, in pursuance of the wishes of the father, Linda was given a far more liberal education than is usual in such families. She became well versed in Latin and Greek; she spoke several languages, and for many years was a keen student of the great classical writers.

When Linda was still a young girl she met one of her father's pupils and assistants, a Doctor Carlo Secchi, for whom she developed, as the saying goes, a deep and

of the inferno in which this unhappy woman was living. The young count, who, notwithstanding his great wealth, was extremely penurious, began to reproach Linda for her extravagances. He even objected to her doctor's bills, and criticized her severely for taking a trip to the Riviera—which, by the bye, was paid for by her father.

At the same time Bonmartini developed a deep-seated bitterness for Professor Murri. He resented his father-in-law's intellectual superiority, and, after expressing a wish to study medicine, asked the old professor to assist him in obtaining the necessary permission for entry at the university without a *Gymnasium* degree.

But the elder Murri declined the request—and rightly. Nevertheless, Bonmartini succeeded in his ambition through the influence of friends, and studied first in Camerino and then at Bologna. But he never forgave his father-in-law.

IN 1899 a judicial separation was agreed upon between him and Linda. She was to receive each year for herself and her children five thousand lire—a thousand dollars—in addition to the interest on her marriage dowry.

Bonmartini swelled out his chest for what he regarded as an act of great generosity on his part, and consoled himself for his marital misfortunes by a series of sordid amatory affairs.

Linda—poor gal—had, in the meantime, again met Doctor Secchi at the house of the Marchesa Rusconi. She then began to realize that her sentiments for Doctor Secchi were not entirely Platonic; and there can be little doubt that in 1900 the doctor became her lover.

Later in the same year the lady's health again declined, and a carbon particle, which had lodged in her eye, made necessary several surgical operations.

During the trial, the prosecution stated that Linda constantly complained about her health and posed as a martyr. But this is certainly not borne out by her letters, which reveal a most exemplary patience and fortitude of character . . . Y'know, Markham, even an incorrigible cynic like myself cannot help sympathizin' with her.

In the meantime, Bonmartini, having taken his M. D. degree, importuned his father-in-law to appoint him his chief assistant. Naturally, the old professor refused this preposterous request; and there came a final break between him and his son-in-law.

Bonmartini had constantly pleaded for a reconciliation with his wife, and took advantage of her devotion to her children to force her to resume the marital relationship.

In 1902, when Linda had to undergo another operation on her eye in Zurich, the young *courreur des filles* made a legal demand for the custody of the children. Half-crazed with fear, and suffering agonies as the result of her operation, Linda finally agreed to a reconciliation, notwithstanding her father's protests. Curiously enough, her brother Tullio expressed himself as being in favor of her decision.

As you may recall, during the trial the prosecuting attorney declared that the only reason she desired the reconciliation was to lure her husband to his death. Ah, welladay . . . I have studied the case pretty carefully:

IT HAS been years since mortalized the-Subway. Great White Way has changed; the Broadway of the Roaring Forties begins where O. Henry's Broadway ended.

Its people have changed. They speak a new lingo. They would be strangers to O. Henry. But the Broadway of 1929 has found a historian, a reporter who weaves into stories of today's Broadway all the magic, all the charm, all the truth and reality that made O. Henry so truly great.

The name of that reporter is Damon Runyon. Read his story of "Madame La Gimp" in this issue and "Dark Dolores" in November.



nearly twenty O. Henry im-Bagdad-on-Since then the

I have read the lady's letters and the husband's diary, and I assure you, Markham old dear, that no such sanguinary notion dictated her action.

Finally, however, an agreement was reached between the two. Bonmartini—in the eyes of the world—was to live with Linda, but one of the stipulations of the pact was that he was not to enter her rooms except in case of the sickness of one of the children.

It was further agreed that both parties were to maintain their complete personal freedom. This arrangement was sworn to in all solemnity in the presence of Cardinal Svampa in Bologna.

Linda enlarged her apartment at the Palazzo Bisteghi by renting an additional suite of rooms for her husband. Bonmartini insisted that she discharge her entire domestic staff—which she dutifully did. She engaged as chambermaid a seamstress named Rosina Bonetti, who had been Tullio's sweetheart.

It was quite obvious, don't y'know, that Linda's new domestic arrangements with her husband would prove neither permanent nor happy.

The diary of this strange johnny is a most amazing document. The mentality of a man who would go to almost any lengths to force his wife to live under the same roof with him, merely so that he could vent his hatred and spite on her, furnishes enough abnormal material to equip a whole school of modern psychologists.

He gloated insanely over any little torture that he could invent; and his refined cruelty in playing upon his wife's love for her children stamped him not only as a fiend but as a lunatic whose internment in an asylum would have been the only possible solution to the appalling tragedy of Linda's life.

Bonmartini had never abandoned the idea of becoming Professor Murri's assistant, and now he threatened to put the children in a convent unless he was appointed to the post. Tullio endeavored to persuade his father to meet this demand, and Linda herself, in desperation, pleaded with him.

Finally Professor Murri decided to put an end to his daughter's unhappiness by demanding a divorce. Heaven, so to speak, knows there was enough evidence against Bonmartini.

But Tullio—now incensed beyond endurance—decided to take the whole matter into his own hands. Stout fella, but dashed misguided . . . He was twenty-eight years old, an idealistic dreamer, and had made something of a reputation for himself as a political writer of advanced radical tendencies.

He was hot-tempered and dangerous when aroused, but kind and generous, and devoted to his sister.

At first he had been inclined to minimize Bonmartini's vices and had been instrumental in bringing about the reconciliation between his sister and her husband. Now, however, the misery of Linda's life and her precarious state of health filled him with agonies of self-reproach.

In this state of remorse and Messianic exaltation, he came to the conclusion that Bonmartini's death was the only solution of the problem. So he went to Doctor Secchi, whose relations with Linda he knew, and asked for some poison—preferably curare.

Secchi explained to him the absurdity of his plan, and pointed out the impracticability of using curare.

but Tullio was not to be pacified or put off. He made insistent demands upon the physician, and finally, to quiet the rash young man, Secchi sent him a hypodermic syringe, at the same time writing to Linda warning her against Tullio's state of mind.

He asked her to do everything in her power to prevent a meeting between Tullio and Bonmartini. Professor Murri and also Signora Murri wrote to friends requesting them to watch Tullio, although they feared nothing worse than that he would give his brother-in-law a severe thrashing.

In July, 1902, Linda had again been in Zurich for an operation. On her return she suffered a nervous prostration. The prosecution claimed that she had pretended this illness in order to inflame further her brother's murderous passion.

Bonmartini now, by threats of violence, forced Linda to spend the summer with him in Venice. Tullio learned of this move, and in August, when Bonmartini had gone away on a trip, he himself went to Venice and procured the key to the Bologna apartment from Linda's maid—his former sweetheart.

ON AUGUST twenty-eighth Bonmartini came to Bologna to pay the rent of the apartment; and for several days Linda was without news of him. She suspected that her husband was merely indulging in another of his amorous adventures.

But on September second Bonmartini's murdered body was discovered in the Bologna apartment. Several bits of dainty lingerie were found in the room, and also a *billet-doux* from a notorious demimondaine making an appointment for August twenty-ninth.

Soon, however, several fresh discoveries shunted the investigation to quite different lines. Moreover, on the same floor as the Bonmartini apartment was a small empty flat which had been occupied by Doctor Secchi; and the rumor spread that he had been Linda's paramour.

On hearing of her husband's death Linda returned from Venice, but her family immediately decided to send her and the children to Switzerland; and two days after the discovery of the murder she and Tullio left for Zurich.

In the meantime, as a result of the knowledge that Linda had been guilty of breaking the Seventh Commandment, there came about a terrific revulsion of public feeling. The editor of a clerical paper, *Avvenire d'Italia*, who had always been a bitter personal enemy of Professor Murri's, at once began a campaign of persecution and slander against the entire Murri family.

The investigation into the crime was at first carried on by Judge Tinti; but because of his humane and conciliatory methods Bonmartini's family succeeded in having the case transferred to Judge Stanzani, whose fanatical hatred of the Murris was a recognized political fact.

Surely you recall, Markham, how this noble representative of law and justice collected all the documents tending to prove the innocence of some of the defendants and to mitigate the guilt of others, and sealed them in a box—that famous *Cassa Numero 4*—so that no one, not even the Appellate Court, could have access to them.

Tullio had confessed the murder to Linda while in Zurich, and when the investigation turned against Linda herself she returned to Bologna, where she was arrested on September 14th, 1902.

To Stanzani Linda's guilt was a foregone conclusion, though it was not so

easy to produce proof. And his treatment of the prisoners is one of the darkest blots on modern judicial procedure.

The methods employed by the Italian reincarnation of Judge Jeffreys would have been shunned by Torquemada himself. Tullio was kept in prison for thirteen months without being allowed to see or speak to a human being except the examining magistrate. He was permitted neither books nor paper and pencil. When it was discovered that he was amusing himself by feeding the sparrows from his window, the upliftin' Stanzani had his cell window boarded up.

Linda, against whom no case had yet been made out, fared even worse. For seven months she was not allowed to leave her cell, nor was she permitted to open a window.

As you know, the winter months in northern Italy are cold, and, during the entire winter, she was denied a fire or even a coat or a blanket. Only in April, when the police surgeon informed Stanzani that Linda's life was in danger, was she given an extra cover.

For eight months she was not allowed to see any member of her family, and was deprived of any news whatever of her children. When one of the prison nuns told her that her children were in good health, Stanzani had the pious woman instantly dismissed.

Linda's letters to her mother begging for news of her children were not posted—they disappeared into the *Cassa Numero 4*. But a perfectly harmless letter to Doctor Secchi was added to the indictment; and at the trial the prosecutor stated that, during Linda's imprisonment, she had shown no interest in her children but only for her illicit love affair! . . . A sweet state of *justitia*, eh, what?

Stanzani's methods during the whole investigation were a violation of the Italian Criminal Code. Not only did he put suggestive questions to the accused, but he used a threat of thirty years' imprisonment to obtain a false statement from Linda's maid, who, during the process, had a hysterical seizure.

A friend of Tullio's—a Doctor Pio Naldi—who had also been arrested, had, in a careless statement, weakened Tullio's case. Later, he tried to commit suicide by opening an artery in his wrist. Stanzani immediately instructed the prison surgeon to give the half-conscious Naldi some camphor injections, and then continued the examination until the prisoner completely collapsed.

Later in April Linda made this statement: "If I had not loved Doctor Secchi, what happened would never have taken place. It was a reawakening of my old love."

It was obvious, don't y'know, that the unhappy lady referred to her relations with Doctor Secchi—the only crime of which she felt herself guilty—and a further question would have made this point clear. But Stanzani refused to put the question, and in his report he stated that Linda had confessed to having instigated the murder!

Stanzani had already arrested seven persons, and accused them all of the murder—Tullio, Linda, Linda's maid, Doctor Naldi, Ernesto Dalla, a friend of the Murri family, Dalla's brother, Riccardo, and Professor Murri's brother, Riccardo Murri, a well-known lawyer. And when Doctor Naldi inadvertently informed Stanzani of the episode of the curare, that sweet and humane judge added Doctor Secchi to the list.

On concluding the investigation Stanzani wrote a report of one hundred and twenty-two pages—the now famous "Résumé"—one of the most fantastic

parodies ever penned. In it his imagination ran riot.

He spoke of "insane aberrations" which had taken place in Linda's room, although it had been shown that Doctor Secchi had been rather a brother and nurse to the ailing woman than a lover. He also stated that Linda had systematically slandered her husband and had taken him from his friends—statements without any basis in fact.

But this was not all. In 1899 Doctor Secchi had stayed one day at San Remo, where the Murris were spending the summer, and Stanzani wrote in his report that Secchi had lived a considerable time with Linda there, despite the fact that the maid had testified that the only entrance to her mistress' room was through Bonmartini's.

Linda's letters to her husband, in which she remarked that their life together was impossible since she could not pretend to a feeling she did not possess, were called typical examples of her dissimulation. A letter from Tullio to Linda consoling her and telling her that things would be better later on, was regarded by Stanzani as an open promise to murder Bonmartini!

In 1901 Professor Murri wrote to Linda, who was then convalescing from an operation, that if she would behave herself, she would soon recover; and Stanzani deduced from this letter that the professor approved of the murder!

Stanzani concluded that Linda was the most cunning liar and hypocrite that ever lived, and that for years she had primed Tullio for the murder of her husband. He even stated that Linda's ailments were pure simulations, and that her doctors had been bribed by Professor Murri.

This astounding document was given by Stanzani to the press for publication before the trial. The papers, itching for sensation, called Linda a "monster of cruelty," and designated her a modern Lucrezia Borgia who had killed her husband merely to satisfy her sadistic impulses.

Practically the only newspaper that ventured to protest against this campaign of hatred and libel was the *Corriere della Sera*, which published a series of articles by Ferrero, the famous historian. These articles endeavored to sift the mass of conflicting rumors and gossip and to arrive at a true and reasonable presentation of facts.

It must be stated, Markham old dear, to the honor of the profession which you so gracefully adorn, that the Italian law publications, without exception, condemned the proceedings and indorsed Ferrero's point of view.

Well, well! What could one expect in the way of fairness at such a trial? Even a change of venue from Bologna to Turin could not counteract the effects of Stanzani's three-year campaign of slander.

THE trial opened in Turin in October, 1904, but was interrupted two weeks later because several of the attorneys were candidates in the elections. The trial was reopened in February of 1905 and lasted until late into the summer.

Seventeen lawyers shared in the defense of Linda, Tullio, Doctor Secchi, the maid and Doctor Naldi. The case against the other three defendants had been dropped for lack of evidence—much to Stanzani's disgust.

Stanzani, by the bye, had demanded that the defendants be tried not only for murder, but for attempted murder by curare. The court, however, decided against this further complication—thereby demonstrating that even in this

infamous trial a faint ray of common sense penetrated the judicial darkness. Incidentally, four hundred and twenty witnesses were called to testify.

The case against Tullio rested solely on his own confession: there was no corroboratory evidence. He admitted that he had gone to his brother-in-law at seven in the evening of August twenty-eighth; and that in the course of conversation Bonmartini had insulted both Linda and Professor Murri. Then, in a blind frenzy, he had attacked Bonmartini with a knife and killed him.

Later Tullio changed his confession in order to exculpate his friend, Doctor Naldi, who had confessed to going with Tullio to Bonmartini's apartment on the night of the murder. This second confession stated that the murder had taken place at midnight—which was undoubtedly correct; for Tullio, after his arrival in Bologna, had gone to the theater and had been seen there by several witnesses.

The prosecution, however, was determined that not one of the defendants should escape, and, as it was known that Doctor Naldi had left Bologna at about seven o'clock that night, it clung to the claim that the murder had taken place before that hour.

The case against the maid was equally unconvincing. She admitted she had procured the key to the Bonmartini apartment from Linda and had given it to Tullio; but no other evidence was brought against her.

Doctor Secchi was accused of having urged Tullio to poison Bonmartini; and although no evidence was adduced to bear out this accusation, his relations with Linda were sufficient to turn the jury against him.

The most astonishing phase of the trial was the case presented against Linda. Not one scintilla of tangible evidence could be brought against her; yet the prosecution was so intent on having her condemned that it built up its case on vague suspicions and rumors.

Linda had written a letter to Tullio a few days before the murder, and, although this letter had been destroyed, the judges permitted the prosecution to state that in it she had begged Tullio to kill her husband. Also, the fact that Professor Murri was a freethinker was admitted as evidence against Linda!

Throughout the trial the Italian press continued its systematic persecution of

the defendants; and the *Avvenire d'Italia* spoke with touchin' fervor of its righteous crusade against "the atheistic gang of criminals."

On the last day of the trial the newspapers, in order to make sure of a verdict against the defendants, stated that Professor Murri had cashed a check for three hundred thousand lire with which to bribe the jury. And these newspaper articles were actually read to the jury by the presiding judge in his summing-up.

Under the circumstances, the result of this tragic *opéra-bouffe* was a foregone conclusion, although the savage severity of the sentences exceeded the fondest hopes of God's good common people.

Tullio and Doctor Naldi were both found guilty of premeditated murder, and each was sentenced to thirty years of solitary confinement. The poor half-witted maid was sentenced to seven years, and Doctor Secchi to ten years.

Linda was found guilty of complicity in the murder by seven votes to five. Although the jury stated that the deed would have been committed without her participation, she received a sentence of ten years' hard labor.

Even the jury was aghast at this sentence and petitioned the judicial authorities to revise it. But nearly a year later the Appellate Court in Rome confirmed all the sentences.

With the characteristic inconsistency of the popular mind—a touchin' euphemism!—the agitation in favor of the defendants now became as strong as the previous attacks against them had been. Indignant protest arose all over Europe. Baron Sonnino, the Italian prime minister, requested the King to exert his royal privilege of pardon, stating that the trial had been a mockery.

A few weeks after the appeal in 1906 Linda was pardoned, first under condition of exile, and in 1909 unconditionally. Tullio was pardoned in 1919; and Doctor Secchi died in prison; and the maid went insane a few days after her conviction and went to her Maker after her transference to an asylum.

As an indication of the widespread indignation aroused by this judicial outrage, it is interestin' to note that in 1908 an open letter was sent to Linda, expressing the utmost horror of the vindictive prosecution of which she had

been the victim, and assuring her of the senders' belief in her innocence.

This document, which has long since become one of the most famous historical epistles of modern times, was signed by a truly amazin' array of prominent men and women. The signatures included the names of Björnstjerne Björnson, Max Burckhard, Richard Dehmel, Gerhart Hauptmann, Julia Ward Howe, Ricarda Huch, Ellen Key, Maurice Maeterlinck, Victor Margueritte, Heinrich Mann, August Vermeylen, Auguste Wilbrandt-Baudius, Marie von Witte, and Madame Emile Zola . . .

Permit me, my dear Markham, to add one titbit of gossip. Linda has married again and, I understand, is quite happy.

When Vance had finished his narrative Markham commented:

"The worst of it is that a similar injustice might occur wherever a judge let his prejudices predominate."

Vance smiled sardonically. "And that would be almost anywhere—eh, what? 'The law is a ass—a idiot,' as Mr. Bumble said. I'm rather in favor of the repeal of all laws. A bit inconvenient, d'ye see; but I'm inclined to believe that more justice would result if each man were his own lawyer, judge and jury."

Markham ignored this heresy. "There's a terrible irony in the Bonmartini affair," he said meditatively. "Here was Tullio attempting to free his sister from one horror, only to plunge her and her family and friends into a greater horror."

"Irony—yes, yes," Vance puffed a moment on his cigaret. "But there can be irony in justice too . . . Do you recall the Otto Eissler case a few years ago? What a grim affair it was!—a truly amazin' crime. And how the ruthless gods sniggered during the whole of Eissler's life! Oh, my aunt, what irony!—the irony of 'consumin' weakness . . ."

Vance did not tell us the story of Otto Eissler until nearly a month later, when a brief news dispatch from Europe mentioned that Eissler, a broken old man, had been discharged from prison.

And it is this story that I shall relate next month, as nearly in Vance's own words as I am able. The poetic side of Vance's cynicism came to the surface during his recital of those tragic events; and Markham and I were able to glimpse the deep humanitarianism which he so persistently kept hidden, and which only those who were close to him ever sensed.

Panama by Irvin S. Cobb (Continued from page 45)

and by the same lamentable and stupid token, insufficient guest-room accommodations on the upper floors.

In the second place, and probably through scarcity of available supplies of domestic labor, it is staffed with West Indian colored bell-hops and porters and suchlike. The average West Indian bell-hop is slower than the Muir Glacier, and why an ever-bountiful and prodigal Creator gave him a head is a mystery to me, because he doesn't wear a hat on it—at least not very often. What's the big idea in having a thing that you never use? Well, nature is full of these mistakes.

But even so, and making all due excuses and allowances for conditions which presumably are past controlling, I could see no good reason why the menu was short on the distinctive dishes of the country.

All signs told us that we were in the very midriff of the hemispheric jungle belt. The verdure, the frequent and sudden torrential showers, the gayly painted birds, the humid heat that

encompassed us when the sun was up, the soft, balmy sweetness that descended on the world after the sun went down—plenty of shoddy days they have down there but the nights are as velvet; all things and everything advertised the tropics. Naturally, the tourist would like to sample strange tropical dainties. The novelty of them would appeal to him and he might like the flavors. Many of those exotic fruits and those curious-looking vegetables are delicious.

In the main, though, we were served such meals as we might have had in Grand Rapids or Topeka, while all the time the Panama City market a mile or so away abounded in what, to our eyes, were fascinating oddities. I counted on one stall five separate varieties of plantains and bananas and I was told that this assortment was by no means complete. I saw peculiar sea foods and land foods that were new to me—purple yams, for instance, and some huge knobby black tubers and slick-skinned wild fruits of the mango family and one sweet-potato-looking vegetable of a

prevalent palish hue that was streaked with flecks of heliotrope here and there.

However, giving credit where credit is due, I must own up that under the shingled mansards of this hotel I made the acquaintance of the papaya. I met it there and immediately contracted an affection for it which lingers with me yet.

Impious slanderers have dubbed it an edible gourd, which is a deliberate insult. It is a smooth-faced melonlike thing that grows on a tree. If it be of the papaw breed, as naturalists assert, only a sense of restraint deters me from referring to it as the heavy sugar papaw of the Southland. It is greenish or yellowish without, and within it is all salmon-pink meaty lusciousness and little, beady black seeds.

Science may have its say about the papaya's evolution and ancestry, but I prefer to appraise it according to a softer, more sentimental theory of my own. I claim it is a love-child.

Once, long æons ago, beneath the ardent tropic moon, some lusty cantaloupe led astray a trusting sapodilla. Dear,

MR. ARTIST, PLEASE DRAW THIS KIND OF PICTURE
TO ILLUSTRATE THIS ADVERTISEMENT

Draw the kind of woman who takes great pride in her home, from cellar to attic — for this is a Fels-Naptha advertisement. She may have a little house. She may have a big house. But whichever it is, she runs it sensibly and capably. Her work goes along like clock-work — she plans things to save herself as much as possible. That's why she uses Fels-Naptha.

(Since you are an artist, you may not know much about household things, so we'll explain. Fels-Naptha is the soap that gives extra help. It's more than soap alone. It's good golden soap combined with plenty of naptha. Naptha is the safe, gentle dirt-loosener dry cleaners use. Naturally, the soap and naptha, working together, result in extra help. This extra help makes Fels-Naptha get clothes clean clear through without hard rubbing. So — picture the sort of woman who appreciates a real bargain in washing value.)

Of course we can't tell you just how she'll look, the color of her hair and eyes, — but she will be bright, trim and attractive. You know — the sort of woman who reasons things out for herself. They're quickest to take advantage of the extra help that Fels-Naptha can give.

As to what you have the woman doing, that's up to you. Of course Fels-Naptha's main job is helping with the weekly wash, so you might show her doing that. If you do, you can have her at either tub or washing machine, for Fels-Naptha works well in both of them. She might be hanging out the clothes, and if she is, put a lot of breeze and sunshine into the picture — something to show the airy freshness of clothes that are home-washed with Fels-Naptha.

Another idea might be to have her smelling a bar of Fels-Naptha, for that's the test thousands of women have made to prove to themselves that this soap holds plenty of naptha. (You can smell the clean naptha odor in every bar.) Or then again, you can show her doing household cleaning, for Fels-Naptha is welcome extra help for that, too.

FELS & COMPANY
Philadelphia.



*How's this?
I like your last suggestion best
because I've seen my wife do it
J. W.*

yielding, rosy-cheeked papaya, which takes after both its parents, was the outcome.

Eaten at the beginning of a meal, it is an appetizer of merit; eaten at any stage of the meal, it is a prime digestive, since it is rich in pepsin. It hops right in and digests whatever else you put in your hoppers; that's what they say for it.

And the taste of it! The mango, to which it may be distantly related, tastes like turpentine when it doesn't taste like scented soap, and the common papaw smells like a sanitary barber and frequently acts up among your insides like the Wrath to Come; but with the papaya, pretty is as pretty does, and it certainly does sit mighty gracefully on the tum-tum after laving the palate with its fragrant juices on the way down.

I had the thrill of picking my breakfast papaya off the laden bough when we went from Panama City back inland to Barro Colorado Island and spent Christmas Day in what undoubtedly is the most unusual and, to a biologist, the most interesting compact of isolated jungle on earth.

I would recommend an isolated jungle to anyone desirous of spending a quiet Christmas. No postman staggering in laden with Christmas cards; no embarrassing gifts arriving from friends you have forgotten or slighted when sending out your gifts; no overlooked janitors turning up with palms outstretched and the Eager Yuletide look in the eye; nothing but gorgeous greenery and innumerable wild things and tons of orchids, and flowering trees of an incredible beauty, and a solitude and a satisfying quiet. Particularly would I recommend Barro Colorado Island.

This Barro Colorado used to be one of the tallest and most inaccessible of the densely wooded pygmy mountains on the Isthmus. When, in constructing the Canal, we dammed the Chagres River, it became the largest island in Gatun Lake. As the pent-in waters rose and spread, the creatures which swarmed in the lowlands retreated to this convenient elevation, with the result that today there is here such a concentration of tropical life as is to be found in no like area anywhere.

TO THE layman it is a combination of a marvelous botanical garden and a vast zoological garden without the drawback of the smells which plague other zoological gardens.

To the naturalist it is just heaven, that's all. He can go out any time and discover a new species of something. And when a naturalist, all by himself, discovers a new species of something his utter joy is the most utterful joy known to man.

Accordingly the government has set Barro Colorado apart as a preserve and a breeding-ground and an observatory, and hither come scientists from our country, and from other countries as well, to pry and to pick, to collect and to classify, and incidentally, to go into babbling convulsions of sheer joy.

Once in so often, visitors who are not scientifically minded are suffered to intrude upon this magic menagerie. Two of us were so favored. In thirty-six hours I learned a lot about a jungle.

For instance, I learned that about all of my previously conceived notions of what a Central American jungle is like were wrong. No noxious insects assailed me. That was disappointing. I'd counted on the noxious insects, because I wanted to brag about my escape from the dirty low-downs when I got home.

I'd come in the wrong season for the

tick and the "red bug" or chigger, whose beauty is precisely skin-deep; and thanks to Uncle Sam's never-ending warfare against him, the mosquito is an exceedingly rare beast of prey along the Zone, and the house fly is equally scarce. The pesky swarms of moths and beetles which I thought from my readings on the subject must invariably infest the tropic night, didn't show up at all. Tropical entomology would be a boon to Long Island, where I spend my summers.

Under expert guidance I went on a prow into the remoter recesses of the island. It was then, with profound astonishment, I found out that the deeper you get into a jungle the less you see of what is going on within it.

You walk through an eternal green gloom with swaying impenetrable curtains shutting you in. You hear beasties stirring and scurrying ahead of you and on either side of you but you can't see them; the coverts of ferns and vines and clingers and bushes and the trunks of the trees along the trail are too thick. You hear an occasional bird but most likely he is invisible as well. The anticipated choruses of screechings and yowlings and hootings and boomings are not in operation. The prowling jaguar is on vacation and the fretful peccary and the tapir are off week-ending somewhere.

I had expected tumults and crashings and uproars. Instead, all was peace and all was silence except for those few subdued and muffled sounds, with a brooding, cathedral-like calm encompassing us. Only if you paused and hearkened could you hear the jungle itself growing as creepers crawled down or crawled up, and new leaves thrust themselves forth and whispered in the upper air currents, and a myriad of exuberant parasitic growths fought for breathing space on earth or tree trunk. Literally you could hear it—or anyhow that was my fancy.

But I beheld the bared soul of the jungle when after three miles of a twisting course over cut-out paths, we came to a height of land and climbed three ladder flights to a perch at the top of a wooden lookout. We were above the tree tops now. They spread below us, unbroken, compact, like billowing clouds, like soft green clouds for the most part, but here and there would be a blossoming-forth of flame color or of pure white or of rich purple or of glowing pink.

Over and through and in and out of this tight massing of foliage and bloom, toucans streamed, grotesquely shaped and marvelously gaudy, and flocks of trogons and motmots flew past, and parrots, most gayly tinted, and chattering parakeets went whizzing by like flights of painted arrows; and almost within arm's reach of me darted humming birds that were like winged refugees from some jeweler's shop window, for the sun on their feathers turned them into shimmering bits of enamel and into living emeralds and rubies and topazes.

The true voice of the jungle came up to me then—the melancholy distant remarks of howling monkeys, the nearer gruntings of a drove of wild pigs, the weird shrill chatter of some creature which must have passed directly beneath our watchtower but never once showed itself. And suddenly there was a scream of mortal terror and mortal pain and a great thrashing in the undergrowth. A wilderness tragedy had been enacted behind the walls of the wilderness.

We perched aloft for two wonderful hours. I felt that I could be happy—yes, not only happy but entertained—for a solid week there. Descending, we

threaded through a comparatively open space, stepping on mats of sensitive plants which on being touched shrank up.

A little later and a little farther along we came upon a procession of the so-called umbrella ants marching by countless thousands, each one carrying over its back a tiny dancing segment of a green leaf. People used to believe these ants fed on these leaves. Now we know better. Deep in their underground nests, they spread the little scraps in warm soft layers and on this humid mass there sprouts a fungus which is the real food of the gatherers.

These are not fodder-eaters; these are scientific mushroom-fanciers. We played a trick on them. We laid half-burnt match stems across their line of march. Immediately the legions halted. The ants whose way had thus been barred touched the huge barriers and backed away from them. A wave of indecision—a visible wave—rippled rearward through the endless battalions that stretched behind those front-line scouts.

BUT this hesitation continued for less than a minute. The word was being telegraphed back to headquarters and immediately there came hurrying forward from somewhere divers unburdened ants, the engineering corps of this efficient organization, and these sappers and miners set to and hauled the timbers off the track and the army moved again.

Yes, sir, I certainly would recommend Barro Colorado to all lovers of a safe and sane Christmas.

If you are also an amateur student of the idiosyncrasies of the human mammal, the civilized portions of the Canal Zone offer a fertile field for sociological research. You may study the quaint ways of the "Army crowd" as contrasted with the "Navy crowd" or the "civil service set" or the "political set" or the "medical set," sensing wheels within wheels, cliques within cliques, jealousies piled on jealousies, ambitions conflicting with rival ambitions, intrigues and envies and gossipings and yet, overriding all else, a common desire to carry on a complex and tremendous job for our country with efficiency and dispatch and thoroughness.

Nor is there any excuse ever to confuse a resident civilian with a mere transient. By these signs shall ye know them: The visitor always is wearing a Panama hat. Upon arriving, a new Panama is the first thing he buys. Whereas the resident wouldn't be caught dead with one on. I think there must be something in the official regulations about it.

Anywhere in either Colón or Panama City, once you have crossed the line out of United States territory, a veritable ethnological congress stews and seethes before your eyes. The big ditch has drawn to its extremities colonies of all nations. You might call them the *canaille* of the Canal. But afterwards you'd be ashamed of having done it.

You see Panamans of Spanish blood and Panama Indians and mixed bloods; thousands of black West Indians; Japs, Chinamen, Lascars, East Indians; a mixture of all the peoples of the Levant and Asia Minor and the Near East.

The curio trade largely is dominated by these Easterners. Bill Hogg and I encountered one peddler of Oriental gimcracks who puzzled us when we tried to figure out what race he belonged to. He was ambushed up to the cheek bones and as far down as the waistline in the longest, widest, thickest, gaudiest set of whiskers I ever saw. In those whiskers were splashes of red and streaks of gray and touches of white and yellow, all superimposed on a black background.



JOHN BARRYMORE

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

VOTE HER

THE MOST ATTRACTIVE

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL



"I THINK WOODBURY'S IS A PERFECT SOAP.
IT KEEPS MY SKIN SO SPLENDIDLY HEALTHY"

MISS THELMA HARRIS of Sausalito, California, chosen from Woodbury beauties of forty-eight States as the most attractive high school girl

OVER three thousand miles she was brought, to be photographed by Steichen in New York City as the most attractive high school girl among Woodbury users.

She has a slim, straight little figure, a mop of curly brown hair twisting into babyish gold tendrils; deep blue eyes fringed with black lashes, and a skin like the pinkest and whitest apple blossoms.

When she left California, her whole school—the splendid high school of Tamalpais in Sausalito—turned out to say good-bye; the dressmaking class made her a party frock; teachers and schoolmates gave her little presents and wished her good luck. She is the kind of girl anyone would be

proud to have a share in; happy, generous-hearted, with a look of shining good will toward all the world in her beautiful Irish-blue eyes.

She has used Woodbury's Facial Soap on her lovely pink and white skin all her life, and "I think Woodbury's is a perfect soap," she declared. "It's so smooth and mild—it gives your skin such a delicious tingly feeling—it keeps it so splendidly healthy and clean."

A SKIN SPECIALIST spent years of study perfecting the formula for Woodbury's Facial Soap. Because of its wonderfully beneficial effect on the skin—its helpfulness in correcting common skin troubles

and keeping the complexion smooth and soft—thousands of beautiful women entrust their skin to its care.

Around every cake is wrapped a booklet of famous treatments giving the right care for different types of skin. Get a cake of Woodbury's today and find the right treatment for *your* skin. Begin using it tonight. Let Woodbury's help you, as it has helped so many thousands of women, to gain and keep the charm of "a skin you love to touch."

Send for the delightful Woodbury set, containing a trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial. Enclose 10 cents and your name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 1619 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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We thought at first he might be an Armenian. But on second thought we said: "No, he can't be. An Armenian is a man with a rug. And this fellow is one." So we just called him a bosky dell and let it go at that.

In Colón is one whole district and across in Panama City a long lively street wherein certain North American types predominate—the types which naturally would flee from Prohibition, so called, to find an asylum on more congenial soil and to go on ministering to the national appetite for wines, ales, liquors and whoopededee.

The ladies and gentlemen who run the dance halls for the entertainment of our sailors and soldiers and our tourists are, almost without exception, *emigrés* from Broadway or South Clark Street. Old-time barkeepers abound; so also do old-time saloon-owners.

I ran into one venerable bar-fly whom I hadn't seen since my old Park Row days of fifteen years back. His face no longer was familiar to me but I recognized his vest—that same vest which somebody had once said would make an excellent sign over a Bowery short-order restaurant with a placard on it stating that everything on this garment was served inside.

And I recalled the time when a lot of us went to a shore dinner and he declared himself in on the party inasmuch as he still did odd reportorial jobs. That was before he discovered that work was the curse of the drinking classes and gave it up. After he fell asleep in the sunshine a jovial spirit was inspired to hang a pasteboard around his neck inscribed as follows: "The Glory that was Grease and the Grandeur that was Rum."

Now he did what a veteran journalist nearly always does upon meeting a working newspaperman—he made a touch. Just to hear him intimating that a temporary loan of about ten dollars would tide him over until next Saturday night, when he was expecting a remittance, brought back thronging memories of those old care-free fraternal days. On

parting, he told me he liked Panama. There was a larger freedom to the life, he said, a lingering trace of the real Bohemianism which sumptuary legislation had driven into exile out from our own colder northern clime.

On our last afternoon we motored out to the ruins of old Panama City over a modern road constantly menaced by the encroaching jungle growth. They say that even a cemented road, if left unused and uncleaned for eight months, will within that time become entirely hidden under the masses of vine growth crawling across it from the edges. That ought to give you a rough idea of the luxuriance and greediness of a Central American creeper. A Zone official told me he knew of a section where if you stooped down and stuck a seed in the earth you immediately must jump sideways to avoid being pronged by the sprout. That, however, may have been a slight exaggeration. Maybe you could just step away in a dignified manner.

Historically speaking, old Panama has values, but when you give it credit for its wealth of associations there's not a great deal more to be said. It will be recalled that Sir Henry Morgan sacked old Panama. Sir Henry was a painstaking person, by all accounts, and here is proof of it. When he sacked a town it stayed sacked from then on; and what ruins he left in this case the jungle has pretty well swallowed up.

We made the trip in an open car and on the way in were overtaken by one of those terrific downpours which in the tropics come up so abruptly and without prior warning or, as you might even say, provocation. Bill Hogg was wearing a black featherweight coat and the tailor who sold it to him said it wouldn't shrink. The scoundrel lied, though, because when Bill got back to the hotel he seemed to be in his shirt sleeves but wearing a black Windsor tie.

That evening Dean Palmer joined us, this being the same Mr. Palmer who, as I mentioned in the previous article of this series, was intent on compiling the

final chapters of his life work, "Around the World with Knife and Fork." With his arrival our expedition was complete and before midnight we were steaming out into the Pacific.

Now then, the task of rediscovering South America might be said really to be under way. This far, in Cuba and in Panama, we had constantly been within the spheres of Yankee influences and Yankee systems where our institutions were mounted upon the older Spanish foundations, and the customs of the two cultures interlapped. But from here on, it would be for us another world than the one we knew—a world full of romance and drama and surprises, a world where the spice of adventure yet endures, and the stranger may fancy himself both an argonaut and an explorer.

We stood well out to sea, rounding the bulge of the hunched westerly shoulder of the Southern Continent. Behind us was the problematical and vaguely identified height of land where Balboa, viewing the waters of the Pacific, claimed the whole of that somewhat commodious ocean with all and sundry of the islands in it and all the shores it might have, wheresoever located, in the name of the Spanish Crown, thereby establishing a record as the world's champion claimer.

Below us, nestling beneath Colombia, would be Ecuador—the little-traveled and still secluded republic of Ecuador, in whose mysterious interior the head-hunters live. But, for one, I had no desire to seek out the head-hunters in their lair.

For us, the swing of the steamer carried us out and away on blue waters and when next we sighted land it was after we had passed over the equator and had raised the Southern Cross on the horizon below us, and the land we saw then was Peru, at the top of that vast domain of the progressive up-and-coming South America which so gladly welcomes the Yankee's developing hand and mind and at the same time remains so distrustful of the Yankee's national and ultranational policies.

Next Month Irvin S. Cobb rediscovers Lima, Pizarro's skeleton and the big little man of South America, the President of Peru

Heart Throb by J. P. McEvoy (Continued from page 35)

if you don't believe me, always remember this is how I feel about you, and you only:

Just being near to you,
That is my happiness.
Seeing you, hearing you,
Loving you, too—
Going away from you,
Hurrying back to you,
Sleeping or waking . . .
Just thinking of you.

Denny

Chicago, Ill.
May 26th, 1929.

Miss Mary Larkin,
c/o Ye Blue Birde Neste,
Terre Haute, Ind.

Hello, Mary,

How do you feel? Me too, only more so. But we had fun, didn't we? Too bad I had to hurry back here to this God-forsaken Chicago. I always have such a marvelous time in Terre Haute. But that isn't news to you, eh, Mary?

Sometimes I wish you were only about three inches tall so I could carry you around in my pocket and take you out and look at you whenever I'm lonely like I am now, sitting up here in my lonely hotel room. I'd set you right here on the table between Gideon's

Bible and What's Doing In Chicago This Week.

I can tell you right now without even opening it, there's nothing doing. And Chicago on a Sunday is like Ash Wednesday in a morgue.

I wish I was a motto

A-hanging on your wall,
Where I could look at you all day,
Just look at you, that's all.

Oh, it would be a happy fate
To hang upon a hook,
And look at you for years and years—
Just look . . . and look . . . and look.

Denny

Chicago, Ill.
May 25th, 1929.

Mr. Al Evans, Sales Manager,
Gleason Greeting Card Co.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Al,

Well, I'm all worn out, Al. I've sure had a hard week. This contacting the trade ain't what it's cracked up to be in those correspondence school ads. And the weather, Al. I want to tell you when the sun bears down on Indiana you can feel it on the banks of the Wabash far away.

I'm hotter than a bunch of keys in a fat man's pocket, and I haven't had

a good night's sleep since I was a baby.

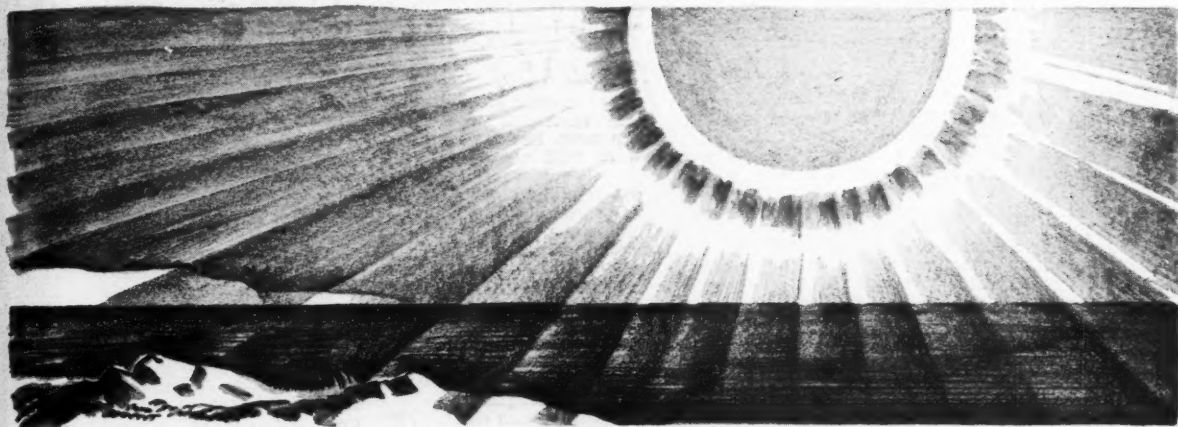
Just tossing and turning with that darned quota going through my brain and the Heart Throbs and that last-minute line of boxed religious assortments for the cheap Christmas trade.

I don't think that's such a good idea. Al. I think people who want religious Christmas cards will go for them regardless of price. We could just as well have taken them out of those boxes and used those Wise Men and Bethlehem Star dies on good wedding stock and thrown in a French border and jacked the price up to 10 cents each. Then you'd have a profit.

As long as there's so little demand for religious Christmas you might as well cash in on it. But I guess you couldn't do anything with the manufacturing department, eh, Al? I guess they had a lot of boxes to work off and that was Eiseman's bright idea to crash the religious trade with them. Eiseman may know costs but what he don't know about popular feeling and demand would cover the state of Minnesota knee-deep, and you'd have enough left over to fill three large derby hats.

Remember the little dumb cluck here in Chicago I wrote to you about? Well, like a sucker I gave her my right name

POWER TO MAKE SICK BODIES VIGOROUS, WELL



the health value of hours in the Summer Sun



if we could get plenty of sunshine

rickets (soft, crooked bones and teeth).

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast, as before, to keep your whole intestinal tract active, healthy and clean—to speed up elimination and check the poisons that upset digestion and cloud the skin.

And now, eat Fleischmann's Yeast for the energizing, bone-hardening "sunshine" principle every cake contains. Start now! Eat three cakes regularly every day, before each meal or between meals, plain or in water, cold or as hot as you can easily drink. At grocers, restaurants and soda fountains, in the familiar foil package with the yellow label. It is as effective as ever for baking.

Write for booklet. The Fleischmann Company, Health Research Dept. K-81, 701 Washington Street, New York.



YEAST

contains the "Sunshine" Vitamin



In the front rank of Italian physicians is Dr. Lorenzo Cherubini, of the University of Rome. He has lectured frequently in America.



Many consider Dr. Maurice Delort, of the Hospital of St. Michel, in Paris, as Europe's greatest stomach and intestinal specialist.



Director of the famous Institute for Experimental Therapy at Dahlem, near Berlin, Prof. Dr. Carl Neuberg is a leading German physician.

READ WHAT WORLD-FAMOUS DOCTORS SAY:

DR. CHERUBINI: "Few people indeed get enough sunshine. Untold health benefits are thus made available by the 'sunshine' vitamin—vitamin D—now in irradiated fresh yeast. It builds strong bones and sound teeth and tones up the muscles. It is important for expectant and nursing mothers."

DR. DELORT: "Ergosterol, which

exists in large quantities in fresh yeast, is converted by irradiation into vitamin D. This vitamin brings about the deposit of calcium in the bones."

DR. NEUBERG: "The vitally important pro-vitamin, ergosterol, which becomes a true vitamin upon irradiation, is found more abundantly in yeast than elsewhere."

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and address and I've been getting letters every day asking me when I was coming back and raving about the wonderful time she had, and the beautiful poetry I made up for her—I recited that sample Heart Throb to her, remember? I could sail the waters of all the world.

Well, she thought I made it up right on the spot just for her. Isn't that a panic? And she goes on about how I am the one beautiful thing that has happened to her in years and now I have disappeared and won't write to her or anything, and she's so lonely and life is so empty and all the rest of that stuff.

Gee, what does she expect? That was all right to kill a little time but this sentiment racket keeps a guy busy taking out the lady buyers and getting them all warm and confused so they'll overstock themselves and have to work like the dickens making profits for you and me, eh, Al?

It seems she's just lost her job again. I wonder if maybe we couldn't work her into one of the card departments. She's darned cute, and maybe if things got breaking right for her again she wouldn't be such a sad little cluck.

Funny about women, Al. Make them happy and even the ugly ones blossom like a rose. Then again you take pretty ones and make them sad and they look like the devil. The corners of their mouths drop and their eyes get kinda funny.

I'm sorry I couldn't do any better with Ye Merrie Lyttle Nooke. That Cassidy baby is sure a smart buyer. Whenever you think you're holding her hand you find out it was only the inventory. But I'll get her. It'll just require a little different technique, that's all.

A change of pace, eh, Al? Some like them fast and high and some like slow teasers, but a good pitcher has got to study weaknesses and pitch to them.

I was thinking about a good idea for a novelty val. A card to which is attached a small hot-water bag—if you couldn't get the real thing a small piece of rubber cut to shape would do the trick. And underneath you have this sediment:

The saddest story
Ever told—
Your heart is warm
But your feet are cold.

Denny

(From The City Press News Bureau—
May 26th)

To: All Chicago Papers.

Merrymakers were thrown into a panic this afternoon on the little park excursion steamer Good Cheer when a young girl suddenly rose from their midst when the boat was halfway between Jackson Park and Lincoln Park, and without a word of warning stepped up on the rail and leaped overboard. The boat was stopped immediately and several of the crew dived and rescued her before she could drown.

She was taken to the county hospital where it was said she would recover. Her bag which was found on the boat contained only a few pennies, a key and a cheap powder puff. There were no cards, letters, or any other means of identification.

(From a Chicago paper—
May 27th)

"HEART THROB" GIRL
CHEATS WATERY GRAVE
By June Devine

I could sail the waters of all the world,
Bitter and wild and blue,
And never I'd find a friend to love
Like the friend I've found in you.

I could walk down all the roads of the world.

And knock on the doors for ever,
But never I'd find a friend like you,
Never . . . never . . . never!

Lying on a white bed in the county hospital, lonely little Doris Miller recited this poem to me last night from the depths of a broken heart. Yesterday afternoon she was rescued from a bitter death in Lake Michigan, where she sought surcease from her troubles and the nepenthe of still waters for her sorrows.

It is the old familiar story she told me, old as the heartlessness of man, old as the trustfulness of woman. I will not tell you in detail all the pitiful little events that led up to the tragic moment when Doris, seated lonely and alone among the merrymakers on board the park excursion steamer Good Cheer on a sunny Sunday afternoon, rose from their laughing, dancing midst, and leaped without a word or a cry into the cold waters of Lake Michigan.

She was lonely. She was alone. Picture a lonely girl in a lonely room in the heart of a city that has no heart. No home, no friends, no job, no money. Nothing!

"A few weeks ago I met a man."

Ah, yes, the old familiar beginning.

"But he wasn't like other men—he was different."

Ah, yes, the old familiar cry of the trusting female heart.

"I met him in a restaurant. I was lonely, terribly lonely. He asked me if I'd like to take a little ride on the boat. I did."

"He was young and handsome. He recited poetry to me, beautiful poetry. He held my hand and looked into my eyes and the poetry just came."

"I could sail the waters of all the world,
Bitter and wild and blue."

"We were sailing along on the boat. The city with all its troubles was so near and yet so far. A little band was playing on the deck and happy couples were dancing. The waves were dancing and the boat danced on the waves and my heart danced and I forgot to be lonely and alone. I was happy. He was so wonderful. So different."

"We sat in the park and listened to the concert, and he fell asleep with his head in my lap, and I covered him with my coat and held him close to me and mothered him. I never wanted to let him go—never."

"But the sun went down and all the land was dark. Then he awoke and kissed me and it seemed I was floating in the air and I found myself dancing again, riding on roller coasters and dancing, and bands were playing and people were laughing and shouting and the sky was full of fireworks and stars . . ."

Ah, yes, but the morning was cold and gray and lonely again for little Doris. Her poet was gone and all her joy was gone with him. She wrote and wrote, but no answer. She lost her job. She was put out of her little room.

But she had her memory of a perfect day—and she had her poem—the poem he had whispered to her as the little band played on the dancing boat. Yes, the poem was hers, all hers. They couldn't take that away from her. It danced in her heart.

But let Doris tell the rest of the story. It is quite short and simple and it won't take you long—then you may turn to the rest of the paper, the financial page, the sporting section and other things more important.

"I walked the streets for hours, nowhere to go, no one to turn to. I yearned for Denny. I heard his voice whispering to me:

"I could walk down all the roads of the world,
And knock on the doors for ever."

"Hungry as I was, friendless as I was, I was thrilled to think that this was mine, all mine. And just then I passed a shop window and looked, and there was my poem. Hundreds of copies of it all over the window and a big sign saying Buy the New Heart Throb, only \$1 Framed."

"I couldn't believe it. I read them all. They were all the same and all signed by another name. I was stunned—and heartsick. My Denny didn't make it up for me, after all. It wasn't even his."

"I wandered all over the Loop looking in the windows and I saw it everywhere. Hundreds of them, thousands of them. I could sail the waters of all the world. I kept saying it over and over again. I was dazed. I didn't know what I was doing."

"I wandered down to the water's edge and there was a boat, the same boat Denny and I had taken to Jackson Park. I don't remember going on it. I don't remember anything except the band playing and the people dancing on the deck and the sun dancing on the waves, and the words dancing in my mind: Never I'd find a friend like you, never—never—never . . . Never I'd find a friend like you, never—never—never. And—and, well, that's all. When I woke up I was here."

Minneapolis, Minn.
June 3rd, 1929.

Dear Dealer,

Here's a knock-out merchandising idea for you—a combination window-card and counter display with a live news tie-up that'll put your Heart Throbs over the top *One Hundred Percent!*

The material speaks for itself, a facsimile reproduction of the human-interest story in a newspaper, woven around Heart Throb No. 100-HT-1 (I Could Sail the Waters of All the World). We will send you this marvelous display free with every order of 100 or more assorted Heart Throbs. Telegraph order blank enclosed. Wire your order now as our supply of this material is limited and orders will be filled only in rotation as received.

GLEASON GREETING CARD CO.
Steve Shannon,
Advertising Manager

Minneapolis, Minn.
June 12th, 1929.

Mr. Dennis Kerrigan,
Gleason Greeting Card Co.,
Tower Building,
Chicago, Ill.

My dear Kerrigan,
Herewith find voucher for \$1000 made out to the order of Doris Miller. Please locate her in Chicago and give it to her as a token of our appreciation for the very good advertising value we derived from the story of her attempted suicide.

Dealers all over the country are wiring in marvelous reports of big sales from our special window display based on this story, and we have instructed all of our salesmen to keep on the lookout for similar human-interest items that we can tie up with our merchandise.

Very truly yours,
GLEASON GREETING CARD CO.
George Gleason, President.



**Winning
Popularity**
It takes merit to win
popularity. LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE at 25¢
has it and millions know it

How to keep skin youthful

LISTERINE as an ASTRINGENT



SO many women have written us enthusiastically about Listerine used as an astringent, that we feel duty bound to pass the suggestion on to you. Furthermore, beauty doctors and dermatologists tell us that Listerine is almost ideal for this purpose. Next time you use an astringent in connection with your toilette, give Listerine a trial.

Note how it closes pores, how it tends to tighten sagging muscles and how wonderfully cool and smooth your skin feels after you have used it.

You will find that it accomplishes results equal to those performed by special astringents costing from two to six times as much. Moreover, Listerine protects you against infection. Though gentle in action and healing in effect, full strength Listerine kills even the stubborn Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) germ in 15 seconds. Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



GREAT AFTER SHAVING

Tell your husband it's great after shaving. Doused on the skin full strength, it produces a delightful sensation of invigoration and coolness. And ends all smarting and burning.

Poor, dear little Joanna by Royal Brown (Continued from page 75)

it's in code" he protested. "I can't read it."

"And that," commented Joanna, "is exactly what the man who was going to buy it said when he opened the envelope. Then he grabbed back his certified check for ten thousand and told Bill that when—and if—the formula was offered in plain English he'd go through with his part of the contract."

A vagrant shaft of sunlight touched her hair, discovering gold in its depths and adding witchery to her. But her mouth remained perverse, mocking.

"But any code can be deciphered," persisted Tommy. "There are experts."

"Bill tried that—two of the best," said Joanna, a shade wearily. "They threw up their hands. Bill asked one of them if he could suggest anybody else and he said, 'Sure. Page Sherlock Holmes.'"

"How about your father's employees?" suggested Tommy, trying another tack. "They made the stuff—they must have some idea—"

"AND do you really suppose we didn't think of that?" asked Joanna. "Not one of them has the slightest idea. Father bought the various ingredients in bulk and doled them out as needed. We tried to find out where Father bought his basic materials but—"

"I suspect I do sound foolish," admitted Tommy. "You and Bill would have done everything anybody could think of."

"And Bill doesn't write fiction for nothing," Joanna assured him. "You'd be surprised at some of the things Bill thought of."

Tommy studied the typewritten sheet again. "Yet this must have meant something to your father," he maintained.

"Perhaps. But I'm not so sure of that," retorted Joanna. "The experts Bill saw said there wasn't a clue in it. They said it couldn't have been more meaningless if he had just sat at the typewriter and struck the keys haphazardly."

"There's a thought in that," commented Tommy. "May I borrow this for a time?"

Joanna hesitated, glanced at Bill. Then she shrugged her slim shoulders. "I don't see why not. It's valueless as it stands," she said. And then as if against her will, she added, "Have you some idea?"

Evidently, in spite of all she had said about miracles, she wasn't wholly without hope of one herself.

Tommy merely grinned. The code meant nothing to him and if experts had passed on it he was quite sure it never would mean anything. He had asked for it on an impulse; in pocketing it, he had simply tried to short-circuit a negative current. For as long as Joanna persisted in assuming he could do nothing he would be handicapped by her attitude.

"Your mother knows all about this code, of course—and hasn't the slightest idea what it's all about?" he remarked.

"Not the slightest," Joanna assured him. "Mother is—well, anything but modern, as I told you. If you ask her about Father's business she's a total loss. Women didn't mix into their men's affairs in her day. It wasn't ladylike, you know. She'd be delighted to give you her recipe for doughnuts or show you a picture of me when I was six months old."

"That," grinned Tommy, "is an inducement. Let's go to see your mother."

Joanna's brown eyes widened. "But we agreed—"

"That I would not be an acceptable substitute for Samuel Sears," Tommy reminded her. "We won't mention him, therefore. You can explain to her that I'm a code expert, Sherlock Holmes' favorite nephew or the former champion of the St. Nicholas puzzle department."

"It truly won't do you a bit of good to see Mother," she persisted.

Tommy thrust back his chair. "Don't you think," he amended, rising, "that it will do me less good to go back to Long Island and confess that I didn't even see your mother?"

Evidently Joanna hadn't considered that. She did now, briefly. Then: "There is that about it," she admitted and, rising, picked up her hat and jammed it over her ears.

"Sorry to leave you the dishes, Bill," she said.

"Oh, Mrs. Sawyer may be around yet," Bill replied.

"You always were an optimist," commented Joanna.

Bill gave her a swift glance. It was as if his eyes, suddenly unmasked, asked something. There could be no doubt that for an instant some swift current had been established between them, for her eyes softened and there was the faintest tender curving of her pretty lips. Then:

"Let's go," she suggested to Tommy.

Bill was himself again as swiftly. "Shall I see you again?" he asked Tommy.

"I hope so," replied Tommy.

And he did. "I like your Bill," he assured Joanna, as the ancient car lurched back toward Pine Falls.

"Most people do," retorted Joanna. "But what makes you think he's my Bill?"

"I'm not dumb—or deaf, or blind. He's yours, for better or for worse, if you care to claim him."

"He would be—and for worse," admitted Joanna frankly. "We were engaged, if that is what you are driving at, until Father died and everything got so tangled up. Bill wants to go ahead even now, but what's the use?"

"I get you," said Tommy. "It's another of those times when one must face the facts, of course."

She rose to that, as he had expected. "Why not? I have no illusions about marriage, even at its best. Who was it said that there are some good marriages but none that affords man's delights?"

"I'm not sure. People are always taking a crack at marriage—but people keep right on getting married just the same. You even considered it yourself not so long ago."

This gave her pause for a second, though the car continued to barge on.

"That was different," she protested.

"Father was alive then and I didn't have Mother to consider." The car sagged into a deep rut; she wrenched it out. And: "Bill and I might have been happy together," she added, "with just the two of us. But I can't see a chance of that if Mother lives with us—and she'd have to."

"Bill seems an easy person to get along with."

"He is. He has a wonderful disposition. But Mother would be simply impossible. She'd take the attitude that she was a burden, that it would be much better if she had died when Father did. She'd be long-suffering, magnifying every slight and"—Joanna drew a long breath—"jam the works all along the line."

"Well, will she be any better if you don't marry Bill?"

"No. But at least it won't spoil Bill's life too."

There was no hint of the martyr about her; she faced the facts gallantly. Tommy liked her for that. If she seemed hard, he realized it was because she was deliberately hardening herself to her duty as she saw it.

"Suppose it were possible to decode the formula and sell it—where would you and Bill be then?" he asked.

"What's the use of thinking of that?" she replied, then added: "Of course, there's no question but that the money would change everything. Mother would be almost rich according to Pine Falls standards. She could keep the house and she wouldn't be a burden. I think she'd be rather happy—though of course she would dispute it. But—"

She checked herself, turned into an elm-shaded drive. A moment later the car stopped in front of a square white house with brick chimneys.

"Here we are," she announced, adding almost peremptorily, "Please remember that you are not to mention Mr. Sears."

"You," commented Tommy—but to himself, "may face facts yourself but you do your best to protect your mother from them."

From the outside, the house was a pleasant place, bathed in the June sun. Inside, it seemed as dark as the tomb.

"Sorry," apologized Joanna, as Tommy stumbled in the hall. "Your eyes will become accustomed to the atmosphere in a minute. Mother insists upon it. I'll see whether she is up. Take a chair if you can find one."

Tommy did not bother to look. He stood where he was while his eyes began to pick objects out of the murk. A white marble-topped table, a ghostly glimmer of mirror. Then:

"Please come up," commanded Joanna, from above.

Tommy obeyed. Joining Joanna at the head of the stairs, he followed her along the hall to what, in Pine Falls, was known as the upstairs sitting room. This, though shuttered, was a shade better lighted than the hall below.

"This is Mr. Jones, the code expert," explained Joanna.

The widow sat erect in deepest mourning, her pallid hands folded in her meager lap. She could not have been much over fifty. Yet in these days when women of fifty wear sport clothes and play golf, she might have been Joanna's grandmother.

"I really know nothing about such things," she protested in a voice at once plaintive and petulant. "All I know is that Mr. DeWitt said years ago it would make us all rich. And now—"

Her lips shook; her eyes filled. Joanna, hovering near her, gave Tommy an anxious look.

She need not have worried, however. "I would not dream of discussing such things with you at such a time," said Tommy smoothly. "I merely felt it my duty to call on you that I might offer my condolence on your great loss."

Joanna gave him a surprised stare. But though this might sound incredible to her, to her mother it was precisely what a well-mannered young man calling at such a time ought to say. She relaxed visibly.

"So few people understand how I feel about business," she quavered. "Especially now. It seems so disrespectful to the dead—such a desecration."

Don't stay behind the Tooth Paste times!

Protect your gums while you clean your teeth. Guard against "Pink Tooth Brush"—Use IPANA TOOTH PASTE

THE old ideas of dental care and oral health have changed! And Ipana, more than any other tooth paste, has helped to change them.

For Ipana and massage have revolutionized the care of the teeth and gums. With Ipana your teeth are white. Your mouth has a sense of cleanliness possible with no other tooth paste. Your gums become firm and healthy—free from the menace of gum disorders.

Don't trifle with "Pink Tooth Brush"

As your own dentist will tell you, gum troubles are widely prevalent.

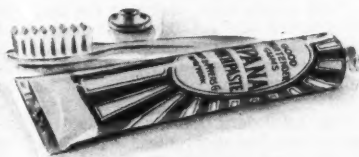
"Pink Tooth Brush" is a sign that a tiny soft spot—or several—exists on the walls of your gums.

Not too dangerous in itself—it may yet lead to troubles far more important—gingivitis—Vincent's disease—even the dread pyorrhea.

The soft foods you eat—the creamy sauces—rob the gums of exercise and stimulation. There's the cause and there's the danger.

But Ipana and massage will rouse your gums and send the fresh, healthy blood coursing through the tiny veins. Thousands of dentists preach the benefits of massage—thousands of them urge the use of Ipana.

For Ipana is purposely compounded to tone the gums while it cleans the teeth. It contains ziratol, a hemostatic and antiseptic used by the profession in treating gum troubles at the chair.



Ipana, then, has a double protection for you. Even if your tooth brush rarely shows "pink," you need it. For it's easy to use, pleasant to taste.

Let Ipana protect your gums

A few cents saved on tooth paste is small reward for giving up the two-fold security of Ipana. For Ipana not only fulfills the expected function of a fine tooth paste—to keep the teeth thoroughly clean and white—but it

also insures you hard and healthy gums.

So start today with Ipana—don't wait for the sample. Buy a tube at your nearest drug store. Tonight—begin a full month's test of this modern tooth paste. Whiter, brighter teeth; harder, firmer gums will be your reward!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. H-109
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

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IPANA Tooth Paste

"Of course," soothed Tommy. "When one's every waking thought is fraught with grief."

They conversed in that strain for several minutes. At the end of that time Tommy, in his own deplorable argot, had her eating out of his hand. She even so far forgot herself as to command the dumfounded Joanna to let a little more light into the room so that Tommy could inspect some old photographs.

"This was taken of Joanna when she was just six months old," she fluttered. "She was such a dear baby, always so good-natured."

"She must always have been a joy to you," murmured Tommy.

Joanna, at whom that was directed, started to speak but reconsidered.

"Of course," assented Joanna's mother, a shade dubiously. She reverted swiftly to the past. "She seldom cried, not even when she was teething. We even took her to court with us over at Norriston—when Mr. DeWitt was having the lawsuit over his formula, you know. We used to drive over and take our lunch-on."

"Oh, yes," said Tommy. "Let's see, what was the suit about?"

She crinkled her forehead. "I'm not sure; I never did know much about it. All I remember is that Mr. DeWitt said it proved that his polish was valuable. He won, too. Mr. Kidder was his lawyer. He could tell you more."

"Mr. Kidder died two months ago," Joanna reminded her patiently.

"Of course. But I forget so easily nowadays," said her mother. "My memory is so poor."

"And you have been under a great strain," supplemented Tommy, rising. "I must not prolong my visit and so tire you. It was very kind of you to receive me—and I thank you."

"It was kind of you to call," she assured him graciously. "So many young people are thoughtless about such things these days."

Tommy suspected that was a back-handed slap at Joanna. She, however, merely gave her mother a swift kiss and, escorting him downstairs, guided him out into the June sunlight. There she at once became the Joanna more familiar to him.

"How well you manage people!" she half applauded, half gibed. "I begin to suspect you of unprobed depths."

Tommy merely grinned at her. "What time does the next train go back to New York?" he asked abruptly.

"Why, not until half past four," she said, taken by surprise. "Are you in a hurry?"

"Well, there doesn't seem to be anything I can do here," Tommy explained.

"I told you that when you arrived," she reminded him. Nevertheless, she looked disappointed. "I might drive you over to Norriston. There's a train from there at eleven-ten, I think."

"How far is it?"

"Only ten miles. Don't you remember"—her voice became faintly satirical again—"that Mother and Father used to drive me over when I was such a good baby? I can get you there in no time."

"I won't bother you."

"It won't be the slightest bother, truly. It's the least I can do after all your trouble."

"But you have troubles of your own. And so has Bill, presumably. If Mrs. Sawyer hasn't showed up he has all those dishes to worry about."

"Bill? He never worried in his life! About anything."

"I'm not so sure of that; I think he's worrying about something right now,"

said Tommy coolly, and in spite of herself Joanna colored. But before she could speak he added, "Suppose you drive me somewhere where I can hire a car."

Ten minutes later Tommy shifted his bag to a hired flivver. He then turned to Joanna and offered her his hand. As she placed hers in it he turned it palm uppermost.

"I was an amateur palmist in my youth," he informed her gravely.

"What a precocious youth you must have been!" she suggested.

This he ignored. "Supersensitive—and more than a bit stubborn," he murmured, examining her hand. "Extremely conservative and—"

"What?" gasped Joanna, her brown eyes at their widest.

"—and inclined to inspect bridges before she crosses them," he went on imperturbably. "Never takes a chance; must have a clearly charted course before she moves. Conscience almost painfully overdeveloped. Is inclined to overestimate difficulties. Jumps at conclusions, dominates others and is ruthless in—"

Joanna snatched her hand away.

"I was nowhere near through," protested Tommy.

"You were just making it up," she accused indignantly. "There's nothing like that in my hand."

"Then there is nothing in palmistry," retorted Tommy.

"What do you mean by that?" she flashed.

"Think it over," advised Tommy. "Or if you choose ask Bill—he knows."

He grinned at her, turned to the car he had chartered and slipped in beside the driver. He waved cordially to Joanna and a shifted gear started him toward Norriston.

The shifter of the gear emitted a brown stream from his mouth and turned to Tommy. "Stranger?" he hazarded, as a preliminary to an amiable conversation that, punctuated by tobacco juice, carried them into Norriston.

They arrived there just after ten.

"Guess you'll have some wait for your train," suggested Tommy's charioteer.

"I'll take a look around town," said Tommy, paying him.

"That won't take you long," chuckled the other. "I used to think Norriston was quite a place until I went down to visit my daughter who is married and lives in the Bronx. Not much for anybody from New York to see."

"There's always the scenery," offered Tommy.

"Oh, yes, there's plenty of scenery. That's the trouble up here. Too darned much scenery and not much of anything else. Them as like it can have it—but give me the tall buildings and those jiggly signs." He took a fresh chew, then waved his hand. "So long. Don't miss your train."

THIS was his little joke. Nevertheless, when the eleven-ten pulled out of Norriston Tommy was not on it. He sat within the musty confines of the old county courthouse to which he had come directly from the station. A crusty, gray old clerk had peered at him suspiciously through steel-rimmed spectacles. Then he had produced the court records Tommy had asked for, and shuffled off, leaving Tommy to study them at his leisure.

The records, twenty years old, were bound in a volume that was thick with dust. Tommy turned the pages, yellow at the edges but fresh at their centers, and began to read casually, skipping much. Until:

"Good Lord!" he gasped.

The New York train whistled but he did not hear it. Actually he had driven to Norriston not to catch the earlier train to New York but because at Pine Falls he seemed checkmated whichever way he turned. At Norriston he could at least discover what the ancient suit had been about. Also there was a slim chance that a glance at the records might suggest something.

No more than that had been in his mind. But now he stared at the printed paper before him for a full minute.

"Well," he assured himself, "I think I know why Joanna's father wrote a lot of gibberish and labeled it 'secret formula.' He had a sense of humor."

For there, a part of the bound records, was the supposedly secret formula. It had been manufactured as such as long as John DeWitt lived and now that he was dead it was his sole asset. But what price a secret formula that he, Tommy Jones, or anybody else could sit down and copy out of a court record that was open to all the world?

"Approximately two plugged nickels," estimated Tommy conservatively.

THE June sunlight filtered in around him. The room was deserted save for its attendant, who sat with his back to Tommy, busy at some bit of office routine.

The setting did not suggest drama, certainly. Yet at that moment Tommy held three human destinies in his hands.

"Lovely," he mused. "I wonder how many years in jail I'd get if I beamed the old lad with this volume and walked off with it."

The old lad at that instant peered around at him as if to assure himself that all was legal and proper, then returned to his writing.

"He'd wither and pine away if anybody bereft him of any of his precious tomes," decided Tommy. "And besides, although I've never been in jail, I have a premonition I'd dislike it."

So he continued to sit there thinking it out from all angles.

Joanna's mother . . . He had a swift vision of that black-swathed figure. The perfect pattern of the bereaved as recommended by Godey's Lady's Book back in the 'eighties. She'd play her rôle as cast by fate to the end. A self-commiserating, self-advertised burden on everybody, or—

"Endow her with fifty thousand and she'd become a village philanthropist," mused Tommy, considering the happier alternative. "She'd dramatize herself as a ministering angel to the poor and sick and be perfectly happy."

Then, too, there were Bill and Joanna. Bill might be no ball of fire, as Joanna herself had suggested. But he was attractive and likable and, most assuredly, Joanna's man.

Tommy turned back to the page before him, took out a notebook and copied the formula word for word. But even then it was some minutes before he returned the volume to its custodian.

"Too much legal verbiage for me," he assured the latter. "I don't wonder that your lending library isn't popular. I suppose I'm the first to ask for this shilling shocker since it was put on the shelf."

The attendant looked at him reprovingly over his spectacles. "Humph," he snorted and shuffled off.

"The so-called civil service summed up in one word," thought Tommy, with a grin.

This was all on the surface. Beneath it his mind still wrestled with a problem that was rather complicated.

"It has not only legal and ethical

Even
BRIGHT ANGEL
TRAIL
leads to a soda
fountain and
the pause that refreshes

A BIG horn sheep might venture within easy sight. A drouth can bring a herd of deer into the open for food. Bold hunters win bounties for mountain lions. Far-away, vast, untamable—the Grand Canyon of Arizona. Yet Bright Angel Trail, mountain-side path into the heart of this wild beauty, like the busy, paved streets of cities and towns, leads to a soda fountain and ice-cold Coca-Cola. Many thousands of tourists recall the day they climbed this trail on a pony or a mule. Then at El Tovar fountain learned what the pause that refreshes really means—and learned why Coca-Cola, with its tingling, delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment, is ready around the corner from anywhere.

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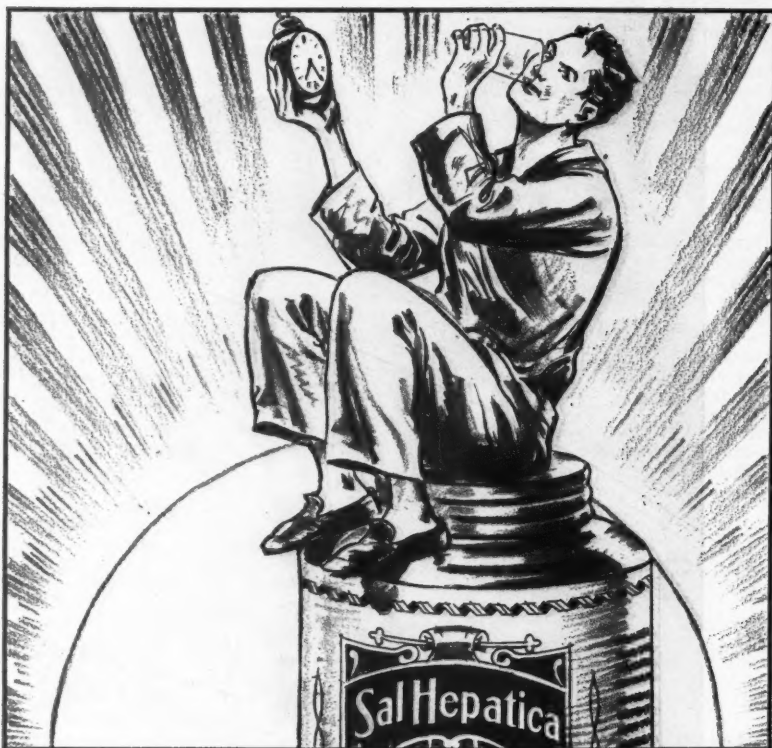
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aspects," he summed up, "but involves what dear old Professor Green used to refer to as the humanistics." He glanced at his watch. Ten minutes to twelve. "Well," he decided, "I can't sleep on it but I may as well eat on it."

At one-thirty he was back in Pine Falls. He dismissed the car that had brought him there and went to look for his earlier chauffeur.

"My good gosh!" exclaimed the latter.

"Miss your train, after all?"

"Got all tangled up in the scenery," grinned Tommy. "Say, do you know a Bill Somebody-or-other who runs a chicken ranch?"

"You mean Bill Adams, I guess—the chap Joanna DeWitt was going to marry."

"Was—or is!" said Tommy. "Can you run me out?"

He could and did, discussing Joanna's affairs as he drove.

"Some bet she'll marry him yet and some bet she won't," he told Tommy. "Me, I say you never can tell which way a cat or a woman will jump."

Nor did he seem surprised to discover Joanna's old bus in Bill's front yard.

"Want me to blow my horn and let 'em know we're here?" he asked.

"No. We might disturb them. You just stick around and see that I don't miss the four-thirty."

He entered the house without knocking. As he paused in the hall Joanna's voice came to him.

"So you think I'm ruthless and inclined to dominate others, too?" she was demanding indignantly.

They, Tommy decided, were in whatever served Bill as a study. He headed that way.

"Well," came Bill's reply, "you've certainly walked all over me. And it's quite certain you are determined to have things your way."

"I like that!" interrupted Joanna passionately, but with a hint of tears in her voice. "Just because I won't let you in for—for it all. Just because I care too darned much. No, don't you dare to touch me! If—if that's what you think, then—"

She shot out of Bill's study, and caromed blindly into Tommy's arms.

"Whoa!" suggested Tommy. "And blow your horn before coming around a corner in that way."

She glanced up at him—and there were tears in her eyes. "You!" she breathed incredulously. "Why, I thought you had gone."

Tommy grinned. "And that you were about to go. But you aren't. Oh, no, you aren't. I've deciphered the formula, you see, and—but let's let Bill in on it too."

Ever so briefly she wavered; then surrendered. At least she returned to the study—a livable room, pleasantly littered—but so far as her attitude indicated, it contained only her and Tommy.

Tommy, however, addressed himself to Bill. "Just what did the prospective purchaser of the formula say to you when he grabbed his check back?" he asked.

"Why, that when—and if—I got something anybody could read—"

"Fine!" interrupted Tommy. "That's just what I've got—something anybody can read." He drew out his notebook, ripped out the formula he had copied and handed it to Bill.

"You mean that that is truly the formula?" gasped Joanna, so far forgetting herself as to peep over Bill's shoulder and presumably quite unconscious of the fact that his arm had promptly gone around her.

"Absolutely and unquestionably, yes,"

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replied Tommy. "Mix up a batch and try it on your floor—or on your piano, if you choose. It's great stuff, guaranteed not to harm anybody save man, woman or beast. Probably worth twice what you're getting for it, so long as it's a secret, of course."

"But how did you ever decipher it?" she persisted.

"It was easy. In fact, I'd hate to tell you how easy it was. And what is more"—he grinned—"I won't. The secret of the secret, so far as I am concerned, will perish with me."

They stared at him, not able to credit it.

"You mean that I can go ahead and offer this?" asked Bill dazedly. "You're sure it's all right for me to?"

"That's a bit ambiguous," protested Tommy. "I guarantee the formula and I see no reason why you shouldn't wire the man that you have it and see if he is still interested. In fact, I'll write the wire for you."

He seated himself at Bill's desk and busied himself there for a few minutes.

"Read this," he suggested finally.

And they read:

Can deliver formula for DeWitt floor polish Stop Guarantee it genuine and also that anybody can read it Stop Representative of Samuel Sears here much interested Stop Have told him you have option Stop Please wire answer as we want quick action.

They finished simultaneously. Joanna spoke first.

"But Samuel Sears isn't interested, really," she protested.

"Conscience almost painfully overdeveloped," remarked Tommy. "But I didn't say Samuel Sears was much interested. I said his representative was. And I am!"

"But you give the idea that Samuel Sears might buy it."

"Listen, my child," suggested Tommy. "I suspect that this formula is going to make a lot of money for somebody else. The man who made you an offer knows his business and also the first rule of business, which is to protect yourself in the clinches. I shouldn't worry about him if I were you. He isn't worrying about you, certainly. He's out for a bargain."

To Bill he added, "I advise you to send it just as it stands."

Two minutes later it had been phoned to the telegraph office. As Bill finished, Tommy glanced at his watch. Ten minutes past two.

"It may be hours before we hear," objected Joanna.

"I hope not—and think not," replied Tommy. He grinned and added, "That wire was a piece of art—in more ways than one. It ought to get results."

THE sunshine flooded the room, a gust of wind stirred the curtains. It was a lazy green-and-gold afternoon, yet there was an atmosphere of tenseness in the little study and conversation lagged. Twice Bill rose to answer the phone and each time Joanna quickened, visibly. But each time Bill, as he took the receiver from the hook, glanced at her and shook his head.

Then, just after three, the phone shrilled again.

"Hello," said Bill. Then his voice changed: "Wait a minute till I get a pencil."

Joanna rose swiftly and went to him; Tommy leaned back and produced a cigaret.

"Am sending man with certified check," repeated Bill. "What's that?"

Oh, yes. "Will arrive tomorrow morning Stop Hand him guaranteed formula anybody can read and the check is yours and will pay royalties as arranged Stop Congratulations."

"And that is what I call service," Tommy commented. "If you are asked, by the way, how you got the formula, just say a copy was found elsewhere. I prefer not to be involved." He rose and picked up his hat.

"You aren't going!" protested Joanna. "Why, you've loads of time even if you take the four-thirty."

"I know. But I think my charioteer will be getting nervous. It's his idea I'm apt to miss trains if somebody doesn't keep an eye on me. And besides"—he grinned—"in my youth I was addicted to maxims. I remember one that ran—stop me if you've heard it—'Two is company and three is a—'"

Joanna blushed beautifully. "Don't be silly, after all you've done for us. I don't know how I can ever begin to thank you."

"I'll take it for granted," suggested Tommy, "so don't begin."

Nevertheless, it was fully twenty minutes before he escaped. Bill and Joanna escorted him to the car and bade him farewell, standing with their hands clasped as he drove off. Tommy glanced at his driver.

"Well, how are you betting now?" he asked.

"My gosh," the other began, "it looks as if—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Tommy. "I forgot to give them something."

The something was the envelope he had been intrusted with earlier in the day. He returned to the house with it and proceeded toward the study. On the threshold he paused.

"Don't let me disturb you," he apologized hastily. "I should have known enough to knock. Here's something that belongs to you and—bless you, my children."

He shied the envelope in the general direction of the desk and retreated swiftly.

"If you know anybody who wants to bet she isn't going to marry him," he remarked to the driver as he reseated himself in the car, "you just bet your last cent he's wrong."

This time he did not miss his train. The flag stopped it. Passengers in the Pullman glanced out, saw a man-made scar on the face of nature and returned to their magazines seeking the printed romance they found there. To them Pine Falls did not suggest life or love or human destinies intricately interwoven.

But as the train gathered momentum Tommy drew a page, yellowed at the edges, from his pocket and began to tear it up.

"Illegal, probably," he soliloquized. "But what of it?"

There might still be other copies elsewhere, but he doubted it. John DeWitt had manufactured his polish undisturbed for many years; the chance that its secret would be disclosed now to the detriment of its purchaser was remote and one that Tommy was perfectly willing to take.

No one else was involved, anyway. And whatever anybody else might think, Tommy felt no compunctions. Not with the memory of what he had stepped into in Bill's study still so vivid in his mind.

He was no sentimentalist; like the rest of his generation he had heard love dissected in the classroom and labeled a biological urge. But there was more than that to it, certainly; there was magic, too. It had filled Bill's study

like the clear golden flood of afternoon.

The one thing, in fact, that bothered Tommy was what he should say to Samuel Sears.

At nine o'clock the next morning he made his report swiftly, sketchily and with one notable omission. Samuel Sears, seated at his desk fingering a telegram, lifted shrewd eyes at that.

"Just how did you manage to get the formula?" he demanded.

"If I were asked that question on the witness stand," replied Tommy, "the only thing I could say would be that I could not answer without incriminating myself."

Samuel Sears' keen eyes canvassed his. "Are you suggesting that the less I know about it the better?" he asked dryly.

"Precisely," said Tommy. It would, he had decided, be much better so.

AND evidently Samuel Sears—a measure of the man—was content to accept his decision. He let the matter drop; shifted the subject.

"Is the daughter going to marry the chap who has been assisting her with her father's affairs?" he asked.

Tommy grinned. "They seemed much wrapped up in each other the last I saw of them," he replied.

"I remember her mother very well," Samuel Sears went on, almost as if he had not heard him. "She was charming. I suppose she has changed."

He stopped, but Tommy realized he had not asked for information. In his mind there was no black-swathed figure such as Tommy saw. His thoughts had gone back through the years to a different picture. To some memory that, after all this time, still had a lingering potency. For:

"I wish I could have gone myself," he murmured.

Then, as if just conscious that he had spoken aloud, he let his eyes come back to Tommy's.

"Although I think that, everything considered, I was very wise to send you," he added, with that swift graciousness that again measured the man. "Wiser than I realized. I begin to suspect you were right when you said I could fit you in somewhere. Evidently you keep your eyes wide open."

That took Tommy unawares. "I'd prefer not to consider this a test, sir," he protested. "As a matter of fact I had a lot of luck. I stumbled into something."

"I rather like men who stumble into things—and are lucky," interrupted Samuel Sears. He glanced at the telegram he held and smiled at Tommy. "This may interest you," he added, handing it across the desk.

Tommy took it. And read:

Thanks awfully for sending Tommy Jones to us Stop He is a perfect peach Stop He solved all our problems like a regular Sherlock Holmes and Solomon combined Stop We cannot begin to thank you or him enough Stop

Joanna DeWitt

Tommy felt a little rush of blood to his ears. He knew, of course, that the reason Joanna had sent it was that he had confessed he was on trial and she had wanted to help him. It was generous of her and typically feminine—but he was at a loss as to what his comment should be.

Then, glancing up, he realized that the wire had amused rather than impressed Samuel Sears. And so:

"She forgot," said Tommy characteristically, "to mention the fact that I was also a regular Beatrice Fairfax."

An Affair of the Heart by Michael Arlen (Continued from page 79)

good for a man of race—an Alvarado? And this girl had come his way at a dance a few weeks before. Wasn't that fate, destiny? In the souls of all supremely selfish men, whether we call them Napoleons or Alvarados, the ideas of "fate" and "destiny" flourish and grow strong and in the end lead them by the nose to their destruction. Alas, were it only themselves they destroy!

Just at the right moment, when he thought he was going mad, the lovely girl had come along—and fallen in love with him in that amazingly public way in which Anglo-Saxon women fall in love with Argentines.

Well, wasn't that fate? Of course, he had been at his best with her. Fate was all very well, but you had to give it a bit of a shove in the right direction. You had to use your brains to win a girl like that.

There she was, with the world to choose from. And what kind of man would she choose? An aristocrat, obviously. But he must also be a man whom she could help, comfort, be of use to, a man who was misunderstood, a man of high gay spirits who had been made melancholy by life. Melancholy. Obviously.

WELL, at that time our young friend had reason enough for the "melancholy" which first interested lovely Patricia Maugan. How surprised, how disgusted, how terrified the poor girl would have been had she discovered that her Vicente's dark brooding sadness—so she thought of it, for like all young people she read novels—was due to nothing but his intolerable craving for an unclean drug.

And now, lying on his divan, feeling he was going mad with the craving to which he must not yield, his mind fastened on the lovely girl in the bedroom. Ah, how lovely she was, so fresh and natural, flowerlike.

It was fate, certainly. The girl was driven to him by fate, not a doubt of it. She was put in his way, given over to him. She was given over to him to be his savior. And he knew that it was so.

It has to be conceded that he intended to be honorable with the girl. The word is used, of course, in the strictly formal sense. Yes, he wanted to marry Miss Patricia Maugan, to honor her with the name of Alvarado. Besides, such a marriage would be amusing.

But you can see the little devil's point. Wouldn't it be amusing to carry off, under the very noses of dukes and princes, the richest heiress in the world? Yes, he would marry the girl. How could he go on living without a companion; how could he go on facing this craving alone?

But how could he face it now, this minute? That was the devil of it. How could he face it now?

The specter of madness haunted him. The very gesture with which he tried to wave the thing from his sight appeared to him, by its idiocy, as a warning. Wasn't this the first sign of madness?

By heaven, he must forget this craving, must do something to take him out of himself. And there in the next room was the girl. She had come to him, to his flat—her own idea, this sudden visit. It was fate, certainly. What was the good of going against fate? She had been sent to him, to save him from madness—perhaps, if he gave way to the craving, death. And Don Vicente did not want to die.

His hand on the handle of the bedroom door, he paused to pull himself together. He must not frighten her. But

she would understand—she must understand. She would see how much he wanted her. She would understand.

Anyhow, was he asking so much? Weren't they to be man and wife?

But suppose she was . . . childish? He set his teeth in an agony of concentration. She would, she must give herself. Didn't she, after all, love him? Well, here was love's opportunity—to save him from this awful craving.

In his disordered mind there was but one thought: that she was to be his savior. Her love would make him forget his craving; in her arms he would find peace. That was how he thought of her, as his savior. And the alternative to her was madness, death . . .

He opened the bedroom door softly lest he should frighten her.

But she was awake, wide awake, staring at him. It startled him, her staring. How could she have known he was coming in at exactly that moment?

Her eyes were so large, staring at him. Oh, how lovely she was; how fresh and unspoiled. A curly-haired girl, deliciously long-limbed, deliciously unsure, like a deer listening to an echo. Yes, you had that feeling about her, among all those cocksure young things, of being unsure, tentative. Her beauty was shy and moving, unlike the hard, glittering women who had loved him.

"I've had a dream," she said, staring at him.

She was crouched at the head of the bed, staring at him with those enormous eyes which were as soft and as blue as blue flowers. How young she was! His breath came quickly. Why was she staring at him so?

"An awful dream," she whispered. And she never took her eyes off him.

She was curled up, as far away from him as she could be. He felt she was trying to make herself as small as possible, so that he might not notice her. And she was watching him, intently. He could not understand. How could she know what was in his mind? It made him unsure of himself, her staring. She was frightened, obviously. But how could she know?

"What is it, angel?" he asked, approaching the bed. But he moved slowly, doubtfully. She seemed to be trying to squeeze herself into the wall, away from him. "What is it?" he repeated, taking another step towards her.

But her only answer was to shake her head dumbly, staring at him. Something was between them. He could not make it out. She was being snatched from him—that was what he felt.

And his blood beat in his temples with an unutterable longing. He did not know what to do. He wanted to throw himself on his knees by the bed and beg her to put her arms round him. But suppose she pushed him away! Was this love? His longing made him feel so doubtful of himself—a queer state for Vicente Alvarado.

At last she spoke. It startled him, made him gape. He swore at himself for being taken off his guard.

"Vicente, are you really as bad as some people say?"

Her flowery blue eyes were enormous. They made him feel small, ridiculous, mean.

It was only by making an effort that he could meet those eyes. She had panted the question, thrown it at him as though it was a weapon. What had frightened her; what was the matter? Women were the very devil, with their mysteries.

"Why, dear? Was your dream about

me?" He made an effort to sound calm. "Yes. Oh—terrible! Vicente, suppose you really are—"

He had the feeling that, in spite of himself, he must act a part. So he pulled himself together and smiled indulgently, as he had seen misunderstood film actors smile.

"Suppose I'm really what, child?" "Beastly!" she panted.

Now his smile changed, became sad. Oh, he knew how to smile sadly, did our young friend.

"Patricia, I thought you understood me."

"I thought so too, darling, but—"

His sadness made her feel treacherous to him. She looked at him piteously, trying to fight her dark suspicions.

The time had come, Vicente felt, to put a stop to this nonsense. He looked at her sternly—the *farceur*. It was with that expression, his lithe body held erect, two bitter little devils mocking you from his eyes, that he would generously describe himself as "a Christian gentleman."

"But!" he echoed bitterly. "Have I ever done or suggested anything to you which you could call—beastly? Have I, Vicente Alvarado, ever treated you otherwise than with the respect due to my future wife? Did I persuade you to come here this evening and put yourself in my hands?"

"But it was wrong of me to come, wasn't it, darling? Suppose I really am breaking Daddy's heart—and—and all for—"

She could not go on for the tears that were rising up in her throat. "All for what, child?" Vicente asked impassively. Acting the misunderstood man, he suddenly, sincerely, felt he was one.

"I'm so frightened of you sometimes, Vicente! Yes, truly I am. Something keeps telling me that you love me truly, and something else that you're just amusing yourself with me."

Self-pity welled up in him. Why would she not understand him?

"Look!" he said sadly, pointing to some papers on the dressing table. "Those are the papers necessary for our marriage at the *mairie*. Everything is arranged for the day after tomorrow. Your father will probably—almost certainly—cut you off without a dollar. Do I care about that? Answer me, Patricia. Would you suggest that I, Vicente Alvarado, care the snap of a finger for any fortune? You should not suggest these things, Patricia. They are insulting."

IT MUST be conceded that Don Vicente was not romancing there. An Alvarado did not concern himself with questions of money. *Hombres finos*—gentlemen—left that to new people—English and *americanos del Norte*.

"I'm sorry, Vicente," she said miserably. "I didn't mean to hurt you, darling; truly I didn't. But I'm so worried, I—I don't know what I'm saying."

He could see that she longed to trust him. And suddenly he forgot how to act. An utter helplessness grew up in him, like a weed choking up his strength. His heart was pounding against his chest, paralyzing him. What was this that was happening to him—to him, a man of resource, of experience?

"Darling, where shall I stay," she was whimpering, "until the day after tomorrow?"

Why did she keep on looking at him like that, with pleading, frightened eyes? It was the very devil. She longed to trust him, and she couldn't. She had seen through him. By heaven, that was it—this girl had seen through him!

He had to look away from her, to win back his confidence, his strength. Good Lord! Had it come to this, that he hadn't it in him to win a girl's trust?

But he must not be weak, mustn't let things slip. If he let Patricia go now, he would go mad or put a bullet into his head. That was certain. He must keep her here.

He became the actor again, fixing his eyes on her with pleading melancholy. Oh, no man could look so gentle and pitiful as our young friend. But now, when he took her hand in his, her hand was dead and lifeless.

"Darling!" she said miserably.

No, she could not trust him; was afraid of him. She wanted to, but she could not. His mind was paralyzed by the fear that she would go away and leave him—alone.

He shut his eyes spasmodically against the specter of madness.

"Vicente, what is it?" she cried, startled at his expression.

He tried to smile down at her. He had given up acting—for good, now. He felt utterly weak, helpless. All he wanted now was that she should like him. And he felt she thought him an enemy.

"I am sad, dear. I see you want to leave me."

Her eyes filled with tears. "Darling, it isn't that I don't love you! I do, truly I do. Only—"

"Only, dear, you don't trust me—is that not it?"

"Vicente, you don't understand! Oh, darling! Don't look so broken up. I can't bear it, truly I can't. You see, in my dream I was lying here half asleep when you came in, just as you did come in later, looking so—so queer, and then you began making love to me in a horrible way, and—"

She began crying quietly. He did not say anything.

"You see, darling? You will take care of me always, won't you, Vicente? I'm giving up Daddy and everything for you—you will have to be everything to me, won't you, Vicente? You will take care of me, won't you, darling?"

"Yes!" he snapped, looking at her guiltily, and at the same time with bewilderment. What had he said? What had happened to him?

"Oh, darling, how silly you look, suddenly!" she laughed. "Just like a naughty little boy."

HER tears seemed to glow when she laughed, making her face bright. He could not look at her. What was this that was happening to him? Was he letting this girl slip away from him? He could not understand himself. At the same time, he felt relieved, almost happy.

"Fancy!" she laughed. "How could you ever be bad when you can look like that? I'm beginning to forget that awful dream now."

"Don't forget it!" snapped Vicente hoarsely.

It made her laugh again, his queer dark vehemence. But at the same time she looked at him furtively, feeling that he needed help and longing to help him.

"Vicente, what a baby you really are," she whispered, "under all your man-of-the-world air!"

He stood there staring down at her, the tears running down his cheeks. They dropped onto her hand. She knew now, in her heart, that she loved him.

He could not get her appeal out of his head. Those simple words had, to him, the sanctity of a divine miracle. "You will take care of me always, won't you, Vicente? You will have to be everything to me." He wondered if she would ever

understand what those few words had saved her from.

Like all men who are convinced that they are wicked, he was primitive and superstitious. There was not a doubt in his mind but that those simple words had been put into her mouth by God to preserve her from his wickedness.

And he felt as though he had at last crept out into the sunlight from a deep musty hole where he had been imprisoned for many years. A miracle had been wrought—a miraculous conversion. At last he had seen the light—he who had been blind. An indescribable joy filled him, and he wept with happiness. And she, too, in a rush of tenderness, dimly felt something of the joy of his release. She felt he had been released from some terrible despair. And she longed to comfort him.

"Vicente, my darling, what is the matter?"

He did his best to smile through the mist of his tears. But it was not difficult, for he was happy.

"I find I love you," he said, in his comically precise way. "That is all."

"Oh!" she said. "Well, it's quite enough, isn't it?"

"I didn't know," he said.

"That you love me?"

"Yes. But now I know. It is a wonderful thing. I know I love you."

"Well, it's a good thing you've found out," she said. "Isn't it?"

But he did not try to explain the change that had come over him. She would understand in time. Oh, the happiness of having at last found himself—and her! He had been blind, and now he had seen the light. A lamp had been lighted in the dark places of his soul. And he swore to himself that come what might he would tend that lamp and keep it bright.

"God has taken care of you, Patricia," he said solemnly, for that was what he believed.

She clung to him now, with an overwhelming desire to help him. She could see he had just escaped the menace of some awful unhappiness, and her pity brought with it a protecting love that almost overwhelmed her.

"And we will be married the day after tomorrow?" she whispered. "It's all fixed? Honest?"

"Yes," he said.

She wondered what was passing behind those dark inscrutable eyes of his. There were dark secrets there, and they frightened her. Oh, she must help him; she must never let him go now, never let him be lonely and sad and hopeless again.

"And now," he said, "you must go back to your father."

No, no, no! Why should she leave him, now that a beautiful new life had opened for them? She wasn't frightened of him any more—why should she leave him now?

"I insist, Patricia."

"But darling, he will never let me go again. I'll never see you again!"

"Do not be afraid, angel. It is wrong for you to stay here. I have just realized it. I have been blind. But now everything will be all right—you will see."

For Vicente, once the merciful power of God had been made manifest to him, put himself utterly in His hands. He became in truth "a Christian gentleman."

"But how will everything be all right, Vicente? Suppose he ships me off to America right away, as he has threatened to do!"

"There is Someone even more powerful than your father," he told her solemnly.

At that moment a knock on the door shook her unsteady nerves. She stared at him fearfully.

"It's nothing," he said, going to the door. "Only the servant."

There was a calm authority about him that gave her a delicious sense of security. She never had loved him so before. As he went away from her it was as though her heart went out of her body and fluttered after him.

He turned to smile at her from the door.

"Darling," she said, "don't leave me!"

"I won't be long," he said. "Get ready and I'll see you home."

"Yes, darling," she wailed.

IN THE sitting room his servant, an Englishman, looked at him nervously as he handed him a card.

"The gentleman says he must see you, sir," he explained.

Don Vicente, reading the name on the card, could not repress a start. But you can see into his mind. A man like this—a great man, a wise man—suddenly turning up now, at this moment! As though to put the seal on his better self!

"Show him in," he said quickly.

"I took the liberty of following your servant in, Señor Alvarado," a firm voice said, and Don Vicente found himself confronting his visitor. How often he had heard Patricia talking of her godfather and her father's greatest friend—Sir Julius Román, the famous explorer and scientist. Vicente went eagerly towards him.

"I am pleased to see you, sir," he said uncertainly.

And then Don Vicente stopped dead, as though he had received a blow in the face. The great man was looking at him with unutterable contempt.

Sir Julius Román was an upright, handsome man of a lined and leathery complexion. His hair, by contrast, was startlingly white. This added to the severity of his unbending expression. His eyes, deep-set, were steely. At this time he must have been over sixty years of age, but he bore his years with the contempt of a strong man for trivialities.

It was impossible to think of this man as smiling. He inspired awe. It was no wonder he had gone alone into the dark places of the world and come out alive. Even savages must feel the strength of his ambition, the power of his will. But of sympathy he seemed to know nothing.

"Señor Alvarado," he said, "you will kindly give over to my charge the young lady who is in this apartment. Her father would have come himself, but he is old and has felt this shock deeply. I have come in his place."

Staring at the stern white-haired man of renowned adventures, Don Vicente's heart grew big with a rush of self-pity. Was it for this he had wept but a moment ago? Was it for this he had been vouchsafed a glimpse of the mercy of God? How he would have welcomed the chance to pour out his heart to a kindly, sympathetic friend of Patricia's! And instead—this old beast. What a joke!

"You are a little abrupt, sir," he said, trying to be calm.

"I do not wish to prolong our acquaintance, Señor Alvarado. Would you be so good as to tell Miss Maugan that her father has sent me?"

And Vicente, staring at the erect old man who treated him like dirt, felt himself slipping down the sides of a deep well. Oh, he knew that hole well! Hadn't he lived there for years—until a few minutes ago, when a miracle had helped him to clamber out? And now he

Where are the Snows of Yesteryear?

EVERY now and again, the placid surface of the electric cleaner industry is startled by a fresh commotion.

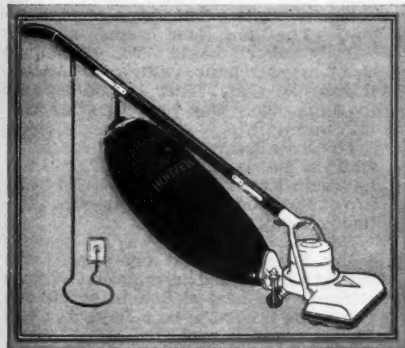
Some one machine or other is rushed forward as the champion of a new popularity, and passes as a comet across the commercial sky.

Inspired salesmen hurry out to perform "amazing" demonstrations. Special "inducements" are offered. There is much talk of "new-day methods," of "above-the-floor efficiency," of "sanitation systems," of almost everything except the electric cleaner's essential job.

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But soon the tumult dies, the fever passes, and the forced-draft popularity, so "like snow upon the desert's dusty face, lighting a little hour or two," is gone!

Each time the clearing atmosphere reveals the real Leadership more solidly entrenched in one machine, more serenely enthroned in one outstanding product, more firmly than ever upheld beyond serious challenge in one incomparable cleaner — The HOOVER!



What are the facts and evidence of the perennial leadership of The Hoover? They are these:

More Hoover cleaners are in use than are any other kind.

More money is invested by the public for the purchase of Hoover cleaners — daily, monthly, yearly — than for any other kind.

More money is invested in the Hoover cleaners in use — by twice as much — as in any other kind.

More Hoover cleaners are sold — 48% of all we sell — as the result of recommendations by Hoover users to friends.

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And on what factors of superiority is based the unchanging public preference for The Hoover? These:

The Hoover is most efficient in the fundamental purpose of an electric cleaner: it gets MORE DIRT PER MINUTE.

The Hoover is better designed, better built, longer-lived, more thorough in action, easier to use.

The Hoover for these sound reasons enjoys a higher re-sale value.

The Hoover is serviced expertly and promptly by the finest Service Organization in the electric cleaner field.

The Hoover is kept in the vanguard of progress by the most comprehensive and advanced engineering research in its industry.

The Hoover is the mature and dependable product of the first, oldest and largest electric cleaner manufacturer in the world.

Don't be confused or misled.

When you are told that Hoover accomplishment is equaled, or Hoover leadership is challenged, ask yourself "where are the snows of yesteryear," and demand to see the quality, the service, the value comparable to The Hoover. Until these appear, The Hoover has no rival!

The HOOVER

IT BEATS... AS IT SWEEPS... AS IT CLEANS
ON A CUSHION OF AIR

was being shoved down again. What a joke!

Self-pity turned to anger. Ah, that was better. He could feel rising up in him the dark strong current of his anger.

"And suppose I tell you, Sir Julius Román," he smiled, "to go to the devil?"

The old man sat down on a small hard chair.

"I shall wait," he said indifferently. "In silence, if you please."

Don Vicente burst out laughing. There wasn't, you can see, much else to do in the face of such contempt.

"Your age protects you, sir," he said, "or I would throw you out into the street."

ROMÁN raised his eyes from the floor and bent them on our friend in a long, thoughtful scrutiny.

"You had better be silent, young man, and do as I bid you. I can see into you, Señor Alvarado, and I can see nothing good. You may have heard that I have spent a long life in gaining experience of men. Do not put yourself against me. Now go and call Miss Maugan. And when we have gone, you can think over your sins."

Don Vicente, to his own infinite surprise, found himself saying bitterly: "How do you know I am so—rotten? How do you know I don't love her sincerely?"

The old man lowered his eyes again and contemplated the carpet. Don Vicente found his position intolerable, shameful, standing there like a school-boy before a master who despised him.

"You are the author of your own reputation, young man," Sir Julius Román slowly addressed the carpet. "As to whether or not you love Patricia sincerely, I can only say that I am positive you love her with an uneasy conscience. You will harm her. Had I to choose between your death and your marrying this girl, I should choose your death."

"What nonsense!" Vicente snapped unsteadily. "How can you know anything about my conscience?"

What did this arrogant old man know about him?

"What do you know about me?" he asked, trying to make his voice sound light. But he stared at his enemy as though his life depended on the answer to his question.

"Everything," said old Julius Román, never raising his eyes from the carpet. "Now, enough of this conversation. Please call Miss Maugan."

"You treat me like a servant!" Vicente said, trembling.

But the great explorer did not deign to answer. An awful feeling of self-repulsion swept over Vicente. His hatred of Sir Julius Román was swallowed up in a more intolerable hatred of himself. That he, Vicente Alvarado, had let himself come to this, to be despised like this! He stared at the old man dumbly, stupid with self-repulsion.

"I am waiting," said Sir Julius Román. "And you can jolly well wait!" Vicente shouted, beyond himself.

At that moment the bedroom door was opened. From within Patricia looked at her lover anxiously. Then she saw Sir Julius Román, and she gave a little gasp.

Vicente, watching her intently, missed nothing. Her respectful timidity before his enemy sharpened the edges of his self-repulsion. He looked at her with bitter dislike.

"This old man has come for you," he said harshly.

But she did not glance at him, looking timidly at her father's friend.

At her entrance, Sir Julius Román had

risen. Vicente watched him intently, as though every movement the erect old man made was of the utmost importance. But Román, his eyes lowered, seemed to be a figure carved of patience.

"I was just coming," Patricia said, almost inaudibly.

"It is time. Come."

And without so much as a glance at Don Vicente, Sir Julius Román walked slowly across the room to the door.

Vicente was as though paralyzed. His hatred bewildered him, left him utterly stupid. This man, this fellow Román, was his bitter enemy—he could not think beyond that.

He stared after the straight arrogant back, unable to move, to speak. Patricia looked at her lover anxiously. Her stern godfather drew her after him relentlessly, but her eyes sought Vicente. Why did he look like that, so—so distraught? She tried to catch his eye with a reassuring smile.

"Good-by, darling," she whispered. "See you soon."

But Vicente still stared with fascinated eyes after the disdainful old man. And now his hatred, coursing through his blood, began to warm him. Ah! that was better. He smiled.

"I shall see you again, Julius Román," he called out.

The old man, very tall in the dimly lighted hall, had opened the door. He waited, his back to the room, a stern, forbidding, indifferent figure. Vicente's servant hovered uneasily in the background. Vicente smiled. Patricia, waving to him from the doorway, took courage from that smile.

Then he kissed his hand to her, did Don Vicente. Oh, he hadn't forgotten Patricia! Hadn't he just made the amazing discovery that he loved her? Oh, he wouldn't lose her, not for a thousand Julius Románs!

And so the lovers parted without another word spoken between them.

When Vicente was left alone, it was not quite eight o'clock. Had he been asked at midnight how he had passed the preceding four hours, he could not have answered. He did not know. He haunted his rooms.

He could not get the contemptuous old man out of his head. Well, you can see his point. He wasn't used to men, old or young, getting in his way. He was outraged, too, in his sense of justice. Wasn't he, in this affair of Patricia, a servant of God—in God's protection? He was convinced of it. How else, then, had he so miraculously been made to see his wickedness and been prevented from committing an unforgivable sin against the girl he loved?

But do what he would, he could not think clearly of Patricia. That was the trouble. He tried to, but what was the use?

He was sick with hatred for the old man Román. The proud, hard-hearted beast. He couldn't help devising bitter humiliations for Sir Julius Román. He cursed himself for a fool even as he did it, but he could not help grinning at fancies of his distress and humiliation.

That Patricia's godfather was his relentless enemy there was no doubt. The arrogant old brute! Lord of all he surveyed, that's how he must think of himself. Heartless, too. A man who deserved punishment.

What it came to was that he must beat Julius Román or die. There it was, in a nutshell. For without Patricia he could not resist opium. And so, without Patricia he would die, and his soul would rot in hell. And Julius Román was sending him there—scheming to get

him there. A man without pity. A wolf. Curse him—oh, curse him!

A torturing bitterness kept Vicente pacing feverishly about his rooms. He saw himself as he was now, and he was unutterably sorry for himself. Oh, he had been bad—he admitted that. He had been blind. But had he not been shown the light? And was he not to be given a chance, now that he had seen the infinite mercy of God? Was this man, this Julius Román, to stand between him and God's mercy? It was unbearable.

Why shouldn't he be given a chance of happiness, now that he knew how to cherish happiness? Here he was, on his knees before God, and what was the result? An arrogant old man kept him from his salvation. A man without sympathy, without pity. A wolf. Well, the fellow had an influence over Patricia, one could see that. Probably wanted to marry her himself for her money, the nasty old schemer. Well, one had to deal pretty sharply with those fellows. One had to show them one wasn't frightened of them. One had to pull them up sharply.

But how was that to be done, and quickly? That was the devil of it; a man hadn't time to think. This Román fellow would be shipping Patricia off to New York in a day or two. A man without a heart. Well, but how was he to be taught in next to no time that Vicente Rodríguez Alvarado was not a man to be treated like dirt?

If only one could think clearly!

He stopped before a rare little lacquer cabinet, and stared at it hungrily. He unlocked it with a key on his chain. There they were on their neat trays, the beautiful pipes. That was carving for you! The long jade stems, and the warmly colored bowls. You could hold them in your hands with real pleasure, things like that. They helped a fellow to think, too. One pipe wouldn't hurt him, surely . . .

The little lacquer cabinet shook on its stand as he slammed it to. What a fool he would look if he died now! How that arrogant old brute would smile—the thin-lipped Torquemada!

No, that wasn't the way to beat Sir Julius Román. What one needed was strength of mind, determination. Vicente grinned. To beat a Román at his own game, one needed to be a Bayard, a very Christian gentleman.

WHEN, about ten o'clock, he was disturbed in his restless pacing by the telephone bell, and he heard Patricia's voice, he was not surprised. He knew what she was going to say, too. Julius Román had been up to his tricks, naturally. It wasn't surprising, in a man without a heart.

He listened to Patricia patiently. In point of fact, he heard little of what she was saying. That confounded Román was the fellow to get at. But he did not tell Patricia that. What was the good of frightening the poor girl? She was upset enough as it was. It was the devil, the way those stern righteous fellows made a girl suffer.

"Daddy's taking me away day after tomorrow," Patricia wailed.

"New York?"

"Oh, darling, yes! Did you ever hear of such a thing? But I'm coming back to you, Vicente—truly I am."

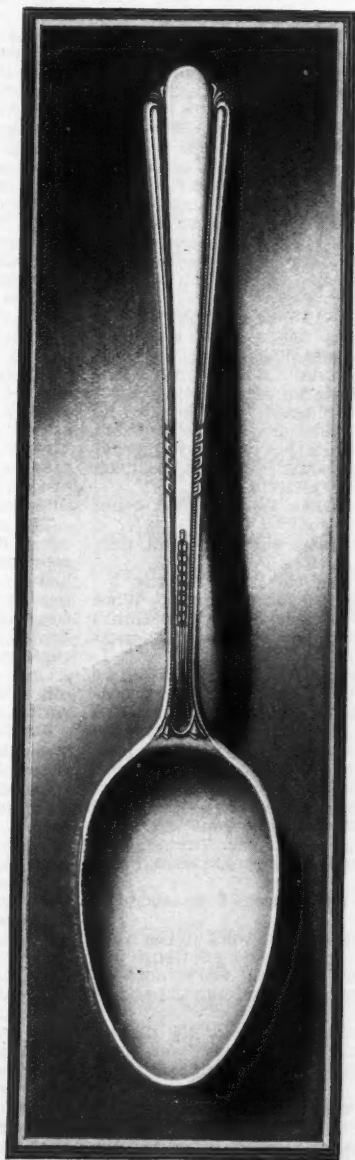
He was quiet. Well, what was the use of getting excited? She wasn't going to New York. He would see to that.

"Why are you letting them take you away from me, Patricia?"

He wanted to hear the fellow's name—it somehow fed his determination to do

-CHARM-

THE PRIZE WINNING
DESIGN in a NOTABLE
ART COMPETITION



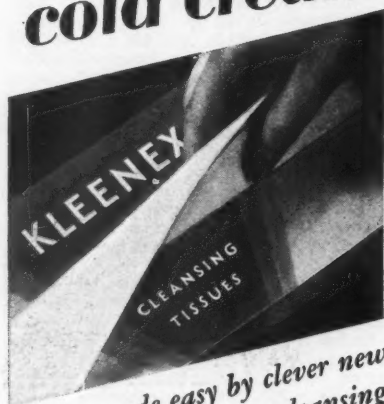
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something. Oh, and he would! So Julius Román was sending her away, was he? Was he? He didn't know the half of it yet, did Sir Julius Román.

"You see, darling, old Uncle Julius says..."

And so on, all just as he had expected. She always called the fellow "old Uncle Julius." Well, old Uncle Julius was storing things up for himself.

"Darling, I can see you tomorrow to say good-by," she said tearfully.

"Yes," he said absently. "Tell me, Patricia, why do you take so much notice of what this fellow Román says?"

"But Vicente, he is a very important man, who has been attached to Daddy for years and years. And he has loved me since I was a baby. Besides being a great man he is a good man, truly he is. And he knows everything. Life is so difficult, darling! He says it will be best for me not to see you for six months, and then if I still feel the same—"

Don Vicente grinned into the telephone. Six months, was it? In six months—six months without Patricia to keep him from the craving for opium—he would be dead. That was certain.

No, Uncle Julius, that wouldn't do. An Alvarado did not wait six months because a moth-eaten old explorer told him to. An Alvarado did not die because an Englishman told him he was better dead. "What is the man's objection to me?" Vicente asked quietly.

"Darling, he says—he says he wouldn't trust me in your hands as you are now."

"Why?" snapped Vicente.

"Oh, darling, don't snap at me! You know what those old men are. They get ideas into their heads. And he says he knows something about you—he won't tell me what. He just thinks you're not trustworthy, darling. And as he loves me so, he's afraid that—"

"Yes, of course. But does he doubt that I love you too?"

Patricia hesitated pitifully. "No, darling."

"Please tell me the truth, Patricia."

"Oh, life's so difficult sometimes! What can I say, Vicente? He says he thinks you're up to something; that you want to use me in some way."

"I see," said Vicente quietly. Well, he wasn't surprised. Of course that prowling wolf had guessed something, had guessed that he, Vicente, wanted the girl to help him. Perhaps he had even guessed that opium was the trouble. Those scientific fellows were crafty at worming things out about people. And so Uncle Julius did not want him to be helped; did not care if he, Vicente, lived or died. Well, it wasn't surprising, in a man without a heart.

"What is his address?" he suddenly asked.

"Oh, darling, do you want to see him? Oh, I wish you would! Perhaps you could convince him that you're not—"

"Well, where can I find him if I should want him?"

"He's stopping with us for the night—here. Oh, darling, I do wish you would see him and try to persuade him that—"

"I'll see, Patricia; I'll see."

And Vicente, feverishly eager to get back to ways and means of outwitting Julius Román, was almost abrupt in sending Patricia from the telephone. Her last words to him were, tearfully, that she would be seeing him on the morrow to say good-by. "Life's so complicated, darling!"

He grinned to himself, thinking of how uncommonly complicated life was going to be for old Uncle Julius. The devil of it was, of course, to think of a good plan quickly.

Then, at last, a smile lighted Don Vicente's face. He laughed.

It was a few minutes after midnight. Forgetting in his eagerness to put on hat or coat, he dashed out of his apartment and down the stairs.

That night, or rather in the early hours of the following morning, there was a peculiar happening at a certain house in the Rue Alfred de Vigny. The newspapers for a few days were not without some curiosity as to what had passed, but the police remained uninterested.

Subsequently, it was understood that the owner of the house, a young Spanish nobleman of the name of José María de Casa Valda, had taken the affair very much to heart.

He was a cheerful young man, and no doubt a death in his house depressed him. It was not long before his agents had concluded negotiations for the sale of the lease to a wealthy American. This was fortunate for the young Marquis de Casa Valda, who had more than once been heard to declare that "he would have given the confounded house away rather than set foot in it ever again."

The death in the house in the Rue Alfred de Vigny naturally caused some talk. The sudden death of a man in the flower of life and health is always surprising. But what more can be said? Who shall account for the caprices of the angel of death? A man is alive. Behold, he is dead. Why? Because his heart has stopped beating. What more can be said?

However, a large part of his acquaintances—and our English friend Fenwick in particular—were made not a little uneasy by the untimely death of Señor Don Vicente Rodríguez Alvarado. They felt they had done the young man less than justice. Their past skepticism distressed their present consciences.

The unfortunate young man had, without a doubt, foreseen his death. Such complex natures are subject, it is well known, to premonitions. And the skeptics who had thought Señor Alvarado's frequent description of himself as "a Christian gentleman" misapplied, were confounded at hearing that he had died, if not exactly like one, at least with some manifestations of a desire for salvation.

For Don Vicente, feeling the approach of death while visiting at the house of his friend Casa Valda late that night, and refusing to have a doctor, had yet insisted on Casa Valda's summoning a wise man.

That was how Don Vicente had expressed himself, saying he had lived too ill a life to be worthy of the consolations of religion, but that he could not bear to die without some speech with a truly wise and good old man, whose name and address he had pressed on the bewildered Casa Valda. And it was with this wise old man that Don Vicente had been closeted for an hour before his death. That was to his credit.

The name of this Samaritan, when it was given at the subsequent investigation, increased the new respect in which the unfortunate young man's friends were beginning to hold his memory. It was that of Sir Julian Román, the intrepid and renowned explorer, a figure respected the world over wherever men respect austerity, unselfishness, courage and saintliness. It was to be regretted that Sir Julius Román had had to leave for America the day after the unfortunate young man's decease.

That, in effect, was what the newspapers said. As for José María de Casa Valda, it was many months before that cheerful young man could be said to

have regained his spirits. Nor for many more could he be persuaded to speak of his friend's death at his house.

Death awed young Casa Valda. A pious youth, he respected God. A gentleman, he respected old age. A Roman Catholic, he revered priests. But after Vicente's death he feared them as well. For he felt guilty before them, and what can be worse for a good young man's peace of mind than the gnawings of guilt and remorse?

When at last he was brought to speak to his intimates of what had happened that night, he could not repress a certain querulousness. He admitted, while regretting it, that he nursed a grievance against poor Vicente. In short, José María de Casa Valda declared, with tears in his eyes, that he had been sadly put upon by Vicente, and that never again in this life would he do a friend a service.

Not that he exonerated himself from all blame. On the contrary, he had been weak and foolish. How often he had cursed himself for having allowed poor Vicente to overpersuade him!

For he had known he was doing wrong. The Casa Valdas were famous for their sensitive consciences. He had known that no good could come from playing a practical joke on a wise and saintly old man whom all the world respected.

At the same time, it was no more than a joke—poor Vicente had insisted on that. That was all it was, a joke. Just a joke.

José María de Casa Valda declared that he had not been persuaded easily. Poor Vicente had grown angry. Couldn't Casa Valda help a friend to play a joke on an officious old man who was standing between that friend and a girl, the love of his life? And what did he, Vicente, ask of his friend? It was nothing—merely to ring up Sir Julius Román and say that Vicente Alvarado lay ill at his house and, fearing he was about to die, had but one desire: to see Sir Julius Román before he breathed his last.

That was all that he, Casa Valda, had to do. Sir Julius Román, Vicente had declared, would then come to the house. Casa Valda would greet him with appropriate solemnity; would show him into a little room where Vicente lay on a couch beneath a rug, and leave the two there to their duel.

"A duel of words, of course!" Casa Valda had exclaimed.

"Naturally!" Vicente had snapped. "Am I the man—I, a Christian gentleman—to draw a sword at a respected old man, no matter how he has insulted me?"

José María de Casa Valda then declared, with tears in his eyes, that never again would he take a friend's word on trust. For after Sir Julius Román had come and gone he had found two rapiers by poor Vicente's side on the couch, concealed beneath the rug.

While he, Casa Valda, was telephoning, Vicente must have taken the rapiers from their case in the bedroom and hidden them there. And for what reason? What had he intended but a duel with an unsuspecting old man lured to his, Casa Valda's house, on false pretenses? And what had been the result of this deceit, disloyalty and impiety? How terribly poor misguided Vicente had been punished!

Young Casa Valda declared time after time that had there been no woman concerned he would not have dreamed of taking a hand in the joke. But the Casa Valdas were notorious for that delicacy of feeling towards women which has made the chivalry of Spain so famous.

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Besides, the joke was such a little one, so harmless. It was no more than a subterfuge to get Sir Julius Román to the house so that Vicente could have a little private conversation with him and persuade him that he, Vicente, was not such a bad fellow after all. It was not good, of course, to pretend that Vicente was lying at death's door. But Vicente had insisted that Sir Julius Román detested him so much that only the gravest appeal could insure his presence.

Therefore, it was with no profound sense of wrongdoing that José Maria de Casa Valda solemnly greeted the great explorer. (His servants had been sent to bed.) How differently he would have felt had he known of those twin devilish rapiers hidden beside Vicente on the couch! How terribly he, Casa Valda, would have felt betrayed, both as a man of honor and a good Catholic! Had he known of those rapiers, Casa Valda declared, he would not have hesitated to challenge Vicente there and then.

As it was, however, it was without any great unease that he ushered Sir Julius Román into the small room where poor Vicente lay under a rug. Indeed, he winked at Vicente as he quickly closed the door on them.

It was only then, as he stood in the narrow passage outside, that the first premonition of disaster came to him. Through the door, he heard Vicente laugh. He heard Vicente's quick steps. And then the key was turned in the lock.

José Maria de Casa Valda was left in acute distress. Vicente had not told him he was going to lock the door. Why had he locked the door? It was distressing. Had he had so much as an inkling of the presence of those rapiers, he would have called his servants to help him smash down the door.

As it was, however, his mind gradually quieted. Nothing untoward appeared to be happening within the little room. For the young man did not hesitate to admit that he listened anxiously at the door.

Unfortunately, the door was stoutly built. He could hear nothing but the quick murmur of Vicente's voice. Doubtless, he was persuading Sir Julius Román of his eligibility as a husband. Casa Valda could not distinguish any other voice than Vicente's. The old man, however, had impressed him as a man given to long silences.

Young Casa Valda, his mind somewhat at rest, went back to his library to have a drink. He had, in point of fact, more than one. At the end of half an hour he went back to the door of the little room. Not a sound came from within.

Pressed by an urgent anxiety, he knocked. By then, however, his ears having grown more attuned to the silence, he could distinguish a voice within. He drew a breath of relief. It was Vicente's voice. His relief, however, was short-lived. Was that Vicente's voice? Drowsy and monotonous, it came through the door like a voice in prayer. Vicente praying!

Suddenly Casa Valda smiled. No doubt the strong-minded old boy had imposed his superior will on Vicente and, to prove to him that he was unworthy of the girl, was making him confess all the bad things he had done. His best friend could not deny that it was high time for Vicente to begin turning over a new leaf.

The young man, now quite at rest, indeed smiling at Vicente's discomfiture, returned to his glass in the library.

It was only after a quarter of an hour's pacing to and fro that a terrible idea occurred to him. It gave him such a shock that he felt himself go white. He heard again Vicente's monotonous voice

—like a voice confessing. The awful connection between that and their plot held him transfixed with horror.

Had they not enticed Sir Julius Román to the house with the pretense that Vicente lay at the point of death? And what would a wise and saintly old man most properly do in the presence of death? Oh, heaven, he would listen patiently to the wretch's confession of sins and hopes of salvation!

The young man rushed down the passage to the closed door. His onslaught on the door must have resounded through the house. Superstition lent the timid young man strength.

"Stop that joke, Vicente!" he yelled. "Stop it, I tell you!"

But from within there came no sign that he had been heard. And Casa Valda was halfway down the corridor towards the servants' quarters, to command them to force an entrance to the room, when the opening of the door behind him made him swing round panting.

Old Julius Román stood in the doorway, looking at him gravely.

"What is it?" the young man stammered. "Why do you look like that? What has happened?"

His main sensation, curiously enough, was that there was an uncommonly strong draft in the room behind the old man. For Sir Julius Román's tall figure filled the doorway, obscuring the room.

"Did you open the window? You two haven't been sitting in the cold!" Casa Valda said idiotically.

"Young man," Sir Julius Román gravely addressed him, "you should not have called me. I agree that a doctor could have done nothing, for I know something of medicine. But you, who are doubtless a good Catholic, should have insisted on calling a priest. But I



FOR THE WOMAN
WHO MAKES LIFE
MORE
THAN A MERE
ROUTINE

have done my best, as a layman, to offer what consolation I could."

The young man stared idiotically. He felt his knees trembling. The silence from the room behind old Julius Román terrified him. What did it mean? Why did Vicente not speak?

"Consolation?" he stammered.

There was something of gentleness in the old man's steady eyes for the youth's fear and distress.

"But," Casa Valda stammered, shivering in the draft from the open window—"but sir, consolation—?"

"Your friend is dead," Julius Román said gently. And he stood aside from the doorway.

"Dead?" sobbed Casa Valda, staring with horror-struck eyes at the still figure on the couch. Vicente's eyes were closed. He seemed to be smiling. Uncontrollable terror mastered the young man's awe of the stern old man beside him.

"Dead! But he wasn't even ill!" he screamed.

Sir Julius Román eyed him sternly. "Young man, you do not know what you are saying. Your friend was seriously ill."

"But it was a joke, sir!" Casa Valda blubbered.

"Then you deluded yourselves, Monsieur. Señor Alvarado's illness was, unfortunately, incurable. In all my travels, sir, I have not seen a man on whose face death was written plainer."

"But I tell you," Casa Valda whispered piteously, "it was all a joke—he was as well as you or I."

"Let us not delude ourselves, my friend. The unfortunate young man is better dead. For his soul was diseased."

"No, no!" Casa Valda cried.

"It is as I say, Monsieur," Sir Julius Román said gently. "His friends should be happy, however, inasmuch as he died

in peace. Forewarned of death as he was—"

"Oh, my Lord!" sobbed the young man. "It was a joke, sir; just a joke."

"Forewarned of death, he chose to confide his sins and his hopes of salvation in me rather than in a priest. He did me great honor, young man, and in return I gave him what consolation I could. So he died in peace. Look at him—could death wear a sweeter face? He is smiling. He is with God, Who cleanses us all."

And then Sir Julius Román went out of the house, leaving the young man shivering in the bitter draft from the open window, which he did not think to close, so numbed was he with awe and remorse.

Later he found the two rapiers by poor Vicente's side, hidden beneath the rug.

For many days and nights afterwards José Maria de Casa Valda anxiously asked himself whether he should not retire into a monastery and forswear a world in which men could be punished so awfully and mysteriously. For he could not deny that Vicente Alvarado had been most properly punished. Those concealed rapiers could mean but one thing: that poor Vicente had intended to violate all codes of honor by challenging an unsuspecting old man to a duel.

But the rapiers had never been used! It was at that thought that young Casa Valda shivered with superstitious fear. How, then, had poor Vicente been punished, with what divine sorcery, so that not a mark was left on his body, and the doctors said that, having a naturally weak heart further weakened by intemperate living, he had died in the ordinary course of things?

There was one doctor, however, who gave no opinion on the death of Vicente Alvarado. This was the accomplished and cynical Jean Jacques Gaudin who had told the unfortunate young man that opium would kill him. Doctor Gaudin smiled thoughtfully when he heard that, although it had been a chilly night, the windows of the room in which the body was found were wide open.

When, at a learned dinner some time later, Doctor Gaudin met Sir Julius Román, lately returned from an expedition in the interior of Brazil, he drew the great explorer and scientist aside and addressed him thus:

"Since when, Maitre, has it been the practice of brave and honorable men to take opium pipes with them when they are summoned to a dying man's bedside?"

"We cannot always choose our weapons, doctor."

"And the end justifies the means?" asked Doctor Gaudin.

"An unworthy question, doctor. Can you, who knew the poor young man, deny that he was bad; that he had a talent for corrupting virtue; that it was better for his soul that he should die than that he should destroy; that, in short, he was better dead?"

"And you were the judge of that?"

"An honest man cannot always choose his duties, doctor."

Doctor Gaudin shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps you are right, Maitre. All the same, I prefer to leave those decisions to God."

Sir Julius Román smiled.

"And He, my dear doctor, prefers to leave those small operations to those who have faith in His mercy, even to the unworthiest of them—just as He leaves to your accomplished hands the excision of a poisoned appendix."

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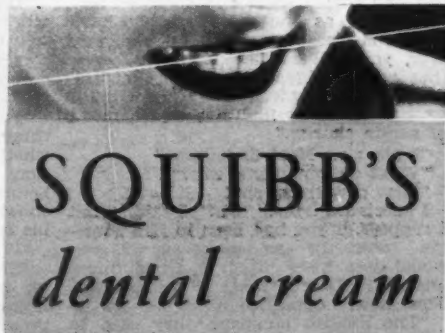
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The Borrowed Dog by P. G. Wodehouse (Continued from page 85)

in the world you wouldn't do for me?"

I paused a trifle warily. It is true that I had expressed myself in some such terms as she had indicated, but that was before the affair of Tuppy and the hot-water bottle, and in the calmer frame of mind induced by that episode I wasn't feeling quite so spacious.

You know how it is. Love's flame flickers and dies, Reason returns to her throne, and you aren't quite so ready to hop about and jump through hoops as in the first pristine glow of the divine passion.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Well, it's nothing I actually want you to do. It's something I've done that I hope you won't be sticky about. Just before I began reading the play, that dog of yours, the Aberdeen terrier, came into the room. The child Blumenfeld was very much taken with it and said he wished he had a dog like that. So naturally I had to say, 'Oh, I'll give you this one.'"

I SWAYED somewhat. "You—you—What was that?"

"I gave him the dog. I knew you wouldn't mind. You see, it was vital to keep cossetting him. If I'd refused, he would have cut up rough and all that roly-poly pudding and stuff would have been thrown away. You see—"

I hung up. The jaw had fallen; the eyes were protruding. I tottered from the booth and, reeling out of the club, hailed a taxi. I got to the flat and yelled for Jeeves.

"Jeeves!"

"Sir?"

"Do you know what?"

"No, sir."

"The dog—my aunt Agatha's dog—McIntosh—"

"I have not seen him for some little while, sir. He left me after the conclusion of luncheon. Possibly he is in your bedroom."

"Yes, and possibly he jolly dashed well isn't. If you want to know where he is, he's in a suite at the Savoy."

"Sir?"

"Miss Wickham has just told me she gave him to Blumenfeld Junior."

"Sir?"

"Gave him to Blumenfeld Junior, I tell you. As a present. As a gift. With warm personal regards."

"What was her motive in doing that, sir?"

I explained the circe. Jeeves did a bit of respectful tongue-clicking.

"I have always maintained, if you will remember, sir," he said, when I had finished, "that Miss Wickham, though a charming young lady—"

"Yes, yes; never mind about that. What are we going to do? That's the point. Aunt Agatha is due back between the hours of six and seven. She will find herself short one Aberdeen terrier. And as she will probably have been considerably seasick all the way over, you will readily perceive, Jeeves, that when I break the news that the dog has been given away to a total stranger, I shall find her in no mood of gentle charity."

"I see, sir. Most disturbing."

"What did you say it was?"

"Most disturbing, sir."

I snorted a trifle. "Oh?" I said. "And I suppose, if you had been in San Francisco when the earthquake started, you would just have lifted up your finger and said, 'Tweet, tweet! Shush, shush! Now, now! Come, come!'"

"The English language, they used to

tell me at school, is the richest in the world, crammed full from end to end with about a million red-hot adjectives. Yet the only one you can find to describe this ghastly business is the adjective 'disturbing.' It is not disturbing, Jeeves. It is—what's the word I want? Several syllables, beginning with c."

"Cataclysmal, sir?"

"I shouldn't wonder. Well, what's to be done?"

"I will bring you a whisky and soda, sir."

"What's the good of that?"

"It will refresh you, sir. And in the meantime, if it is your wish, I will give the matter consideration."

"Carry on."

"Very good, sir. I assume that it is not your desire to do anything that may in any way jeopardize the cordial relations which now exist between Miss Wickham and Mr. and Master Blumenfeld?"

"Eh?"

"You would not, for example, contemplate proceeding to the Savoy Hotel and demanding the return of the dog?"

It was a tempting thought, but I shook the old onion firmly. There are things which a Wooster can do and things which, if you follow me, a Wooster cannot do.

The procedure which he had indicated would undoubtedly have brought home the bacon, but the thwarted kid would have been bound to turn nasty and change his mind about the play. And, while I didn't think that any drama written by Bobbie's mother was likely to do the theatergoing public any good, I couldn't dash the cup of happiness, so to speak, from the blighted girl's lips, as it were. *Noblesse oblige* about sums the thing up.

"No, Jeeves," I said. "But if you can think of some way by which I can oil privily into the suite and sneak the animal out of it without causing any hard feelings, spill it."

"I will endeavor to do so, sir."

"Snap into it, then, without delay. They say fish are good for the brain. Have a go at the sardines and come back and report."

"Very good, sir."

It was about ten minutes later that he entered the presence once more.

"I fancy, sir—"

"Yes, Jeeves?"

"I rather fancy, sir, that I have discovered a plan of action."

"Or scheme?"

"Or scheme, sir. A plan of action or scheme which will meet the situation. If I understand you rightly, sir, Mr. and Master Blumenfeld have attended a motion-picture performance?"

"Correct."

"In which case, they should not return to the hotel before five-fifteen?"

"Correct—once more. Miss Wickham is scheduled to blow in at five-thirty to sign the contract."

"The suite, therefore, is at present unoccupied."

"Except for McIntosh."

"Except for McIntosh, sir. Everything, accordingly, must depend on whether Mr. Blumenfeld left instructions that, in the event of her arriving before he did, Miss Wickham was to be shown straight up to the suite, to await his return."

"Why does everything depend on that?"

"Should he have done so, sir, the matter becomes quite simple. All that is necessary is that Miss Wickham shall present herself at the hotel at five

o'clock. She will go up to the suite. You will also have arrived at the hotel at five, sir, and will have made your way to the corridor outside the suite. If Mr. and Master Blumenfeld have not returned, Miss Wickham will open the door and come out and you will go in, secure the dog and take your departure."

I stared at the man. "How many tins of sardines did you eat, Jeeves?"

"None, sir. I am not fond of sardines."

"You mean, you thought of this great, this ripe, this amazing scheme entirely without the impetus given to the brain by fish?"

"Yes, sir."

"You stand alone, Jeeves."

"Thank you, sir."

"But, I say!"

"Sir?"

"Suppose the dog won't come away with me? You know how meager his intelligence is. By this time, especially when he's got used to a new place, he may have forgotten me completely and will look on me as a perfect stranger."

"I had thought of that, sir. The most judicious move will be for you to sprinkle your trousers with aniseed."

"Aniseed?"

"Yes, sir. It is extensively used in the dog-stealing industry."

"But Jeeves—dash it!—aniseed?"

"I consider it essential, sir."

"But where do you get the stuff?"

"At any chemist's, sir. If you will go out now and procure a small bottle, I will be telephoning to Miss Wickham to apprise her of the contemplated arrangements and to ascertain whether she is to be admitted to the suite."

I don't know what the record is for popping out and buying aniseed, but I should think I hold it. The thought of Aunt Agatha getting nearer and nearer to the metropolis every minute induced a rare burst of speed. I was back at the flat so quickly that I nearly met myself coming out.

Jeeves had good news.

"Everything is perfectly satisfactory, sir. Mr. Blumenfeld did leave instructions that Miss Wickham was to be admitted to his suite. The young lady is now on her way to the hotel. By the time you reach it, you will find her there."

YOU know, whatever you may say against old Jeeves—and I, for one, have never wavered in my opinion that his views on shirts for evening wear are hidebound and reactionary to a degree—you've got to admit that the man can plan a campaign. Napoleon could have taken his correspondence course. When he sketches out a scheme, all you have to do is to follow it in every detail, and there you are.

On the present occasion everything went absolutely according to plan. I never had realized before that dog-stealing could be so simple, always having regarded it rather as something that called for the ice-cool brain and the nerve of steel. I see now that a child can do it, if directed by Jeeves.

I got to the hotel, sneaked up the stairs, hung about in the corridor trying to look like a potted palm in case anybody came along, and presently the door of the suite opened and Bobbie appeared and suddenly, as I approached, out shot McIntosh, sniffing passionately, and the next moment his nose was up against my trousers and he was drinking me in with every evidence of enjoyment.



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If I had been a bird that had been dead some time, he could not have nuzzled me more heartily. Aniseed isn't a scent that I care for particularly myself, but it seemed to speak straight to the deeps in McIntosh's soul.

The connection, as it were, having been established in this manner, the rest was simple. I merely withdrew, followed by the animal in the order named. We passed down the stairs in good shape, self reeking to heaven and animal inhaling the bouquet, and after a few anxious moments were safe in a cab, homeward bound. As smooth a bit of work as London had seen that day.

Arrived at the flat, I handed McIntosh to Jeeves and instructed him to shut him up in the bathroom or somewhere where the spell cast by my trousers would cease to operate. This done, I again paid the man a marked tribute.

"Jeeves," I said, "I have had occasion to express the view before, and I now express it again—fearlessly. You stand in a class of your own."

"Thank you very much, sir. I am glad that everything proceeded satisfactorily."

"The festivities went like a breeze from start to finish. Tell me, were you always like this, or did it come on suddenly?"

"Sir?"

"The brain. The gray matter. Were you an outstandingly brilliant boy?"

"My mother thought me intelligent, sir."

"You can't go by that. My mother thought me intelligent. Anyway, setting that aside for the moment, would a fiver be any use to you?"

"Thank you very much, sir."

"Not that a fiver begins to cover it. Figure to yourself—try to envisage, Jeeves, if you follow what I mean, the probable behavior of my aunt Agatha if I had gone to her between the hours of six and seven and told her that McIntosh had passed out of the picture. I should have had to leave London and grow a beard."

"I can readily imagine, sir, that Mrs. Spenser Gregson would have been somewhat perturbed."

"She would. And on the occasions when my aunt Agatha is perturbed strong men dive down drainpipes to get out of her way. However, as it is, all has ended happily . . . Oh, great Scott!"

"Sir?"

I hesitated. It seemed a shame to cast a damper on the man just when he had extended himself so notably in the young master's cause, but it had to be done.

"You've overlooked something, Jeeves."

"Surely not, sir?"

"Yes, Jeeves, I regret to say that the late scheme or plan of action, while gilt-edged as far as I am concerned, has rather landed Miss Wickham in the cart."

"In what way, sir?"

"Why, don't you see that if they know she was in the suite, the Blumenfelds, father and son, will instantly assume that she was mixed up in McIntosh's disappearance, with the result that in their pique and chagrin they will call off the deal about the play? I'm surprised at you not spotting that, Jeeves. You would have done much better to eat those sardines, as I advised."

I wagged the head rather sadly, and at this moment there was a ring at the front doorbell. And not an ordinary ring, mind you, but one of those resounding peals that suggest that somebody with a high blood pressure and a grievance stands without. I leaped in my tracks. My busy afternoon had left

the old nervous system not quite in mid-season form.

"Good Lord, Jeeves!"

"Somebody at the door, sir."

"Yes."

"Probably Mr. Blumenfeld, Senior, sir."

"What!"

"He rang up on the telephone, sir, shortly before you returned, to say that he was about to pay you a call."

"You don't mean that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Advise me, Jeeves!"

"I fancy the most judicious procedure would be for you to conceal yourself behind the settee, sir."

I saw that his advice was good. I had never met this Blumenfeld socially, but I had seen him from afar on the occasion when he and Cyril Bassington-Bassington had had their falling-out, and he hadn't struck me then as a bloke with whom, if in one of his emotional moods, it would be agreeable to be shut up in a small room. A large, round, fat, overflowing bird, who might quite easily, if stirred, fall on a fellow and flatten him to the carpet.

So I nestled behind the settee, and in about five seconds there was a sound like a mighty, rushing wind and something extraordinarily substantial bounded into the sitting room.

"This guy Wooster!" bellowed a voice that had been strengthened by a lifetime of ticking actors off at dress rehearsals from the back of the theater. "Where is he?"

Jeeves continued suave. "I could not say, sir."

"He's sneaked my son's dog."

"Indeed, sir?"

"Walked into my suite as cool as dammit and took the animal away."

"Most disturbing, sir."

"And you don't know where he is?"

"Mr. Wooster may be anywhere, sir. He is uncertain in his movements."

The bloke Blumenfeld gave a loud sniff. "Odd smell here!"

"Yes, sir."

"What is it?"

"Aniseed, sir."

"Aniseed?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Wooster sprinkles it on his trousers."

"Sprinkles it on his trousers?"

"Yes, sir."

"What on earth does he do that for?"

"I could not say, sir. Mr. Wooster's motives are always somewhat hard to follow. He is eccentric."

"Eccentric? He must be a loony."

"Yes, sir."

"You mean he is?"

"Yes, sir."

There was a pause. A long one.

"Oh?" said old Blumenfeld, and it seemed to me that a good deal of what you might call the vim had gone out of his voice. He paused again. "Not dangerous?"

"Yes, sir, when roused."

"Er—what rouses him chiefly?"

"One of Mr. Wooster's peculiarities is that he does not like the sight of gentlemen of full habit, sir. They seem to infuriate him."

"You mean, fat men?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"One cannot say, sir."

There was another pause.

"I'm fat!"

"I would not have ventured to suggest it myself, sir, but as you say so— You may recollect that, on being informed that you were to be a member of the luncheon party, Mr. Wooster, doubting his power of self-control, refused to be present."

"That's right. He went rushing out

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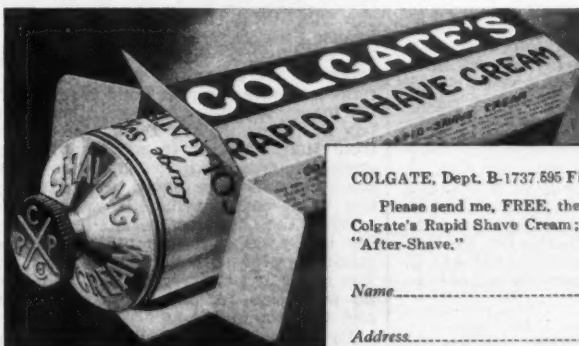
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just as I arrived. I thought it odd at the time. My son thought it odd. We both thought it odd."

"Yes, sir. Mr. Wooster, I imagine, wished to avoid any possible unpleasantness, such as has occurred before. With regard to the smell of aniseed, sir, I fancy it proceeds from behind the settee. No doubt Mr. Wooster is sleeping there."

"Doing what?"

"Sleeping, sir."

"Does he often sleep on the floor?"

"Most afternoons, sir. Would you desire me to wake him?"

"No!"

"I thought you had something that you wished to say to Mr. Wooster, sir?"

Old Blumenfeld drew a deep breath.

"So did I," he said. "But I find I haven't. Just get me out of here alive, that's all I ask."

I heard the door close, and a little while later the front door banged. I crawled out. It hadn't been any too cozy behind the settee, and I was glad to be elsewhere. Jeeves trickled back.

"Gone, Jeeves?"

"Yes, sir."

I bestowed an approving look on him.

"One of your best efforts, Jeeves."

"Thank you, sir."

"But what beats me is why he ever came here. What made him think that I had sneaked McIntosh away?"

"I took the liberty of recommending Miss Wickham to tell Mr. Blumenfeld that she had observed you removing the animal from his suite, sir. The point which you raised, regarding the possibility of her being suspected of complicity in the affair, had not escaped me. It seemed to me that this would establish her solidly in Mr. Blumenfeld's good opinion."

"I see. Risky, of course, but possibly justified. Yes, on the whole, justified. What's that you've got there?"

"A five-pound note, sir."

"Ah, the one I gave you?"

"No, sir. One Mr. Blumenfeld gave me."

"Eh? Why did he give you a fiver?"

"He very kindly presented it to me on my handing him the dog, sir."

"You don't mean to say—?"

"Not McIntosh, sir. McIntosh is at present in my bedroom. This was another animal of the same species which I purchased during your absence at the shop in Bond Street. Except to the eye of love, one Aberdeen terrier looks very much like another Aberdeen terrier, sir. Mr. Blumenfeld, I am happy to say, did not detect the innocent subterfuge."

"Jeeves," I said, and I am not ashamed to confess that there was a spot of chokiness in the voice, "there is none like you, none."

"Thank you very much, sir."

"Owing solely to the fact that your head sticks out at the back, thus enabling you to do about twice as much bright thinking in any given time as any other two men in existence, happiness, you might say, reigns supreme. I am on velvet. Aunt Agatha is on velvet, the Wickhams, mother and daughter, are on velvet, the Blumenfelds, father and son, are on velvet. As far as the eye can reach, a solid mass of humanity, owing to you, all on velvet."

"A fiver is not sufficient, Jeeves. If the world thought that Bertram Wooster considered a measly five pounds an adequate reward for such services as yours, I should never hold my head up again. Have another!"

"Thank you, sir."

"And one more."

"Thank you very much, sir."

"And a third for luck!"

"Really, sir, I am exceedingly obliged. Excuse me, sir, I fancy I heard the telephone."

He pushed out into the hall, and I heard him doing a good deal of the

"Yes, madam," "Certainly, madam," stuff. He came back.

"Mrs. Spenser Gregson, sir."

"Aunt Agatha?"

"Yes, sir. Speaking from Victoria Station. She desires to communicate with you with reference to the dog McIntosh. I gather that she wishes to hear from your own lips that all is well with the little fellow, sir."

I straightened the tie. I pulled down the waistcoat. I shot the cuffs. I felt absolutely all-right.

"Lead me to her," I said.

The Problems of Life (Continued from page 51)

on this subject that I may be pardoned for relating the plain facts. We thought we were made for each other. For almost a quarter of a century she has borne with my infirmities and I have rejoiced in her graces.

After our return from a trip to Montreal we staid a short time at the Norwood Hotel but soon started housekeeping. We rented a very comfortable house that needed but one maid to help Mrs. Coolidge do the work. Of course my expenses increased and I had to plan very carefully for a time to live within my income.

I know very well what it means to awake in the night and realize that the rent is coming due and wondering where the money is coming from with which to pay it. The only way I know of escape from that constant tragedy is to keep running expenses low enough so that something may be saved to meet the day when earnings may be small.

When the City election was approaching in December I was asked to be a candidate for School Committee. It was a purely honorary office which had no attraction for me but I consented and was nominated.

To my surprise another Republican took out nomination papers which split

the party and elected a Democrat.

The open complaint was that I had no children in the schools, but the real reason was that I was a politician. That reputation I had acquired by long service on the party committee helping elect our candidates.

I am disposed to think the voters made a wise choice. The man they elected gave a useful service for several years and left me free to turn to avenues which were to be much more useful to me in ways for public service. I was also better off attending to my law practice and my new home.

The days passed quietly with us until the next autumn when we moved into the house in Massasoit Street that was to be our home for so long. I attended to the furnishing of it myself and when it was ready Mrs. Coolidge and I walked over to it.

In about two weeks our first boy came on the evening of September seventh. The fragrance of the clematis which covered the bay window filled the room like a benediction where the mother lay with her baby. We called him John in honor of my father. It was all very wonderful to us.

We liked the house where our children came to us and the neighbors who

were so kind. When we could have had a more pretentious home we still clung to it. So long as I lived there I could be independent and serve the public without ever thinking that I could not maintain my position if I lost my office.

I always made my living practicing law up to the time I became Governor, without being dependent on any official salary. This left me free to make my own decisions in accordance with what I thought was the public good. We lived where we did that I might better serve the people.

My main thought in those days was to improve myself in my profession. I was still studying law and literature. Because I thought the experience would contribute to this end I became a candidate for the Massachusetts House of Representatives. In a campaign in which I secured a large number of Democratic votes, many of which never thereafter deserted me, I was elected by a margin of about two hundred and sixty.

The Speaker assigned me to the Committees on Constitutional Amendments and Mercantile Affairs. During the session I helped draft and the Committee reported a bill to prevent large concerns from selling at a lower price in one locality than they did in others for the purpose of injuring their competitor. This seemed to me an unfair trade practice that should be abolished.

We secured the passage of the bill in the House but the Senate rewrote it in such a way that it finally failed. I also supported a resolution favoring the direct election of United States Senators and another providing for woman suffrage.

These measures did not have the approbation of the conservative element of my party, but I had all the assurance of youth and ignorance in supporting them, and later I saw them all become the law.

The next year I was reelected, but in running against a man who had a strong hold on some of the Republican Wards, my vote was cut down. Serving on the Judiciary Committee, which I wanted because I felt it would assist me in my profession, I became much interested in modifying the law so that an injunction could not be issued in a labor dispute to prevent one person seeking by argument to induce another to leave his employer.

This bill failed. While I think it had merit, in later years I came to see that what was of real importance to the wage earners was not how they might conduct a quarrel with their employers, but how the business of the Country might be so organized as to insure steady employment at a fair rate of pay. If that were done there would be no occasion for a quarrel, and if it were not done a quarrel would do no one any good.

The work in the General Court was fascinating, both from its nature and from the companionship with able and interesting men, but it took five days each week for nearly six months, so that I thought I had secured about all the benefit I could by serving two terms and declined again to be a candidate. Another boy had been given into our keeping April 13 who was named Calvin, so I had all the more reason for staying at home.

My law office took all my attention. I never had a retainer from anyone so my income always seemed precarious, but a practice which was general in its nature kept coming to me.

In June of 1909 I went to Phoenix, Arizona to hold corporation meeting. It

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was the first I had seen of the West. The great possibilities of the region were apparent, and the enthusiasm of the people was inspiring. It told me that our Country was sure to be a success.

For two years Northampton had elected a Democrat to be Mayor. He was a very substantial business man who has since been my landlord for a long period. He was to retire and the Republicans were anxious to elect his successor.

At a party conference it was determined to ask me to run and I accepted the opportunity, thinking the honor would be one that would please my father, advance me in my profession, and enable me to be of some public service. It was a local office not requiring enough time to interfere seriously with my own work.

Without in any way being conscious of what I was doing I then became committed to a course that was to make me the President of the Senate of Massachusetts and of the Senate of the United States, the second officer of the Commonwealth and the Country, and the Chief Executive of a City, a State and a Nation. I did not plan for it but it came.

I tried to treat people as they treated me, which was much better than my deserts, in accordance with the precept of the master poet. By my studies and my course of life I meant to be ready to take advantage of opportunities. I was ready from the time the Justices named me the Clerk of the Courts until my party nominated me for President.

Ever since I was in Amherst College I have remembered how Garman told his class in philosophy that if they would go along with events and have the courage and industry to hold to the main stream, without being washed ashore by the immaterial cross currents, they would some day be men of power. He meant that we should try to guide ourselves by general principles and not get lost in particulars.

That may sound like mysticism but it is only the mysticism that envelopes every great truth. One of the greatest mysteries in the world is the success that lies in conscientious work.

My first campaign for Mayor was very intense. My opponent was a popular merchant, a personal friend of mine who years later was to be Mayor, so that at the outset he was the favorite. The only issue was our general qualifications to conduct the business of the City.

I called on many of the voters personally, sent out many letters, spoke at many ward rallies and kept my poise. In the end most of my old Democratic friends voted for me and I won by about one hundred and sixty-five votes.

On the first Monday of January 1910 I began a public career that was to continue until the first Monday of March 1929, when it was to end by my own volition.

Our City had always been fairly well governed and had no great problems. Taxes had been increasing. I was able to reduce them some and pay part of the debt so that I left the net obligations chargeable to taxes at about \$100,000. The salaries of teachers were increased.

My work commended itself to the people so that running against the same opponent for reelection my majority was much increased. I celebrated this event by taking my family to Montpelier where my father was serving in the Vermont Senate.

Of all the honors that have come to me I still cherish in a very high place the confidence of my friends and

neighbors in making me their Mayor.

Remaining in one office long did not appeal to me for I was not seeking a public career. My heart was in the law. I thought a couple of terms in the Massachusetts Senate would be helpful to me so when our Senator retired I sought his place in the fall of 1911 and was elected.

That winter in Boston I did not find very satisfactory. I was lonesome. My old friends in the House were gone. The Western Massachusetts Club that had its headquarters at the Adams House, where most of us lived that came from beyond the Connecticut, was inactive. The Committees I had, except the Chairmanship of Agriculture, did not interest me greatly and to crown my discontent a Democratic Governor sent in a veto, which the Senate sustained, to a bill authorizing the New Haven Railroad to construct a trolley system in Western Massachusetts.

But as chairman of a special committee I had helped settle the Lawrence strike, secured the appointment of a commission that resulted in the passage of a mother's aid or maternity bill at the next session, and was made chairman of a recess committee to secure better transportation for rural communities in the Western part of the Commonwealth.

During the summer we did a large amount of work on that committee and made a very full and constructive report at the opening of the General Court in 1913. This was the period that the Republican party was divided between Taft and Roosevelt so that Massachusetts easily went for Wilson. But in the three cornered contest I was reelected to the Senate.

It was in my second term in the Senate that I began to be a force in the Massachusetts Legislature. President Greenwood made me chairman of the Committee on Railroads, which I very much wanted, because of my desire better to understand business affairs, and also put me on the important Committee on Rules.

I made progress because I studied subjects sufficiently to know a little more about them than any one else on the floor. I did not often speak but talked much with the Senators personally and came in contact with many of the business men of the State. The Boston Democrats came to be my friends and were a great help to me in later times.

My committee reported a bill transforming the Railroad Commission into a Public Service Commission with a provision intending to define and limit the borrowing powers of railroads which we passed after a long struggle and debate. The Democratic Governor vetoed the bill but it was passed over his veto almost unanimously.

The bill came out for our trolley roads in Western Massachusetts and was adopted. He vetoed this and his veto was overridden by a large majority. It was altogether the most enjoyable session I ever spent with any legislative body.

It had been my intention to retire at the end of my second term but the President of the Senate was reported as being a candidate for Lieutenant-Governor and as it seemed that I could succeed him I announced that I wished for another election. When it was too late for me to withdraw gracefully President Greenwood decided to remain in the Senate.

I wanted to be President of the Senate because it was a chance to emerge from being a purely local figure to a place of state wide distinction and authority. I



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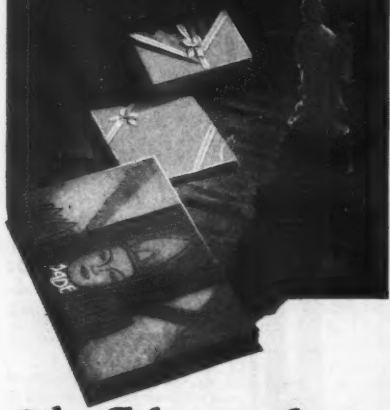
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knew where the votes in the Senate lay from the hard legislative contests I had conducted and had them fairly well organized when I found the President was not to retire.

In this year of 1913 the division in the Republican party in Massachusetts was most pronounced. Our candidate for Governor fell to third place at the election and another Democrat was made Chief Executive carrying with him for the first time in a generation the whole State ticket. But my district returned me. When I reached my office the next morning I found President Greenwood had been defeated.

Again I was ready. By three o'clock that Wednesday afternoon I was in Boston and by Monday I had enough written pledges from the Republican

Senators to insure my nomination for President of the Senate at the party caucus. It had been a real contest but all opposition subsided and I was unanimously nominated.

The Senate showed the effects of the division in our party. It had twenty-one Republicans, seventeen Democrats and two Progressives.

When the vote was cast for President on the opening day of the General Court Senator Cox the Progressive had two votes, Senator Horgan the Democrat had seven votes, and I had thirty-one votes. I had not only become an officer of the whole Commonwealth but I had come into possession of an influence reaching beyond the confines of my own party which I was to retain so long as I remained in public life.

Next Month Mr. Coolidge tells you the inside story of the Boston police strike, the crisis that brought him into national prominence as Governor of Massachusetts

Fly America First (Continued from page 81)

navigation is not good. The Twin Cities and St. Louis are becoming suburbs of Chicago—or vice versa—with daily service.

The Boeing Company has one of the longest lines in the country and flies more miles a day regularly than any other concern in the world.

If one visits Boston, flying there from New York or Washington via Colonial Air Transport, one will descend at a one-hundred-and-twenty-five-thousand-dollar station located on a well-equipped municipal airport.

Southern Air Transport links some of the best-known aviation industries in the South, including Texas Air Transport, which holds the mail contract.

It is impossible for me to give the names of all the operating passenger lines without becoming merely a timetable. Suffice it to say one can go almost anywhere in the United States on regularly established routes. One may likewise enter Mexico or Canada, or land on British soil at Nassau. True, the schedules are not so convenient as in Europe; connections with other means of transportation have not been worked out completely, and fares are somewhat higher.

European air lines have been in operation ten years. With the help of heavy government subsidies they have attained the smoothness of operation which adequate capital at the right time makes possible. Those in the United States have struggled to their present development through all the vicissitudes of a new industry. They are now on a firm economic foundation but still contain imperfections.

If there were adequate landing facilities, passenger lines would probably be as well established here as in Europe.

A friend of mine showed me a proposed tour of eighteen cities to be made in one of the larger airplanes. It was a trade demonstration of great benefit to the towns visited. Each one claimed an airport, but only three or four of these, when examined, were considered possible landing places. Some were too small; one was good only in dry weather; several were simply unimproved farm land.

The airplane to be used cost about seventy-five thousand dollars, and the backers could not afford to risk injuring so expensive a product on a poor field, just as no ship-owner would run into a shallow harbor, or willingly drop anchor where there were no port facilities.

Because of the size of good fields, aviation is often thought of as requiring

much more space than other forms of transportation. On this subject Mr. Harry Guggenheim, president of the Guggenheim Foundation, says that if only three percent of the area devoted to roads and railroads in this country were used for landing fields, a comprehensive system would be provided. Experts seem to agree that the country should be chopped up into ten-mile squares with a landing place in every one—these to be located according to the advice of the Department of Commerce, or of that of engineering concerns which specialize in such work.

Just as some cities are situated on natural water outlets, so many are on natural airways. Their air development is inevitable, and they must produce landing places to take care of the natural growth. To delay will be to pay double or treble later, not only for actual acreage, but for loss of revenue.

Other cities, not on natural routes, would draw air lines to them now, if they had the lure of a good airport. Just as in early railroad days, lines are being developed where there is least resistance and most opportunity.

At present three transcontinental trunks are building a sturdy backbone to aerial service in this country. Scores of little feeder lines are springing up to connect the smaller centers with the cities on the main lines, the whole forming the beginning of a network which will spread from coast to coast. It is seldom rewards are plucked without devotion during the lean years. I feel the towns which are supporting the crude and inefficient feeders now will probably be foremost in reaping the benefits which will come when they are perfected.

There is no doubt much future flying will be done over such scheduled routes. Perhaps—I say perhaps—with the comprehensive network predicted, the private owner will tend to disappear. The man who wishes to fly, instead of keeping his own craft to travel one hundred and fifty hours or fifteen thousand miles a year (a good mileage for a nonprofessional flyer), will find rates so reasonable, schedules so convenient, that he will buy his ticket on air lines as he now does on railways. I might add here that against the possibility of the private owner's disappearing is the fact that the Department of Commerce already has to issue fifteen hundred student licenses a month. With so many persons learning to fly it seems that a wide interest in "owning one's own" should remain.

The United States is now producing more airplanes than any other country. It also has in use more than seven times as many as the nearest competitor. Despite such progress, a considerable number of people still think of aviation as sport or warfare. The idea that it ranks with marine or rail transportation hasn't been completely established. Many Chambers of Commerce are still pledging their support to aviation "when it comes," without realizing it is already here.

People still expect free rides in airplanes when they wouldn't think of asking for a similar privilege on busses or railroad trains. Somehow they do not recognize that going from place to place by air is as legitimate a mode of travel as covering the same miles on the ground. They don't consider that men on the transportation end of aviation are not there for fun. While passes are still being handed out to promote interest, this pastime which erects just one more barrier to writing the balance sheet in black must soon be stopped. Business is business.

I know the pictures I paint of a world in which airplanes will have grown larger and faster and more numerous bring a real anxiety to some people. I have several letters from those who apparently feel the dangerous age is coming with the advent of universal aviation. While statistics do not often convince, I should like to do what I can to assure the apprehensive ones their attitude is much like that of a woman who came to me during the investigation following a recent serious airplane accident.

She fluttered the newspaper with its heavy headlines aggressively in my face.

"Well, I guess you can't say anything about this," she said. "Flying isn't safe and it never will be." She waited impatiently while I told her that nothing man ever did was perfect, and that flying was no exception. Automobiles have accidents and so have railroads even after years of study of the safety problem.

"But in automobiles or in trains you are on the land, and in an airplane you are just 'up.'" And to that I asked where one was in a boat, suggesting one might be just "on."

Fear is more or less an emotional attitude. Many experienced pilots are afraid to get on a horse, at least without a parachute. The men who are accustomed to submarines usually distrust airplanes and vice versa.

We can't go back to oxcarts because accidents occur in other forms of transportation. Of course, there are sacrifices for the speed which we attain today. But curiously, the faster we travel, the longer our span of life has become. And this fact is probably because we understand possible dangers, and are trying systematically to minimize them.

Aviation, despite its speed, probably will be the safest means of travel in the future. Even though reliable motors will sometimes give out, there will be little danger when they do, with adequate landing fields and safety devices being developed. With structural failure the whole airplane may be let down gently by a large parachute. Some of the human hazards may be eliminated by instruments for blind flying which are more accurate than the pilot's senses.

Because aviation is new and different, probably more efforts are being made to minimize risks than in any other form of transportation. The government is exercising supervision over material, flying personnel and airways. One of the most noteworthy contributions to the cause is that of the Guggenheim Fund, which is offering a number of generous



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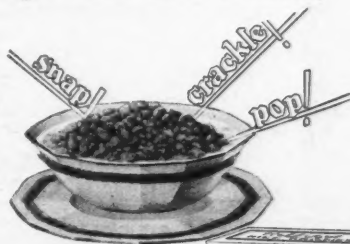
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My milliner's name _____

prizes in a Safe-Aircraft Competition—the first award in which is one hundred thousand dollars.

So far I have tried to confine myself to facts. As flying enters into everyday life, the dreams of centuries become actualities. One by one they take shape and become stepping-stones for other dreams.

Man has always longed to fly. What does he plan to do next with his beautiful wings? Well, some good guessers gazing into the future say we may be surprised to see no cities. With very fast airplanes there may be a vast commuting system built up which will permit city workers to live a hundred or two hundred miles from the office and yet be no farther away in time than at present.

Again, when the average man thinks of circumnavigating the globe, he always presumes an east-to-west passage. Would you believe that probably in a few years it will be a commonplace to travel by airplane from north to south? One well-known explorer predicts that excursions will be run to the poles at an average cost of a thousand dollars a person. Further, in going from New York to Peking, he points out, two thousand miles can be saved traveling from north to south instead of in the usual way.

By such air lines, not only could distances be shortened, but an opportunity would be given to study the weather conditions of the north regions which some theories hold affect the whole world. And speaking of weather, if it is true that great aerial rivers of wind flow westward at high altitudes, then designers no doubt are dreaming of planes built to fly efficiently where they

can take advantage of such currents.

The air-mail service in the United States which I have spoken of no doubt will shortly be accelerated so that East and West will be within one day of each other. Manufacturers agree that aircraft cruising at two hundred miles an hour is not far distant and that such speed will be necessary to demonstrate the efficacy of air transportation.

Airports may be connected by tubes to the centers of population so the loss of time to outlying sections may be eliminated. There may be central landing fields on train sheds or buildings where passengers will disembark, leaving the airplane to return to a more distant field for hangar facilities. Already, I understand, one mid-eastern city is planning a common transportation building where rail, bus and air lines will meet. Experiments are being made for telephone connections from airplanes to ground stations, not only for pilots' information, but for passenger use too. You may be able to sit quietly in your airplane a thousand feet above the earth and call up the other side of the world.

Predictions based on scientific knowledge are more stirring than the tales of romanticists. The man who says it can't be done is often farther from the truth than they. The professor who proved mathematically that heavier-than-air craft would never leave the ground was more inaccurate in his statements than Jules Verne. I should rather be on the side of those who believe anything possible, and who have faith in man's skill in the wings he has found. I am sure unknown worlds are left to conquer.

If you have any questions about aviation, write to Miss Amelia Earhart, Cosmopolitan Magazine, 57th Street at 8th Avenue, New York City

Can You Loaf? (Continued from page 89)

they all went back to work. All but a few old wrecks.

"One day I just couldn't stand it any longer. I jumped a train for New York and hit the trail for my old factory. Were my partners glad to see me? Yes, for about five minutes. Then they said, 'Drop in for luncheon'; or, 'Why don't you come around to the house for dinner?' But they made it plain that they couldn't have me fooling around the shop. I sneaked out of the place like a lost dog. For the first time in my life I began to feel old."

"You don't look old," said my friend. "No, I don't. And why not? I'll tell you why not. Because I got a job. I'm vice-president of another company. Salary not half what I used to make, but I'll tell you a secret. I never asked them what the salary would be. I would have paid them to let me hold the job."

"My boy, take my advice and never retire. I've tried it and I'm through." As an advertising man I go around among all sorts of industries, and everywhere the same thing has taken place. A factory that used to make a certain number of articles with a thousand workers is now making ten times that number with no more workers, and at shorter hours.

The farmer who used to plow or harvest an acre a day now can work twenty or maybe fifty acres, riding over his domain like a king, and be no more tired at night than if he had been driving an automobile. The old-time farm problem was, "How can we raise enough?" The new farm problem is, "What are we going to do with too much?"

Modern machinery isn't the only thing

that has brought on this trouble. Education has been a bad influence. As long as it was confined to the few it didn't do much harm, but all of a sudden we have taught everybody to read and write. A trained mind inevitably does more and does it more quickly.

Then, to make things worse, along come the doctors to double our lives. In Shakespeare's time a man of forty was all washed up and ready to call it a day. He had lived. Montaigne retired to his tower at thirty-eight. Napoleon conquered Europe at thirty, and died at fifty-two. They moved fast, and passed out young.

Today, we old codgers of forty are just beginning to go strong, and the average age of presidents and chairmen of boards is around sixty-five. By hanging on the way we do, each of us is equivalent to two men of the olden times. Our period of production is twice as great, which means that the comparatively small amount of work in the world has to be spread around that much thinner.

What's going to become of us all? How can we endure living when we don't have to spend all our time making a living? What shall be done to combat this new disease of Leisure?

Obviously, such a big question belongs to the Federal Reserve Board, to which three suggestions are submitted:

1. Quite a bit of leisure could be used up if we were ever courteous to one another.

We are so foolishly and inexcusably rude. We ride all day in a Pullman car, and when the train draws near the station we jump out of our seats and push and jostle in the narrow corridor. What

difference does it make to any of us whether he is the first off the car or the last? Why must we trample on each other's toes and poke each other in the ribs and exchange black looks? Only five minutes at the most is at stake. Five minutes out of a day in which there are nineteen hours of leisure after the five hours of work are done!

The same sort of thing happens on the road. In and out of the line of cars we dodge, straining our nerves and endangering our lives to be a jump ahead. We lift the telephone receiver, and if Central does not answer on the instant we grow apoplectic jiggling the hook.

I know men who travel a great deal and who start almost every morning with a restaurant battle because the waiter serves someone else more promptly. I have seen a woman nearly decapitated in trying to leap ahead of another woman into a revolving door.

We jam into a street car as if it were the last car that would ever run. We dive for an elevator to save one-tenth of a minute in getting to our desks, and then waste twenty minutes telling stories.

And at the golf course, where we have gone for recreation, to relax and enjoy the open air and the trees and the quiet, we ruin our digestion with quick lunches, and tear the buttons off our clothes in the locker room. Why? In order to beat the other members to the first tee.

"Good manners require a great deal of time," said Emerson, "as does a wise treatment of children. Orientals have time, the desert, and stars; the Occidentals have not."

2. Leisure would hurt much less if we weren't so terribly afraid of being alone. Away from a crowd we itch. To find ourselves in a small audience takes all the self-confidence out of us. "Why, the seats aren't half full. We must have made a mistake." As for being marooned, that is beyond endurance!

I hope in hell their souls may dwell
Who first invented Essex Junction.

What's the matter with Essex Junction? Nothing, except that we don't know how to use it. Of course there's no place to go and nothing to do, but what of that?

There is a station agent who has watched the ebb and flow of humanity for thirty years, and has his own ideas about the importance of this eternal rushing. There are other stranded passengers, each one of whom must have had at least one interesting experience. There are trees that have looked down upon the petty busyness of humanity for generations; and clouds that drift lazily; and the sun and stars to fill the soul with wonder. There are books. And there is a bench in the sunshine where one may smoke a pipe and dream.

3. We might each adopt a hobby which would have some relation to the happiness of other people.

One of the wealthiest men in America said to me recently, "If only I could give away this money with half the intelligence I have used in accumulating it I would be very happy."

He can give it away intelligently, but only if he is willing to use a considerable amount of his leisure.

One need not be rich to enjoy such a hobby. I have a pet college in the Kentucky mountains. A long time was consumed in hunting it out and adopting it. I wanted to find the place where one dollar was made to do more work than anywhere else in the United States.

At this college the students get their meals for eleven cents each, and their rooms, including electric light and running water, for sixty cents a week. Some

America's greatest Spa

brought
to you
in your own home!



EACH year thousands of not-really-sick-but-not-really-well people make the pilgrimage to French

Lick Springs, to drink the health-impregnated waters that abound here. Yearly the same people return to their homes, health and vitality restored by the magic of Nature's own medicine.

For hundreds of years this famous spa has been the rendezvous of the ailing. The Indians knew French Lick before the white man came. Then the early settlers discovered the properties of the waters, and they, too, spread the fame of French Lick far and wide. In recent years French Lick has become known throughout the world as America's greatest health resort—a spa comparable to those at Aix, Vichy, Baden, Carlsbad, in Europe.

Unfortunately, a trip to French Lick Springs is not within the reach of all. And so, years ago, the medical staff at the spa decided to make

the health-giving waters available to everyone. The solution was a simple one. It involved fortifying and bottling the water of the most famous of the French Lick Springs—Pluto. Here it is fortified, placed in sterilized bottles, and shipped out to drug stores in every section of the country.

Pluto Water is recommended by physicians, because it gently but thoroughly washes the eliminative tract clean of the waste substances that are the underlying cause of ill health. It acts quickly—thirty minutes to two hours—yet it cannot gripe, cannot harm delicate tissues. And since it is a pure, natural mineral water, it is non-habit-forming. Its action is that of a wash—not an intestinal stimulant.



If Nature Won't,
Pluto Will

Pluto Mineral Water, bottled at French Lick, Indiana, is sold at drug stores everywhere, and at fountains.

PLUTO WATER

America's Laxative Mineral Water

kids are there at my expense. I try to go down myself every year to visit with the president and the teachers, and talk with the kids, and ride horseback.

Never for one moment do I have the feeling that the college or any student owes me anything. The obligation is all on the other side. They have given me the gift of a fresh interest; they have put a thrill into a part of my leisure.

I admit that these suggestions will probably accomplish nothing for the present generation. We are beyond redemption. The whole process of education was speeded up in our youth, jammed with useful knowledge, focused on the single objective of fitting us to work harder and earn more. We can't get away from the habit. The hope is in our children.

Sooner or later the schools will have to take cognizance of the fact that harder work and more profits are about

to become less than half of the business of living. Every school will have a course in Thoreau, who lived on twenty-seven dollars a year and had a wonderful time in the woods. Stevenson's essay in praise of idlers will be a required study, side by side with the charts showing the production of pig iron versus the production of pigs. All Montaigne's works will be in the curriculum—those wonderful pieces he wrote while he was wasting time in his tower.

Just this morning I read in the paper about the consolidation of two great banks. The principal man in the consolidation is to become chairman of the board. He announced that he "expects now to work harder than ever."

This is the necessary announcement in America. One must utter it in order not to lose caste. Why must he work harder? Because there is too much work and not enough workers? Nonsense. By staying on the job he keeps the younger

fellows down. Because the bank would suffer if he let loose? Double nonsense. Nothing suffers if anybody lets loose.

It's just that we've got the habit and are afraid. Afraid to have time on our hands. Afraid of what people will say.

As for me, I walk sometimes in graveyards, and find them not depressing but quite otherwise. I say to myself, "Here lie many hard-working men. All were very busy. All were indispensable. Yet the world has dispensed with them, and somehow it carries on. In a very few days, as time goes, I shall be with them."

"Let me, therefore, not take myself too seriously. Let me read a little, and give away a little money, and smoke my pipe, and play somewhat, and laugh whenever possible. Let me get myself ready for the Kingdom of Heaven into which only those enter who have become as little children."

Little children can be happy part of the time doing nothing at all.

Lincoln's Courtships by Emil Ludwig (Continued from page 39)

acts as a spur to Lincoln. Does he recognize in this man a predestined opponent, one who possesses what he himself lacks—elegance of speech and mind? Is the small, elastic frame distasteful to him because it contrasts so strikingly with his own?

THE RIVALS

Over the way in a fine garden stands a large mansion with wooden pillars, sash windows and a long veranda. It belongs to Ninian W. Edwards, one of the richest men in Springfield. Lincoln and Douglas often meet there, for Springfield political society does not split itself into separate parties, but models itself in this matter upon the great world in Washington.

Mrs. Edwards had come from an aristocratic home. The Todds of Kentucky, of Scottish extraction, had distinguished themselves in the War of Independence. Mrs. Edwards' grandfather had been a general and other relatives had been state governors.

Mrs. Edwards' father, Robert Smith Todd, had been a captain in the War of 1812, was president of a bank in Lexington, and lived the wealthy and honored life of a patrician. His children had been as carefully educated as those belonging to noble families in Europe. Yet six of the Todd children left this house one after another, because, after the death of their mother, a stepmother ruled there.

Among the fugitives was Mary, ambitious, inspired with a great aim: she was in search of a wider life—that is, of the man who could provide her with such a life, and she had made up her mind to look for him in Springfield, where (she heard from her sister) a society life was developing. So she drove north to the home of her sister and her brother-in-law.

When Lincoln and Douglas are introduced to the newcomer, they see a buxom, yet supple girl, with a smooth, soft skin and artificially curled hair, wearing a dress with a low-cut bodice and a ballooned skirt: a young lady from the great world, a brilliant talker, well-informed, able to intersperse French phrases here and there, and even to quote from the French classics. When she is silent her lips show a harsh line, and at a word of criticism her steel-blue eyes freeze the offender with a chilly glance.

At her first ball she makes a sensation, for she is an admirable dancer.

All the young men vie with one another for the favor of being this clever and pretty girl's partner. But young Herndon, whom Lincoln has recently taken into his office, says the wrong thing in telling her she waltzes like a serpent!

The comparison is not unkindly meant, but it affronts the young lady's dignity. Her eyes flash at him, and an enmity which endures throughout life begins with this glance.

Nor do most of the other young men present on this occasion charm the girl, for she is not impressed by a handsome face, elegance, family or money—and her indifference to these matters seems remarkable for one whose education has consisted chiefly in emphasizing class distinction. She appears to revolt against guidance by ordinary feminine instincts.

In fact, Mary has only one thought: Who has the best prospects of a great career? She has made up her mind to be neither more nor less than the wife of a future President! With unerring discernment she is prompt to pick out from among her new acquaintances at Springfield the two most promising men, though both are poor, both of lowly origin—one very short, and one very tall: Douglas and Lincoln.

Douglas is as quick to recognize the young lady's abilities as she has been to recognize his, for the two are dominated by ambition. Quite naturally, he is prompt to show his admiration, whereas Lincoln's attitude is one of reserve. The strange thing is that Mary none the less turns her eyes towards Lincoln.

He is impressed by her ere long, dazzled by her abilities. She has an art of which he knows nothing: the art of easy conversation, a pleasant flow of questions and utterances, pointless, aimless, the very opposite of Lincoln's raconteur style.

Studying Mary Todd, he can easily read her character. He sees that she is subject to quick changes of mood, being radiantly cheerful one moment and blazing with wrath the next, often irritated by headaches, terrified by thunderstorms; and he sees that the tears come to her eyes when she is wounded.

Finding that she judges people by their table manners, he must feel, not without amusement, that she despises him for his; but when he watches her standing opposite her sister receiving guests, he is amazed at her cleverness and grace, at her faculty for picking up the latest news, and, when games are played, at her eagerness to win the

prize. Perhaps he has already heard how, when still little more than a child, she had fashioned for herself a crinoline out of willow withes, in order to cut a figure among her schoolfellows—thus displaying a vanity which a generation later was to lead her to the borderland of insanity.

All this causes him much astonishment, but he does not know how to bring it into any sort of relation to himself. What he is looking for in his partner is unselfishness, kindness, fondness, such as he experienced at the hands of the dear girl in New Salem; he is not looking for knowledge and understanding—of that he has enough himself. But perhaps his analytical powers enable him to discern that this woman can supply the impetus he lacks.

Maybe in her presence he becomes aware that his own talents are of a comparatively passive order, that her creative impatience might mingle effectively with his patience, and supplement it.

MARY'S CHOICE

Nor is Mary thrown off her track. She ignores Lincoln's short trousers, his rough manners, his bad dancing, for she alone perceives an invisible coronal on his long bony forehead, and she wants to share the distinction. With firm hands she spins the circle round the man of her choice.

She does so in spite of her distaste for the Lincoln and the Hanks families, concerning whose position she is now informed; and she disregards the wishes and the advice of her sister and her brother-in-law, who tell Mary she will be throwing herself away upon Lincoln. The opposition serves only to stimulate her resolve.

She says at a later date: "Mr. Lincoln is to be President of the United States some day; if I had not thought so, I would not have married him, for you can see he is not pretty."

When the situation between the young people becomes critical, and Lincoln writes a letter to Mary Todd, he shows it to Speed, who reads that Lincoln has come to the conclusion that he does not love her enough. He seems to have made up his mind to avoid a repetition of the torments he had endured in his courtship of Mary Owens.

Speed refuses to deliver the letter, saying, "Words may be forgotten, but letters remain." Having burned it, he says: "If you have the courage of manhood, go see Mary yourself; tell her you



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BEGIN today using Listerine Tooth Paste and see how quickly it rids teeth of discoloration and deposits and makes them white and lustrous. Brushing is reduced to minimum.

That is because we have included in this paste, modern polishing agents. They are harder than tartar but softer than enamel.

So they quickly remove the former and polish the latter without damage.

Carried by your brush, they penetrate and cleanse tiny crevices between the teeth where decay so often gets the upper hand.

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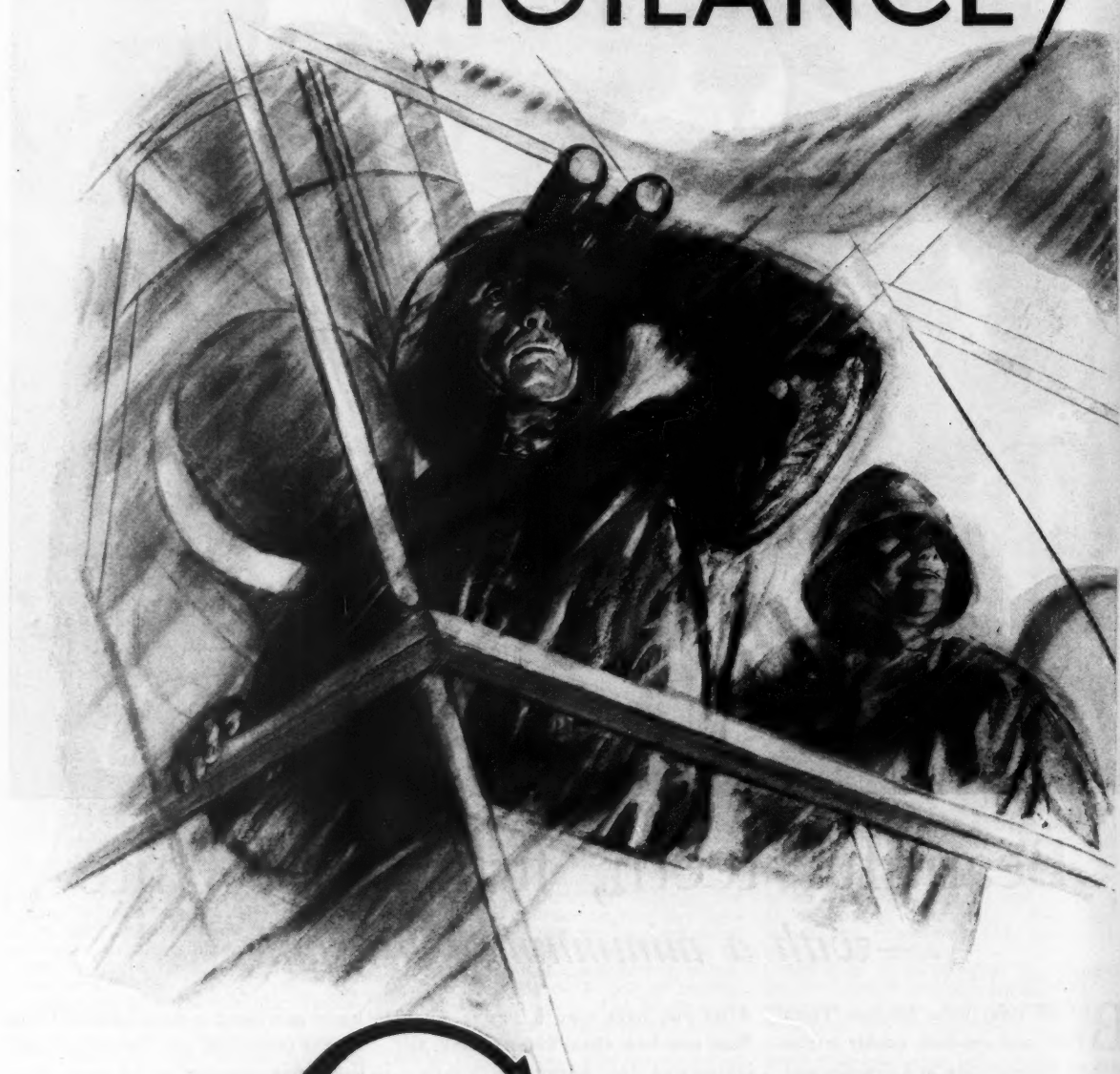
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VIGILANCE



Chester

FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos

..in a cigarette it's TASTE!

GOOD TASTE—what else matters? And once enjoyed, how long remembered!

* * *

Sunday morning breakfast at the shore—crisp strips of bacon, a fresh-caught mackerel broiled to a luscious brown; steaming flakes of savory tender white!

* * *

A Chesterfield — *anywhere!* That unmistakable aroma, that fragrant mildness of good tobacco—and how delicate the flavor, how completely balanced and satisfying!

* * *

Good taste — what else could win such popularity, what else could hold so steadfast an army of smokers? As the constant goal of our careful blending and cross-blending, the standard Chesterfield method, could there be anything better than this —

TASTE *above everything*

field

... not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED



MILD...and yet
THEY SATISFY

do not love her—tell her so; tell her you will not marry her." In this matter the storekeeper played the diplomatist, but showed himself a bad psychologist.

For Mary Todd knows perfectly well how a reluctant lover can be snared. After Lincoln returns that evening, he informs Speed, in his tragic-comical way:

"When I told Mary I did not love her, she burst into tears, and, almost springing from her chair and wringing her hands as if in agony, said something about the deceiver being himself deceived. It was too much for me. I found the tears trickling down my own cheeks. I caught her in my arms and kissed her."

Speed tells him that he has made a fool of himself, but Lincoln replies: "Well, if I'm in again, so be it. It's done, and I shall abide by it." Almost the same words of passive resignation with which, three years earlier, he had become engaged to the first Mary.

The period of betrothal is one of mingled jealousies and fears. As she wants to rule him, and he is used to being independent, quarrels are frequent. In her house he can watch the preparations from day to day; the marriage day approaches him like a threat.

WHERE IS THE BRIDEGROOM?

They have decided on the first of January. The New Year is to ring in the new life. But while the bride and her kin are keenly interested in her wedding dress, slippers and gloves, with wedding breakfast, plans for speeches and the like, the bridegroom's mood has become one of feverish excitement.

This man of lonely temperament, with a passion for freedom, whose way it had been to seek women and then flee from them, now feels himself snared, and his whole nature is at bay. Call it dread, morbid fear, insanity, if you like; the name matters little.

There are conflicting accounts as to what happened on the critical day. Was the bride ready in all her splendor? Were the guests assembled? Or had there been a violent scene the day before? Was all prepared, as the most trustworthy witnesses assure us, even down to the cake? Did Lincoln openly exclaim that he hated Mary, as her sister declares?

This much, at least, is certain: Lincoln does not turn up at his wedding.

He spends the whole day in the legislature, obviously because he will be hard to get at there; at the wedding hour he is introducing a license bill, and during the next few days, likewise, he is busy fulfilling his duties as a representative. Then, for a week, he is absent from the assembly, being in the hands of his doctor. For Lincoln is ill. The conflicting passions of the last few weeks have been too much for his otherwise healthy nature, and he is now suffering from anxiety, which no one would have expected in the rail-splitter. His doctor advises him to consult a nerve specialist in Cincinnati, and he does so by letter; but the expert replies that he can do nothing without a personal interview. Lincoln clings to the Springfield doctor.

But now the frenzied Orestes finds a friendly Pyllades, for on the same "fatal New Year's Day" Speed sells his shop, moves to his mother's fine old farm in Kentucky and invites Lincoln to come to see him in his native state.

The afflicted soul feels enchanted. In a large country house, where broad steps lead to a lordly hall, a slave brings him his breakfast to his bedside; he can ride and drive as often as he likes; the gentle manners of Speed's mother, the charm of a younger sister, the cheerfulness of

wealthy country people, games, fun, flirtations, assuage the tormented heart. For once in his life, Lincoln lives as a southern gentleman; the friend of the negro has his coat brushed and his stirrup held by a black; and his wounded heart for moments goes out to his friend's sister.

And yet, all of a sudden, he has spells of deep absent-mindedness. When at length he takes up his pen, what does he write? An essay on suicide, such as may well be penned by one who wishes by means of analysis to ward off a danger he has just escaped. Between thoughts of death and life, between self-consciousness and despair, he says:

"I have done nothing to make any human being remember that I have lived. Yet what I wish to live for is to connect my name with the events of my day and generation, to link my name with something which will be of interest to my fellow men." These words indicate that the crisis is passing, that ambition and hope have revived in the young man of thirty-two, and that his gaze is turning towards the wider interests of mankind.

Still, a year after the crisis, when his circumstances outwardly considered are perfectly tranquil, he says: "It is the peculiar misfortune of both you and me to dream dreams of Elysium far exceeding all that anything earthly can realize."

Here is the fundamental cause of Lincoln's melancholy. Notwithstanding his robust energies, his shrewdness, experience and success, this man with the poet's nature will again and again be disillusioned in his struggle with the world.

Such is the core of tragedy in Lincoln, revealed to us by the sadness of his countenance.

In this frame of mind, he once more seeks contact with some of the young women in Springfield. In several letters he alludes to having seen Sarah Rickard but he is more strongly attracted to Mary, though the sight of her must arouse disturbing memories.

"It seems to me I should have been entirely happy, but for the never-absent idea that there is one still unhappy whom I have contributed to make so. That still kills my soul. I cannot but reproach myself for even wishing to be happy while she is otherwise."

"She accompanied a large party on the railroad cars to Jacksonville last Monday, and on her return spoke, so that I heard of it, of having enjoyed the trip exceedingly. God be praised for that."

He seems to have had intimations that, despite what has happened, Mary has not completely given him up.

They come together from time to time in a lively circle where all are entertained by Lincoln's shrewd humor, and where political lampoons are sometimes hatched. A distrust of Democratic finance is widespread, and in this connection there is general amusement because Shields, the state auditor of accounts, has issued an order that paper money shall not be accepted by the state government for taxes.

Shields had been an adventurer, sailor and law student, a Democrat and a man of affected manners; but now he is fulfilling his public duties. To this man Lincoln has three letters written by an imaginary backwoods-woman, Rebecca.

They are full of his own memories of that sphere, splendid in their naturalistic style; crammed with mischievous fun which makes the whole town laugh. The assailed takes no notice. But now Mary Todd and the editor's wife invent a fourth letter, much coarser and full

of provocations, in which Rebecca proposes to marry Shields, and even produces the wedding song. Now Shields takes umbrage and demands the name of the author.

Lincoln, as a politician, would have done well to refrain from making himself responsible for the last letter. If the wife of an editor gets an opening for her lady friends to play such dangerous pranks in her husband's newspaper, one who has no concern with the matter can hardly be expected to shoulder the consequences. He might have pleaded concern for the welfare of his party; and a man who is cultivating a reputation for style may well have hesitated to assume the authorship of some extremely bad verses.

But Mary Todd is involved in the affair, is in truth the begetter of it, and Lincoln feels impelled to shield a lady to whom he owes amends.

When the victim of the lampoon insists on challenging the author, Lincoln, instead of disavowing the last letter and the verses, and though he is a declared opponent of dueling, consents to fight. Since dueling is prohibited in Illinois, a place is chosen outside the state. Cavalry sabers are to be used. Lincoln has only learned to handle an ax, but unfortunately that is not one of the regulation dueling weapons.

Pending the final arrangements by the seconds, the long fellow sits on a log. "His face was serious," says a witness. "I never knew him to go so long without making a joke. He reached over and picked up one of the swords, which he drew from its scabbard. Then he felt along the edge of the weapon with his thumb, like a barber feels the edge of his razor, raised himself to his full height, stretched out his long arms, and clipped off a twig with the sword."

"There wasn't another man of us who could have reached anywhere near that twig, and the absurdity of that long-reaching fellow fighting with cavalry sabers with Shields, who could walk under his arm, came pretty near making me howl with laughter. After Lincoln had cut off the twig, he returned the sword to the scabbard with a sigh, and sat down, but I detected the gleam in his eye which was always the forerunner of one of his yarns, and fully expected him to tell a side-splitter, there in the shadow of the grave—Shields' grave."

In the meantime, however, the seconds have come to an arrangement, the two parties exchange assurances which are satisfactory, and go quietly home.

LINCOLN'S MARRIAGE

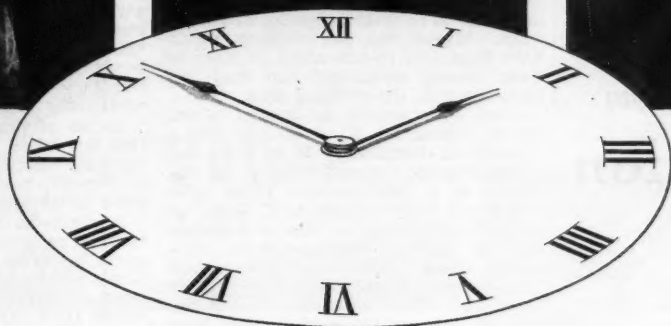
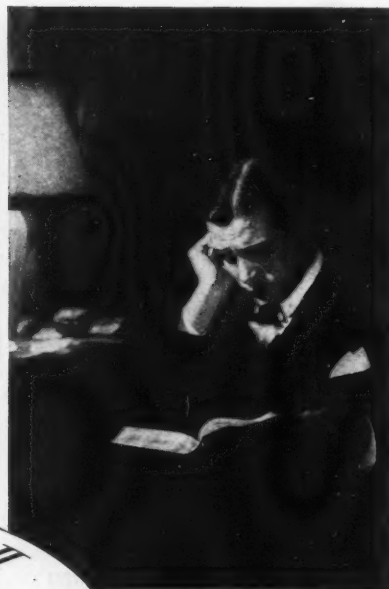
Yet there is a serious side. Though neither party's life is endangered at this duel, the proposed duel decides the subsequent course of Lincoln's life. His chivalry has reconciled the girl; Lincoln is now her cavalier.

The two are in close touch once more; people smile to see them together and soon offer congratulations. For when Lincoln realizes that she wants him to marry her after all, he does not hesitate.

On her side, now, she wants a speedy marriage, so one morning Lincoln comes into a friend's bedroom and says: "I am going to be married today."

As they stand together at the altar this November day, the giant of thirty-three and the little woman of twenty-four, his look is not happy, but at the wedding breakfast, a small affair, he is said to have been cheerful.

It is a Friday, however, and both husband and wife are superstitious. A business letter, penned some seven days after the wedding, closes with the words:



Rob yourself of sleep ...

but you can't rob the Gillette Blade of its sure, smooth shave

A FACE drawn and tight from lack of sleep, a slapdash lather and a hurry-up shave—it can't ruin the even temper of a Gillette Blade, even though it may wreck your own!

On such mornings lather extra thoroughly and treat yourself to a fresh Gillette Blade. You're sure then of the smooth, even, comfortable shave which has been honed and stropped into every Gillette Blade by machines adjusted to one ten-thousandth of an inch.

Every Gillette Blade *must* be even and sure. To guarantee that,

four out of every nine of our blade department employees are inspectors and are paid a bonus for detecting every blade that won't do a superb job of shaving.

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"Nothing new here, except my marrying, which, to me, is matter of profound wonder."

Soon after this, Lincoln enters into a second partnership, with Herndon, the lively young Abolitionist, who, acting on Lincoln's advice, has become a lawyer, and his most ardent admirer. Lincoln gives his full confidence to his new partner, and the friendship between the two men lasts throughout life.

Intelligence and efficiency unite them in their daily work; a common idealism in political questions, humor and irony. Herndon being almost ten years younger, Lincoln, now in the middle thirties, assumes a fatherly attitude towards his partner, and for the first time enters into a position in which he is the leader.

Logan, who had replaced Stuart as Lincoln's partner a year and a half before Lincoln's marriage, had been senior partner. Learned in the law, Logan had needed an orator to assist him, but had found it difficult, in the long run, to tolerate Lincoln's disorderly ways. Maybe, too, the partners would have been able to rub along together to their mutual advantage had they not been rivals in the political field.

After their separation, a sign is put up on which his name stands first—"Lincoln & Herndon." It is hung out somewhere on a second floor at the entrance to a medium-sized room, with two green tables placed in T form, an escritoire with pigeonholes, a bookcase and a rickety leather-covered sofa which, though fairly long, is too short for Lincoln. Once, when seed arrives from the party headquarters for the farmers, some of the seeds, broken loose amid the general disorder, sprout in the dirt on the floor.

Lincoln's trustworthiness has become proverbial. No one, least of all his partner Herndon, ever thinks of expecting formal accounts from him.

"There you are; that is your half," he would say when a fee came in, dividing up the bank notes.

His natural generosity grows with his honesty instead of decreasing, as generally happens; it even comes into collision with his legal duties. To a client he says:

"I can win your case and get the six hundred dollars for you. But if I did so, I should bring misfortune upon an honest family, and I can't see my way to it. I would rather get along without your case and your fee. I will give you a piece of advice without charging you for it. Go home and try to think of some honest way of earning six hundred dollars."

Such Solomonic verdicts contrast with the rough and tough practice of those days, and serve when he is thirty-five to intensify the reputation of being an eccentric that he had already acquired at twenty-five. He does not care to study law books or to con the decisions of the higher courts, but as a rule is content with extemporizing his arguments to fit the occasion, trusting in the justice of the cause he represents, in the healthy understanding of the court and in his own invincible sense of right.

Nor is he concerned as to the details of the business, leaving it to his junior partner to attend to the collection of fees. Yet on one occasion when, after the lapse of many years, a man comes to claim seventeen dollars from the sometime postmaster, Lincoln promptly opens a box and produces a bag in which the sum has been kept ready all the time.

In the courts, too, his friends think him eccentric and singular. "He had no system, no order; he did not keep a

clerk; he had neither library, nor index, nor cash book. When he made notes, he would throw them into a drawer, put them into his vest pocket, or into his hat. . . . But in the inner man, symmetry and method prevailed. He did not need an orderly office, did not need pen and ink, because his workshop was inside his head."

Soon Lincoln's hat, in which he keeps letters and checks, becomes famous, and when a legal colleague in another town complains of his failure to answer a letter promptly, Lincoln replies apologetically: "First, I have been very busy in the United States court; second, when I received the letter I put it in my old hat and, buying a new one the next day, the old one was set aside, and so the letter was lost sight of for a time."

Besides the hat, he has an envelope to hold loose papers lying on the top of his desk, docketed—"When you can't find it anywhere else, look in this."

A man with such salient characteristics naturally finds it easier to get on with a junior. He calls his partner Herndon "Billy," and the latter says "Mr. Lincoln." But Lincoln never pretends to be better informed than he is. For instance, one day he asks, "Billy, what's the meaning of antithesis?"

As an original, he takes his ease in this law office, lies on the sofa in the morning reading the newspapers aloud to himself; tells anecdotes to those who come to consult him on law business.

It comes natural to everyone to trust him. The minister to whom he mortgages his house asks for no receipt and wants no registration. Two farmers who have a dispute as to the boundary between their farms, enter into a mutual undertaking to submit the matter to Lincoln and to abide by his decision.

Does he not still look like a farmer in disguise? For, as a newly married man, he wears fine boots of tanned leather, a "boiled" shirt with a necktie and a black stovepipe hat which makes him look taller than ever. But his clothes hang on him loosely, his waistcoat is rumpled, his trousers are baggy at the knees, his collar is too large, and his necktie usually is askew. So he stands with sloping shoulders, his arms hanging loose, his head lurching forward and lowered, and when he looks at people out of his large gray eyes, he either seems to be thinking of something else, or else is boring into their very hearts.

LINCOLN'S WIFE

Mary brings some advantages to Lincoln, for though she has little interest in his legal practice, she is much concerned with politics. From the beginning she watches the career on which she has put all her hopes. Being colder-blooded than her husband and less trustful, she is more skeptical as to people's motives, and, having a definite aim in life, is shrewder in mundane affairs than a contemplative being like her husband.

For her, every fellow creature she meets is a possible competitor, whereas he looks upon every competitor primarily as a fellow creature; each of them projects personal feelings into the minds of others. The result is that she acts as a stimulus upon his procrastinating nature, and thus is a help in his political life.

At home, he is ready to yield to her as a rule, laughs genially when she is out of humor, and, if her spell of temper lasts too long, goes for a walk. He is indulgent to her weaknesses; hurries home to calm her fears when there is a thunderstorm; tries to reason her out of her dread of burglars. Both are superstitious; but in this matter it is characteristic that she believes in signs,



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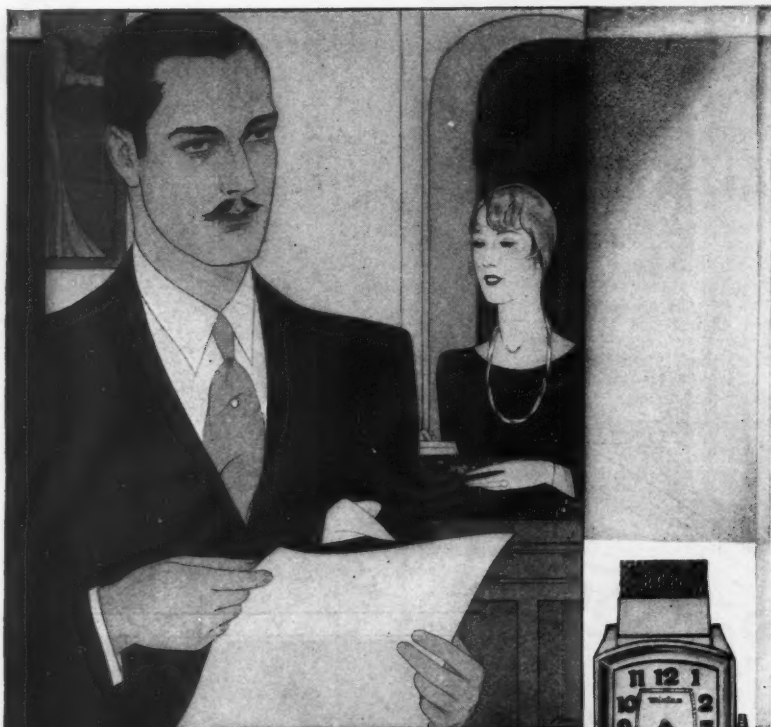
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WINTON

W A T C H E S

whereas Lincoln believes in dreams.

In the early days of their married life she has a hard time, for it does not come easy to a spoiled member of the Todd family to board at an inn in two rooms for four dollars a week; and when, as a reason for economy, he reminded her that he still had debts to pay, she must sometimes have wondered whether she would not have done more wisely to give her hand to a richer man.

It is a good thing that she soon becomes a mother, and that she has a chance of showing her family pride in the choice of a name for their boy. She refuses to have a son of hers called Joshua, after her husband's friend Speed, and insists upon Robert, her father's name.

She bears four sons, but only in the case of the last does she agree that he shall be named after Tom Lincoln, who has just died. During ten years, this ambitious woman gives birth to sons only, as Macbeth said was proper to women of undaunted mettle.

She knows how to keep Lincoln's friends at arm's length, and especially their wives; his "love to Fanny" soon becomes "regards to Mrs. Speed." She has detested Herndon, her husband's daily companion, since their first walk in Springfield; she has vainly endeavored to prevent the formation of the new firm, and for years, when she comes to the office, she passes the young man without a greeting.

Lincoln, being more a man of the world, does not follow Speed's example of writing openly about his married life. Two months after the marriage he tells Speed ambiguously: "I will let you know when we meet how my marriage is going on." Alluding to his wife's condition, he seems to take his prospective fatherhood prosaically: "I reckon it will scarcely be in our power to visit Kentucky this year. Besides poverty and the necessity of attending to business, those 'coming events' I suspect would be somewhat in the way."

How could such a pair get on well together? He prefers to sit at table in his shirt sleeves; goes to open the door when the bell rings. These trifles annoy her; she loves to have things done "just so." How can a precise and orderly-minded society woman be expected to get on with a husband who is as unpunctual as he is good-natured, as forgetful as he is gentle and humorous?

Does he not like to stretch himself at full length on the carpet in the sitting room, lying there to read, so that one must make a wide circuit to avoid stumbling over his long legs? For all she can say, he still goes out to the barn in shirt and trousers, "the trousers fastened with one suspender," milks the cow and comes back carrying the milk pail, his loose slippers shuffling.

But now, as she has little humor, her sense of breeding is outraged when he opens the front door to two fine ladies and says to them: "Come in; my wife will be down as soon as she gets her trotting harness on!"

In his slow and quiet way, he deals with the children as seems best to him, regardless of Mary's wishes. He wants them to learn goodness rather than good manners, and his outlook on the nursery is always a humorous one.

We have another boy, born on the 10th of March. He is very much such a child as Bob was at his age, rather of a longer order. Bob is "short and low," and I expect always will be. He is quite smart enough. I sometimes fear that he is the little "rare ripe" sort. He has a great deal of that sort of mischief

that is the offspring of such animal spirits.

Since I began this letter, a messenger came to tell me Bob was lost; but by the time I reached the house his mother had found him and had him whipped, and by now, very likely, he is run away again.

This is full of gentle sarcasm and of a fine knowledge of human nature. We can read much between the lines; above all, renunciation. For, from the time of his marriage, the melancholy note increases in Lincoln's utterances.

Lincoln is ripe for Washington—after eight years in the state legislature. He has reluctantly made way for Hardin and for Baker; and even now, when he has waited four years, the party management is still inclined to give this obliging colleague the go-by; and had not his wife got to work behind the scenes, he would probably have failed.

The way in which he puts aside his legal practice to devote himself exclusively to the elections, and the way in which he writes to friends and strangers to ask for their vote and influence, seem new in him. The ambition that pushes him forward during the next few years is obviously Mary's.

His opponent in this election is Peter Cartwright, the popular Methodist divine and circuit rider, known to half the state for his fiery speeches, a formidable adversary. Cartwright's religious connections give him great influence, and he secures many supporters by his Jacksonian leanings. Not being able to find anything else to Lincoln's disadvantage, he takes occasion to say that his Whig opponent is an unbeliever.

In actual fact, Lincoln is not a member of any particular congregation, so Cartwright can say what he pleases in this respect. Once, in a church, Lincoln has indeed made some slighting allusions to the insincerity of many professing Christians, who are ready enough to condemn drunkards and other sinners instead of trying to save them. After this, Cartwright resorts to a trick.

Lincoln has gone to a religious meeting where Cartwright is preaching. After a while Cartwright says: "All who desire to lead a new life, to give their hearts to God and go to heaven, will stand." Then the preacher goes on: "All who do not wish to go to hell will stand." The congregation, Lincoln excepted, promptly stand up. Cartwright says in solemn tones: "May I inquire of you, Mr. Lincoln, where you are going?"

Lincoln rises and answers: "I came here as a respectful listener. I did not know that I was to be singled out by Brother Cartwright. I believe in treating religious matters with due solemnity. Brother Cartwright asks me directly where I am going. I desire to reply with equal directness: I am going to Congress."

His prophecy comes true and when the election is over people are astonished at the size of his majority. Never before, in Illinois, has a Whig received so many votes. For the campaign the party had handed him \$200 for expenses. After the election he returns \$199.25, saying:

"I did not need the money. I made the canvass on my own horse; my entertainment, being at the houses of friends, cost me nothing; and my only outlay was seventy-five cents for a barrel of cider, which some farm hands insisted I should treat them to."

Lincoln has attained his first end, and he writes to Speed: "Being elected to Congress, though I am very grateful to our friends for having done it, has not

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pleased me as much as I expected."

Such is the usual experience of men for whom life in the imagination is more vivid than life in the real, and whose expectations are superior to reality.

Mary is happy. She can wander through the streets of Washington by the side of her husband, chosen of the people, can enter the Capitol, can look down from the gallery at her husband's seat and at last see in the flesh all the celebrated men whose names have, since earliest girlhood, aroused her to mingled awe and envy; she can scan critically the wives of the foreign diplomats from Europe, driving by proudly in their carriages. She can go to the White House.

There it is, plain and unadorned, not hidden by any walls—and far simpler than she has dreamed of. So near and so real: here the President's room, the office, the anteroom. Mary dreams of herself as mistress here.

But when she gets back to the little boarding house, and their own modest quarters, where she has to pass her days little noticed, as wife of a newcomer (a man unknown in Washington), she may well have gone through periods of doubt and gloom. In Springfield she had been a person of importance, but here in Washington, one among hundreds, she counts for little. "Who is that long, thin fellow?" "Oh, a lawyer from the West."

And here is Douglas, too, Lincoln's shadow, the short agile man, simultaneously entering the Capitol. He has been elected to the Senate, and, since a senator ranks far above a congressman, she may well have her thoughts. But the Whigs are at length on the upgrade; for the first time they have a majority in the House.

With mixed feelings, Mary returns to Springfield. Lincoln stays behind in the capital city, occupying himself there as paterfamilias, trying to buy stockings she wants for the children, advising her to get a servant girl, ending his letters as usual with: "Kiss the children for me."

Husband and wife seem to have been on exceptionally good terms at this time, for even Herndon, her adversary, reports that she says: "Lincoln is not much to look at, but people don't know that his heart is as great as his arms are long."

After a few weeks Lincoln becomes recognized as "the champion story-teller of the Capitol." In the anteroom where congressmen meet to chat and laugh, he at first keeps to himself, watching and listening, but soon he begins to take part.

LINCOLN AT WASHINGTON

Within a few weeks he actually makes his first great oration in Washington. The war was pretty well at an end even before the elections; Vera Cruz is in the hands of the United States Army; General Taylor has conquered a part of northern Mexico, and the pacifist opposition to the campaign has collapsed.

But Lincoln is not the man to be carried away by success, and is not one to be stampeded into a policy of which he fundamentally disapproves. Nay, at the very time when the army is marching from victory to victory, he dares declare the war to be an unjust one.

Thus he makes enemies in both camps, for the radical Whigs are discontented because he favors a vigorous support of the army and is prepared to vote the sinews of war, and, on the other hand, the nationalists are furious because he openly accuses the President of being responsible for this war.

He remains solitary. Even now, even here, he remains exceptional. What other representative in the political arena is likely to have written home such a letter as this:

Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, a little, slim, pale-faced consumptive man, with a voice like Logan's, has just concluded the very best speech of an hour's length I ever heard. My old, withered dry eyes are full of tears yet.

Who can foresee at what fatal hour he and Stephens are to meet again?—tears turned to wrath. For the time being he and Stephens become friends.

There is current in Springfield the story of a voter whom Lincoln has refused to recommend for an appointment, and to whom he has subsequently written:

From the beginning of our acquaintance, I had felt the greatest kindness for you, and had supposed it was reciprocated on your part. Last summer, under circumstances which I mentioned to you, I was painfully constrained to withhold a recommendation which you desired, and shortly afterwards I learned, in such a way as to believe it, that you were indulging in open abuse of me.

Of course my feelings were wounded. On receiving your last letter the question occurred whether you were attempting to use me at the same time you would injure me, or whether you might not have been misrepresented to me. If the former, I ought not to answer you; if the latter, I ought, and so I have remained in suspense. I now enclose the letter which you may use if you see fit.

What an extraordinary fellow we have sent to Congress this time! He is incorruptible, beyond question; he will not recommend any unfit person for a post, since he regards the state as more important than party ties. All the same, he is too good-natured to refuse, so in the end he sends a recommendation, coupled with an expression of mistrust which seems to revoke it.

You can make neither head nor tail of such a man. Better not reelect him!

Soon, Mary has hopeful hours. She joins her husband in Chicago, where he is widely known. She shares there the honors paid to him, and sees the desired future loom nearer. But she sees also how, at the beginning of a speech, he takes off his cuffs, turns back his sleeves as if he were in for a wrestling match; and she sees, too, how in the New England States, where he is little known, it is difficult for him at first to capture his audiences.

is accompanying him in part of his journeys to win votes for Taylor, a campaign he fights on a larger scale and with more success than the one four years earlier on behalf of Clay. Here, too, his chief success rests on his slashing criticism of the Democrats. For the first time he hears the cultured oratory of eastern politicians, the pathos of the Abolitionists, and he learns new aspects of his problems.

He is deeply impressed by an orator in Boston, Seward by name, who, a dozen years later, is to become intimately connected with his destiny. At a banquet for Taylor, Lincoln hears the name of another orator, who speaks before him, Jefferson Davis.

He now sees with his own eyes the great factories of the East and can study at first hand what has long been known to him on paper: the differences between North and South. He also visits Niagara Falls, and writes of them:

The geologists can prove, by the wearing back of the Niagara plunge, that the world is at least fourteen thousand years old; how Niagara calls up the past. When Columbus first sought this continent—when Christ suffered on the cross—when Moses led Israel through the Red Sea—nay, even when Adam first came from the hand of his Maker; then, as now, Niagara was roaring here.

Such romantic thoughts, aroused in him by the sight of this wonder of nature, may have persisted in his mind. But when his friend Herndon wants to talk the matter over with him, he replies banteringly, to fend off the questioner: "The thing that struck me most forcibly when I saw the Falls was, where in the world did all the water come from?"

BACK TO SPRINGFIELD

While he is on this journey, however, the session of Congress comes to an end, and Lincoln is not at present destined to return to Washington. His remarkable position between peace and war, his refusals to office hunters, the rejection of his bill to abolish slavery in Columbia, have alienated a good many supporters, and he cannot be sure of reelection.

Above all, however, he is unwilling to try, as so many of his colleagues have tried, to cling to his seat. "I declared that I would not run again, for I wished to remain fair to my colleagues. . . . But if no other candidate should offer himself, I should have no objection. As for putting myself forward, or trying to get anyone to propose me, my word of honor forbids."

Taylor has been elected President, although he can barely read or write correctly, but Lincoln, now rather unwillingly, must quit the center of political life. Although he has no fondness for party intrigues, he has learned here a great deal about the nature of the Union, and would like to know more.

His adversaries flourish: Shields has just become senator, and Douglas' influence is growing. Has Washington been nothing but a brief interlude? What will bring him thither a second time from Springfield? And yet what is there to lure him back to the Springfield nest?

A house where, under reproachful glances, he has to lead an orderly existence; an office in which he has to adjust uninteresting legal disputes; a newspaper in which he has to voice the views of his party! At most, the children—but will there be no disputes about their education?

Mary, likewise, is depressed when she sees how quickly they fall back into the old rut. She longs for a more expansive life, where everything is splendid and impressive, and she writes from New York:

When I saw the large steamers at the New York landing, ready for their European voyage, I felt in my heart inclined to sigh that poverty was my portion. I often laugh and tell Mr. Lincoln that I am determined my next husband shall be rich.

In November Emil Ludwig tells how Lincoln broke a law for one woman, while another woman's tantrums were one of the secrets of his success

1929

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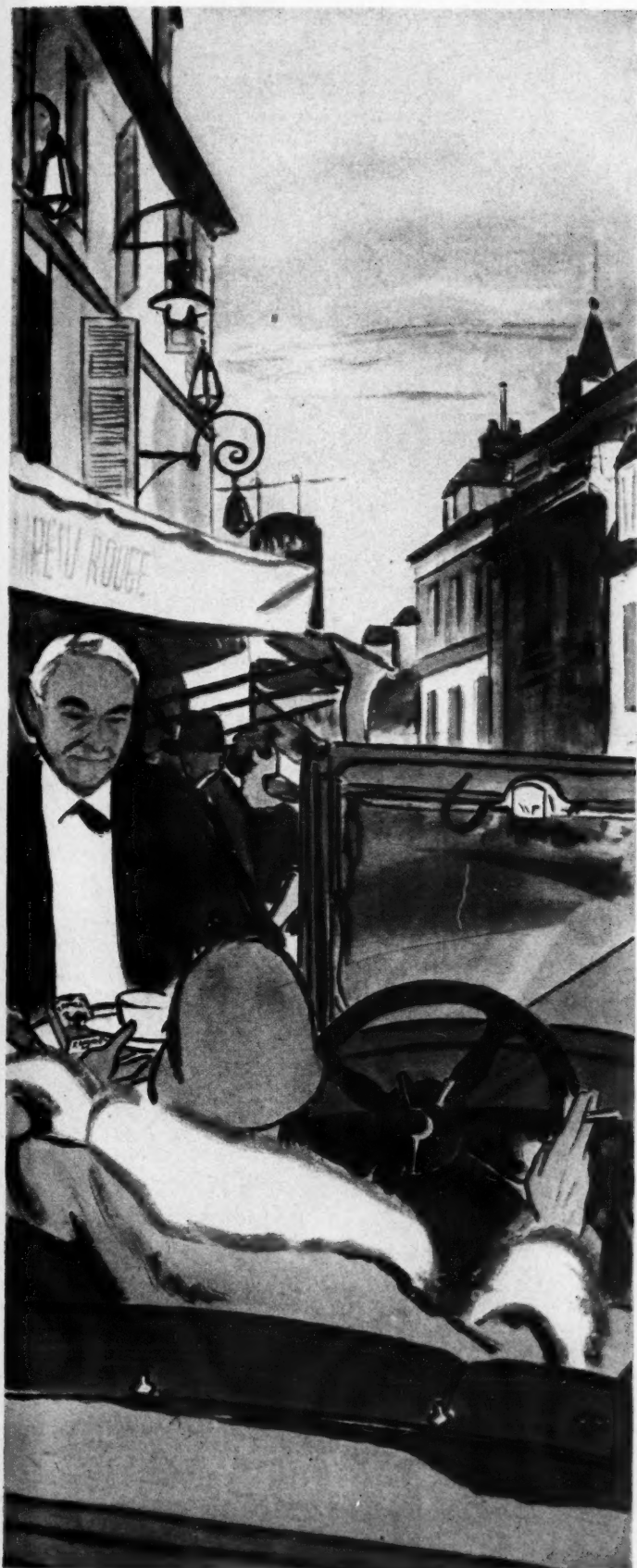
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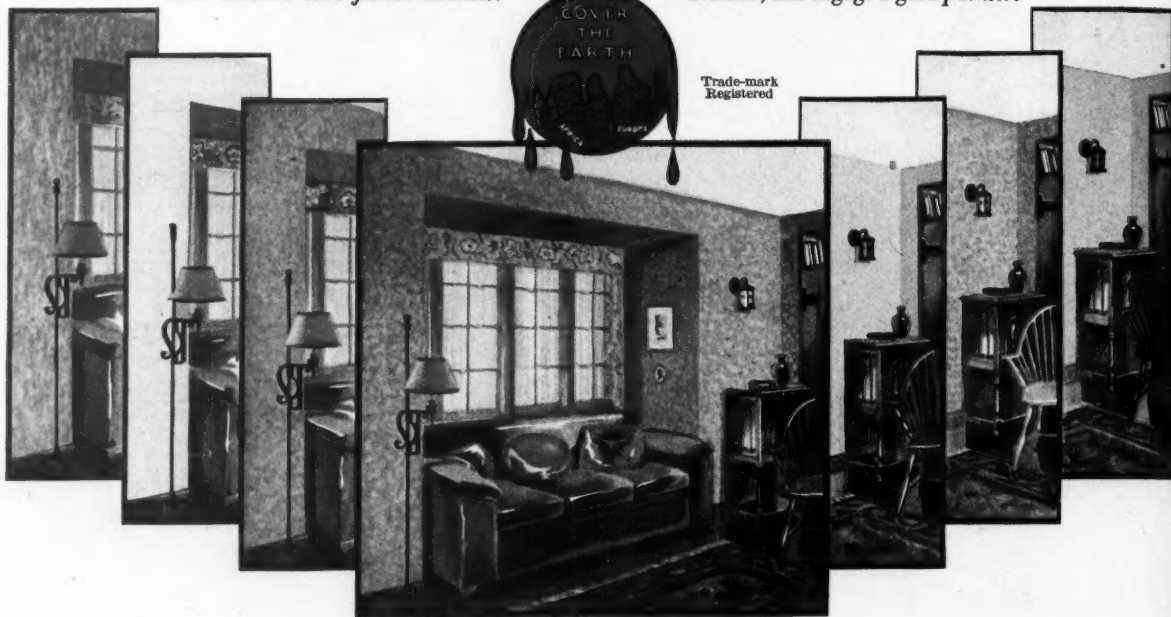
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Hearst's International-Cosmopolitan for October 1929

ALWAYS ENGAGE A GOOD PAINTER



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Mirage by W. Somerset Maugham (Continued from page 47)

hotel boy came in and said that a gentleman wished to see me. I knew no one in Haiphong and asked who it was.

The boy said he was an Englishman and lived there, but he could not tell me his name. The boy spoke very little French and it was hard for me to understand what he said. I was mystified, but told him to show the visitor in.

A moment later he came back followed by a white man and pointed me out to him. The man gave me a look and walked towards me. He was a tall fellow, well over six feet high, rather fat and bloated, with a red, clean-shaven face and extremely pale blue eyes.

He wore shabby khaki shorts and a stengah-shifter, unbuttoned at the neck, and a battered helmet. I concluded at once that he was some stranded beach comber who was going to touch me for a loan.

HE CAME up to me and held out a large red hand with broken, dirty nails.

"I don't suppose you remember me," he said. "My name's Grosely. I was at St. Thomas's Hospital with you. I recognized your name as soon as I saw it in the paper and I thought I'd look you up."

I had not the smallest recollection of him, but I asked him to sit down and offered him a drink. By his appearance I had first thought he would ask me for ten plasters and I might have given him five, but now it seemed more likely that he would ask for a hundred and I should have to think myself lucky if I could content him with fifty.

"Are you a doctor?" I asked.

"No; I was only at the bloody place a year."

He took off his sun-helmet and showed me a mop of gray hair, which much needed a brush. His face was curiously mottled and he did not look healthy. His teeth were decayed and at the corners of his mouth were empty spaces. When the boy came to take the orders he asked for brandy.

"Bring the bottle," he said. "*La bouteille. Savvy?*" He turned to me. "I've been living here for the last five years, but I can't get along with French somehow. I talk Tonkinese." He leaned his chair back and looked at me. "I remember you, you know. You used to go about with those twins. What was their name? I expect I've changed more than you have. I've spent the best part of my life in China. Rotten climate, you know. It plays the dickens with a man."

I still had not the smallest recollection of him. I thought it best to say so. "Were you the same year as I was?" I asked.

"Yes. Eighteen ninety-two."

"It's a devil of a long time ago."

About sixty boys and young men entered the hospital every year; most of them were shy and confused by the new life they were entering upon; many never had been in London before. To me they were shadows that passed without any particular rhyme or reason across a white sheet.

The boy brought the bottle of brandy and Grosely, if that was really his name, pouring himself out a generous helping, drank it down at a gulp without water or soda.

"I couldn't stand doctoring," he said; "I chucked it. My people got fed up with me and I went out to China. They gave me a hundred pounds and told me to shift for myself. I was glad to get out. I can tell you. I guess I was just about as much fed up with them as they

were with me. I haven't troubled them much since."

Then from somewhere in the depths of my memory a faint hint crept into the rim, as it were, of consciousness. I had first an inkling of some shabby little scandal that had got into the papers. Then I saw a boy's face, and so gradually the facts recurred to me; I remembered him now.

I didn't believe he was called Grosely then; I think he had a one-syllable name, but I was uncertain of that. He was a tall lad (I began to see him quite well), thin, with a slight stoop; he was only eighteen and had grown too fast for his strength. He had curly, shining brown hair, rather large features (they did not look so large now, perhaps because his face was fat and puffy) and a peculiarly fresh complexion, pink and white, like a girl's.

I imagine people, women especially, would have thought him a handsome boy, but to us he was only a clumsy, shuffling lout. Then I remembered that he did not often come to lectures; no, it wasn't that I remembered—there were too many students in the theater to recollect who was there and who wasn't.

I remembered the dissecting room. He had a leg at the table next to the one I was working at and he hardly ever touched it. I forget why the men who had other parts of the body complained of his neglecting the work; I suppose somehow it interfered with them.

In those days a good deal of gossip went on over the dissection of a "part" and out of the distance of thirty years some of it came back to me. Someone started the story that Grosely was a gay dog.

He had his admirers and you could often see him surrounded by a little band listening open-mouthed to stories of his adventures. Recollections now were crowding upon me. In a little while he lost his shyness and assumed the airs of a man of the world. They must have looked absurd on this smooth-cheeked boy with his pink-and-white skin. Men (so they called themselves) used to tell one another of his escapades. He became quite a hero.

He would make caustic remarks as he passed the museum and saw a pair of earnest students going over their anatomy together. He was at home in the public houses of the neighborhood and was on familiar terms with the barmaids. Looking back, I imagine that, newly arrived from the country and the tutelage of parents and schoolmasters, he was captivated by his freedom and the thrill of London. His dissipations were harmless enough. They were due only to the urge of youth. He lost his head.

But we were all poor and we did not know how Grosely managed to pay for his garish amusements. We knew his father was a country doctor and I think we knew exactly how much he gave his son a month. It was not enough to pay for the women he picked up on the promenade at the Pavilion and for the drinks he stood his friends in the Criterion Bar.

We told one another in awe-struck tones that he must be getting fearfully into debt. Of course he could pawn things, but we knew by experience that you could not get more than three pounds for a microscope and thirty shillings for a skeleton. We said he must be spending at least ten pounds a week. Our ideas were not grand and this

seemed to us the wildest pitch of extravagance.

At last one of his friends disclosed the mystery: Grosely had discovered a wonderful system for making money.

He went to auctions in the Strand and Oxford Street, and in private houses, and bought anything portable that was going cheap. Then he took his purchase to a pawnbroker's and pawned it for ten shillings or a pound more than he had paid for it.

He was making money, four or five pounds a week, and he said he was going to give up medicine and make a regular business of it. Not one among those boys had ever made a penny in his life and they regarded Grosely with admiration.

Then it became known that the dean had sent for Grosely and hauled him over the coals; had threatened him with sundry penalties if he continued systematically to neglect his work.

Grosely was indignant. He'd had enough of that sort of thing at school, he said; he wasn't going to let that horse-faced old fellow treat him like a boy. Confound it all, he was getting on for nineteen and there wasn't much he didn't know. The dean had said he'd heard he was drinking more than was good for him. Confounded cheek. He could carry his liquor as well as any man of his age; he'd been blind last Saturday and he meant to get blind next Saturday, and if anyone didn't like it he could do the other thing.

Grosely's friends agreed with him that a man couldn't let himself be insulted like that.

But the blow fell at last and now I remembered quite well the shock it gave us all. I suppose we had not seen Grosely for two or three days, but he had been in the habit of coming to the hospital more and more irregularly, so if we thought anything about it, I imagine we merely said that he was off on one of his bays.

The anatomy lecture was at nine in the morning and it was a rush to get there in time. On this particular day little attention was paid to the lecturer, who was describing I know not what part of the human skeleton, for there was much excited whispering along the benches and a newspaper was surreptitiously passed from hand to hand.

SUDDENLY the lecturer stopped. He had a pedagogic sarcasm. He affected not to know the names of his students.

"I am afraid I am disturbing the gentleman who is reading the paper. Anatomy is a tedious science and I regret that the regulations of the Royal College of Surgeons oblige me to ask you to give it enough of your attention to pass an examination in it. Any gentleman, however, who finds this impossible is at liberty to continue his perusal of the paper outside."

The wretched boy to whom this reproof was addressed reddened to the roots of his hair and in his embarrassment tried to stuff the newspaper in his pocket. The professor of anatomy observed him coldly.

"I am afraid, sir, that the paper is a little too large to go into your pocket," he remarked. "Perhaps you would be good enough to hand it down to me."

The newspaper was passed from row to row to the well of the theater, and the eminent surgeon, taking it, asked:

"May I inquire what it is in the paper that the gentleman in question found of such absorbing interest?"



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The student who gave it to him without a word pointed out the paragraph that we had been reading. The professor read it and we watched him in silence. He put the paper down and went on with his lecture.

The headline ran "Arrest of a Medical Student." Grosely had been brought before the police-court magistrate for getting goods on credit and pawning them. It appears that this is an indictable offense and the magistrate had remanded him for a week. Bail was refused.

It looked as if Grosely's method of making money by buying things at auctions and pawning them had not in the long run proved as steady a source of income as he expected and he found it more profitable to pawn things that he had not been at the expense of paying for. We talked the matter over excitedly as soon as the lecture was over and I am bound to say that, having no property ourselves, so deficient was our sense of its sanctity that none of us could look upon his crime as a serious one; but with the natural love of the young for the terrible there were few who did not think he would get anything from two years' hard labor to seven years' penal servitude.

I do not know why, but I did not have any recollection of what happened to Grosely. I think he may have been arrested towards the end of a session and his case may have come on again when we had all separated for the holidays.

I did not know whether the case was disposed of by the police-court magistrate or whether it went up for trial. I had a feeling that he was sentenced to a short term of imprisonment, six weeks perhaps, for his operations had been extensive; but I knew that he had vanished from our midst and in a little while was thought of no more.

It was strange to me that after all these years I should recollect the incident so clearly. It was as though, turning over an album of old snapshots, I saw all at once the photographs of a scene I had quite forgotten.

But of course in that gross elderly man with gray hair and mottled red face I should never have recognized the lanky, pink-cheeked boy. He looked sixty, but I knew he must be much less than that. I wondered what he had done with himself in the intervening time. It did not look as though he had prospered excessively.

"What were you doing in China?" I asked him.

"I was a tidewater."

"Oh, were you?"

It is not a position of great importance and I took care to keep out of my tone any note of surprise. The tidewaiters are employees of the Chinese customs whose duty it is to board the ships and junks at the various treaty ports, and I think their chief business is to prevent opium smuggling.

"When I left England I swore I wouldn't go back till I'd made my pile. And I never did. They were glad enough to get anyone to be a tidewater in those days—any white man, I mean—and they didn't ask any questions."

"I was darned glad to get the job, I can tell you; I was about broke when they took me on. I only took it till I could get something better, but I stayed on. It suited me. I wanted to make money and I found out that a tidewater could make a packet if he knew the right way to go about. I was with the Chinese customs for the best part of twenty-five years and when I came away I wouldn't mind betting that lots of

commissioners would have been glad to have the money I had."

He gave me a sly, mean look. I had an inkling of what he meant. But there was another point on which I was willing to be reassured: if he was going to ask me for a hundred piasters (I was resigned to that sum now) I thought I might as well take the blow at once.

"I hope you kept it," I said.

"You bet I did. I invested all my money in Shanghai and when I left China I put it all in American railway bonds. Safety first is my motto. I know too much about crooks to take any risks myself."

I liked that remark, so I asked him if he wouldn't have luncheon with me.

"No, I don't think I will. I don't eat much tiffin, and anyway my chow's waiting for me at home. I think I'll be getting along." He got up and towered over me. "But look here, why don't you come along this evening and see my place? I've married a Haiphong girl. Got a baby, too. It's not often I get a chance of talking to anyone about London. You'd better not come to dinner. We eat only native food and I don't suppose you'd care for that. Come along about nine, will you?"

"All right," I said.

I had already told him that I was leaving Haiphong next day. He asked the boy to bring him a piece of paper so that he might write down his address. He wrote laboriously in the hand of a schoolboy of fourteen.

"Tell the porter to explain to your rickshaw boy where it is. I'm on the second floor. There's no bell. Just knock. Well, see you later."

He walked out and I watched him get into a rickshaw. I went in to luncheon.

After dinner I called a rickshaw and with the porter's help made the boy understand where I wanted to go. I found presently that he was taking me along the curved canal; he stopped at one of the whitewashed houses and pointed to the door.

It looked so shabby and the neighborhood was so squalid that I hesitated, thinking he had made a mistake. I told the rickshaw boy to wait and pushing open the door saw a dark staircase in front of me. There was no one about and the street was empty. It might have been the small hours of the morning.

I struck a match and fumbled my way upstairs; on the second floor I struck another match and saw a large brown door in front of me. I knocked and in a moment it was opened by a little Tonkinese woman holding a candle.

She was dressed in the earth-brown of the poorer classes, with a tight little black turban on her head; her lips and the skin around them were stained red with betel and when she opened her mouth to speak I saw that she had the black teeth and black gums that so disfigure these people. She said something in her native language and then I heard Grosely's voice.

"Come along in. I was beginning to think you weren't going to turn up."

I passed through a little dark ante-chamber and entered a large room that evidently looked on the canal. Grosely was lying on a long chair and he raised his length from it as I came in.

"Sit down," he said, "and put your feet up."

"There's no reason why I should take your chair."

"Go on. I'll sit on this."

He took a kitchen chair and sitting down on it put his feet on the end of mine.

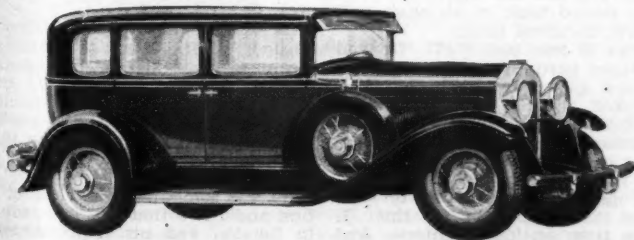
"That's my wife," he said, pointing with his thumb at the Tonkinese woman



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who had followed me into the room. "And over there in the corner's the kid."

I followed his eyes and against the wall, lying on bamboo mats and covered with a blanket, I saw a child sleeping.

"Lively little beggar when he's awake. I wish you could have seen him. She's going to have another soon."

His wife went out of the room and presently came back with a bottle of whisky, two glasses and a siphon. I looked around. At the back there was a partition of dark unpainted wood, which I suppose shut off another room, and pinned against the middle of this was a portrait of John Galsworthy cut out of an illustrated paper. He looked austere, mild and gentlemanly, and I wondered what he did there.

The other walls were whitewashed, but the whitewash was dingy and stained. Pinned to them were pages of pictures from the Graphic or the Illustrated London News.

"I put them up," said Grosely; "I thought they made the place look home-like."

"What made you put up Galsworthy? Do you read his books?"

"No, I didn't know he wrote books. I liked his face."

There were one or two torn and shabby rattan mats on the floor and in a corner a great pile of the Hongkong Times. The only furniture consisted of a washstand, two or three kitchen chairs, a table or two and a large teak bed. It was cheerless and sordid.

"Not a bad little place, is it?" said Grosely. "Suits me all right. Sometimes I've thought of moving, but I don't suppose I ever shall now." He gave a little chuckle. "I came to Haiphong for forty-eight hours and I've been here five years. I was on my way to Shanghai, really."

He was silent. Having nothing to say, I said nothing. Then the little Tonkinese woman made a remark to him, which I could not understand, and he answered her. He was silent again for a minute or two, but I thought he looked at me as though he wanted to ask me something. I did not know why he hesitated.

"Have you ever tried smoking opium on your travels in the East?" he inquired at last, casually.

"Yes, I did once, at Singapore. I thought I'd like to see what it was like."

"What happened?"

"Nothing very thrilling, to tell you the truth. I thought I was going to have the most exquisite emotions. I expected visions, like De Quincey's, you know. The only thing I felt was a kind of physical well-being, the sort of feeling that you get when you've had a Turkish bath and are lying in the cooling room, and then a peculiar activity of mind so that everything I thought of seemed extremely clear."

"I know."

"I really felt that two and two are four and there could not be the smallest doubt about it. But next morning—oh, Lord! My head reeled. I was as sick as a dog; I was sick all day, and I said to myself miserably: 'And there are people who call this fun.'"

Grosely leaned back in his chair and gave a low, mirthless laugh.

"I expect it was bad stuff. Or you went at it too hard. They saw you were a mug and gave you drugs that had been smoked already. They're enough to turn anybody up. Would you like to have another try now? I've got some stuff here that I know's good."

"No; I think once was enough for me."

"D'you mind if I have a pipe or two? You want it in a climate like this. It keeps you from getting dysentery. And

I generally have a bit of a smoke about this time."

"Go ahead," I said.

He spoke again to the woman and she, raising her voice, called out something in a raucous tone. An answer came from the room behind the wooden partition and after a minute or two an old woman came out carrying a little round tray. She was shriveled and old, and when she entered gave me an ingratiating smile.

Grosely crossed over to the bed and stretched out on it. The old woman set the tray down on the bed; on it were a spirit lamp, a pipe, a long needle and a little round box of opium. She squatted on the bed and Grosely's wife got on it too.

Grosely watched the old woman while she put a little pellet of the drug on the needle, held it over the flame till it sizzled, and then plugged it into the pipe. She handed it to him and with a great breath he inhaled it, held the smoke for a little while and then blew it out in a thick gray cloud.

He handed her back the pipe and she started to make another. Nobody spoke. He smoked three pipes in succession and then sank back.

"By George, I feel better now. I was feeling all in. She makes a wonderful pipe, this old hag. Are you sure you won't have one?"

"Quite."

"Please yourself. Have some tea, then."

He spoke to his wife, who scrambled off the bed and went out of the room. In a little while she came back with a little china pot of tea and a couple of Chinese bowls.

"A lot of people smoke here, you know. It does you no harm if you don't do it to excess. I never smoke more than twenty to twenty-five pipes a day. You can go on for years if you limit yourself to that. Some of the Frenchmen smoke as many as forty or fifty a day. That's too much. I never do that, except now and then when I feel I want a binge. I'm bound to say it's never done me any harm."

We drank our tea, pale and vaguely scented, and clean on the palate. Then the old woman made him another pipe and then another. His wife had got back on the bed and presently went to sleep.

Grosely smoked two or three pipes at a time and while he was smoking seemed intent upon nothing else; but in the intervals he was loquacious. Two or three times I suggested going, but he would not let me. The hours wore on. Once or twice while he smoked I dozed. He told me all about himself. He went on and on. I spoke only to give him a cue.

I cannot relate what he told me in his words. He repeated himself. He was long-winded and he told me his story confusedly, first a late bit, then an early bit, so that I had to arrange the sequence for myself. Sometimes I saw that, afraid he had said too much, he held something back; sometimes he lied and I had to make a guess at the truth from the smile he gave me or the look in his eyes.

He had not the words to describe what he had felt and I had to conjecture his meaning from slangy metaphors and hackneyed, vulgar phrases. I kept on asking myself what his real name was; it was on the tip of my tongue and it irritated me not to be able to think of it, though why it should matter to me I did not know.

He was somewhat suspicious of me at first and I saw that this escapade of his in London and his imprisonment had

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Put slices of cheese with a little salt and pepper between two thin slices of bread. Butter the outsides of the sandwich and toast it in the cooker, the top closed.



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TABLE APPOINTMENTS BY MANNING-BOWMAN

been a tormenting secret all these years. He had always been haunted by the fear that sooner or later someone would find out.

"It's funny that even now you shouldn't remember me at the hospital," he said, looking at me shrewdly. "You must have a rotten memory."

"Hang it all, it's nearly thirty years ago. Think of the thousands of people I've met since then. There's no reason why I should remember you any more than you remember me."

"That's right. I don't suppose there is."

It seemed to reassure him. At last he had smoked enough and the old woman made herself a pipe and smoked it. Then she went over to the mat on which the child was lying and huddled down beside it.

When at last I went I found my boy fast asleep, curled up on the footboard of the rickshaw. I knew where I was and I wanted air and exercise, so I gave him a couple of plasters and told him I would walk.

It was a strange story I carried away with me.

It was with a sort of horror that I had listened to Grosely telling me of those twenty years he had spent in China. He had made money; I do not know how much, but from the way he talked I should think something between fifteen and twenty thousand pounds, and for a tidewater it was a fortune.

He could not have come by it honestly, and little as I knew of the details of his trade, by his sudden reticences, by his leers and hints I guessed that there was no base transaction that, if it was made worth his while, he jibbed at. I suppose that nothing paid him better than smuggling opium, and his position gave him the opportunity to do this with safety and profit.

I understood that his superior officers had often had their suspicions of him, but never had been able to get such proof as to justify them in taking steps.

I saw that he was divided between the fear of telling me too much to his discredit and the desire to boast of his astuteness. He prided himself on the confidence the Chinese had placed in him.

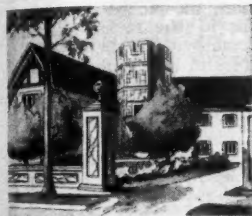
"They knew they could trust me," he said, "and it gave me a pull. I never double-crossed a Chinaman once."

The thought filled him with the complacency of the honest man. The Chinese discovered that he was keen on curios and they got in the habit of giving him bits or bringing him things to buy; he never asked how they had come by them and he bought them cheap. When he had got a good lot he sent them to Peking and sold them at a handsome profit.

I remembered how he had started his commercial career by buying things at auctions and pawning them. For twenty years, by shabby shift and petty dishonesty, he added pound to pound, and everything he made he invested in Shanghai.

He lived penuriously, saving half his pay; he never went on leave because he did not want to waste his money; he would not have anything to do with the Chinese women, for he wanted to keep himself free from any entanglement; he did not drink. He was consumed by one ambition: to save enough to be able to go back to England and live the life from which he had been snatched as a boy. That was the only thing he wanted.

He lived in China as though in a dream; he paid no attention to the life around him; its color and strangeness, its possibilities of pleasure, meant nothing to him. There was always before



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him the mirage of London; the Criterion Bar, himself standing with his foot on the rail; the promenade at the Empire and the Pavilion; the picked-up woman; the serio-comic at the music hall and the musical comedy at the Gaiety.

This was life and love and adventure. This was romance. This was what he yearned for with all his heart. There was surely something impressive in the way in which during all those years he had lived like an anchorite with that one end in view of leading again a life which was so second-rate and vulgar. It showed character.

"You see," he said to me, "even if I'd been able to get back to England on leave I wouldn't have gone. I did not want to go till I could go for good. And then I wanted to do the thing in style."

He saw himself putting on evening clothes every night and going out with a gardenia in his buttonhole; and he saw himself going to the Derby in a long coat and a brown hat, with a pair of opera glasses slung over his shoulder. He saw himself giving the girls a look-over and picking out the one he fancied.

He made up his mind that on the night he arrived in London he would get blind—he hadn't been drunk for twenty years; couldn't afford to be in his job. He'd take care not to get drunk on the ship on the way home. He'd wait till he got to London. What a night he'd have! He thought of it for twenty years.

I do not know why Grosely left the Chinese customs, whether the place was getting too hot for him, whether he had reached the end of his service or whether he had amassed the sum he had fixed, but at last he sailed. He went second class; he did not intend to start spending money till he reached London.

He took rooms in Jermyn Street—he had always wanted to live there—and he went straight to a tailor's and ordered himself an outfit. Slap up. Then he had a look round the town. It was different; there was much more traffic and he felt confused and a little at sea. He went to the Criterion and found there was no longer the bar where he used to lounge and drink.

There was a restaurant in Leicester Square where he had been in the habit of dining when he was in funds, but he could not find it; he supposed it had been torn down. He went to the Pavilion, but there were no women there; he was rather disgusted and went on to the Empire, and he found they had done away with the Promenade. It was rather a blow. He could not make it out.

Well, anyhow he must be prepared for changes in twenty years, and if he couldn't do anything else he could get drunk. He had had fever several times in China and the change of climate had brought it on again; he wasn't feeling any too well, and after four or five drinks he was glad to go to bed.

That first day was only a sample of many that followed it. Everything went wrong. Grosely's voice grew peevish and bitter as he told me how one thing and another had failed him. The old places were gone; the people were different; he found it hard to make friends; he was strangely lonely—he had never expected that in a great city like London.

That's what was wrong with it, London had become too big; it wasn't the jolly, intimate place it had been in the early 'nineties. It had gone to pieces.

He picked up a few girls, but they weren't as nice as the girls he had known before; they weren't the fun they used to be, and he grew dimly conscious that they thought him a rum sort of cove. He was only just over forty and

they looked upon him as an old man. When he tried to cotton on to a lot of young fellows standing round a bar they gave him the cold shoulder. Anyway, these young fellows didn't know how to drink. He'd show them. He got soused every night; it was the only thing to do in that darned place, but by Jove, it made him feel rotten next day.

He supposed it was the climate of China. When he was a medical student he could drink a bottle of whisky every night and be as fresh as a daisy in the morning. He began to think more about China. All sorts of things that he never knew he had noticed came back to him.

It wasn't a bad life he'd led there. Perhaps he'd been a fool to keep away from those Chinese girls; some of them were pretty little things, and they didn't put on the airs these English girls did.

One could have a darned good time in China if one had the money he had. One could keep a Chinese girl and get into the club and there'd be a lot of nice fellows to drink with and play bridge and billiards.

He remembered the Chinese shops and all the row in the streets and the coolies carrying loads and the ports with the junks in them, and the rivers with pagodas on the banks. It was funny, he never thought much of China while he was there and now—well, he couldn't get it out of his mind. It obsessed him.

He began to think that London was no place for a white man. It had gone to the dogs, that was the long and short of it, and one day the thought came to him that perhaps it would be a good thing if he went back to China.

Of course it was silly; he'd worked like a slave for twenty years to be able to have a good time in London, and it was absurd to go and live in China. With his money he ought to be able to have a good time anywhere. But somehow he couldn't think of anything but China.

One day he went to the pictures and saw a scene at Shanghai. That settled it. He was fed up with London. He hated it. He was going to get out, and this time he'd get out for good. He had been home a year and a half and it seemed longer to him than all his twenty years in the East.

He took a passage on a French boat sailing from Marseilles and when he saw the coast of Europe sink into the sea he heaved a great sigh of relief. When they got to Suez and he felt the first touch of the East he knew he had done the right thing. Europe was finished. The East was the only place.

He went ashore at Jibuti and again at Colombo and Singapore, but though the ship stopped for two days at Saigon he remained on board there. When they reached Haiphong, where they were staying for another forty-eight hours, he thought he might as well have a look at it.

That was the last stopping place before they got to China. He was bound for Shanghai. When he got there he meant to go to a hotel and look around a bit and then get hold of a girl and a place of his own. He would buy a pony or two, and race. He'd soon make friends. In the East they weren't so stiff and stand-offish as they were in London.

Going ashore, he dined at the hotel and after dinner he got into a rickshaw and told the boy he wanted a woman. The boy took him to the shabby tenement in which I had sat for so many hours, and there were the old woman and the girl who was now the mother of his child.



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Smooth Hinds Cream over face and neck. Now dip your puff generously in powder and pat, pat, pat it on your skin. Shake the puff loose of powder and delicately go over the face again—to blend in the powder. Then with your finger tips softly smooth in the remaining traces. As a finishing touch moisten your eyelids with Hinds Cream. (Never powder your lids. It makes them look old.)

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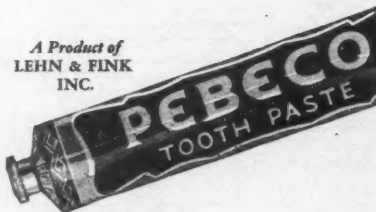
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After a while the old woman asked him if he wouldn't like to smoke. He had never tried opium, he had always been frightened of it, but now he didn't see why he shouldn't have a go. He was feeling well that night and the girl was a jolly, cuddlesome little thing; she was rather like a Chinese girl, small and pretty, like an idol.

Well, he had a pipe or two, and he began to feel happy and comfortable. He stayed all night. He didn't sleep. He just thought about things.

"I stayed here till my ship went on to Hongkong," he said. "And when she left I just stayed on."

"How about your luggage?" I asked.

For I am perhaps unworthily interested in the manner people combine practical details with the ideal aspects of life. When in a novel penniless lovers drive in a long swift racing car over the hills and far away, I have always a desire to know how they managed to pay the bill.

"I only had a trunk full of clothes—I was never one to want much more than I stood up in—and I went down with the girl in a rickshaw to fetch it. I only meant to stay on till the next boat came through. You see, I was so near China here I thought I'd wait a bit and get used to things, if you understand what I mean, before I went on."

I did. Those last words of his revealed him to me. I knew that on the threshold of China his courage had failed him. England had been such a terrible disappointment that now he was afraid to put China to the test. If that failed him, he had nothing.

For years England had been like a mirage in the desert. But when he had yielded to the attraction, those shining pools and the palm trees and the green grass were nothing but the rolling sandy dunes.

He had China, and so long as he never saw it again, he kept it.

"Somehow, I stayed on. You know, you'd be surprised how quickly the days pass. After all, I'm comfortable here. The old woman makes a good pipe, and she's a jolly little girl, my girl, and then there's the kid. A lively young beggar.

If you're happy somewhere, what's the good of going somewhere else?"

"And are you happy here?" I asked.

I looked round that bare sordid room. There was no comfort in it and not one of the little personal things which might have given him the feeling of home.

Grosely had taken this equivocal little apartment just as it was, and he camped rather than lived there. After a little while he answered my question.

"I've never been so happy in my life. I often think I'll go on to Shanghai some day, but I don't suppose I ever shall. And Lord knows, I never want to see England again."

"Aren't you awfully lonesome sometimes for people to talk to?"

"No. Sometimes a Chinese tramp comes in with an English skipper or a Scotch engineer and then I go on board and we have a talk about old times. There's an old fellow here, a Frenchman who was in the customs, and he speaks English; I go to see him sometimes.

"But the fact is, I don't want anybody very much. I think a lot. It gets on my nerves when people come between me and my thoughts. I'm not a big smoker, you know; I just have a pipe or two in the morning to settle my stomach, but I don't really smoke till night. Then I think."

"What d'you think about?"

"Oh, all sorts of things. Sometimes about London and what it was like when I was a boy. But mostly about China. I think of the good times I had and the way I made my money, and I remember the fellows I used to know, and the Chinese. I had some narrow squeaks now and then, but I always came through all right.

"It's a great country, China; I love those shops, with an old fellow sitting on his heels smoking a water pipe, and all the shop signs. And the temples. By George, that's the place for a man to live in. There's life."

The mirage shone before his eyes. The illusion held him. He was happy. I wondered what would be his end. Well, that was not yet. For the first time in his life perhaps he held the present in his hand.

The Tie that Binds (Continued from page 69)

Mexican *rancheros*—a gentleman's sport, like fox-hunting.

Now, when a Mexican promotes a party he never does it on the cheap. His gesture must be magnificent; otherwise it would never occur to him to make it. And in a Charros Club composed of magnificoes, the promotion of an international roping contest was bound to transcend all previous events in roping history.

Tom Crosby's eyes fairly popped as he read the announcement, the list of prizes and the rules.

To begin, the show was to last six days and competition was open to any roper who could afford to pay an entrance fee of two hundred and fifty dollars. ("That'll keep the peons out," Mr. Crosby grinned, "an' let the top-notchers in. Good! We won't be crowded an' have our time wasted by amateurs. The man who puts up that much money for the privilege of competin' just naturally *knows* he's good.")

There was to be no day money. In the final money, first prize was five thousand, second three thousand, third one thousand. The contest for the first three days called for six two-year-old steers to be roped and hog-tied by each contestant. The next two days

constituted the semifinals, out of which three final contestants were to be chosen to compete against one another on the sixth day. They were to rope twelve steers each in the semifinals.

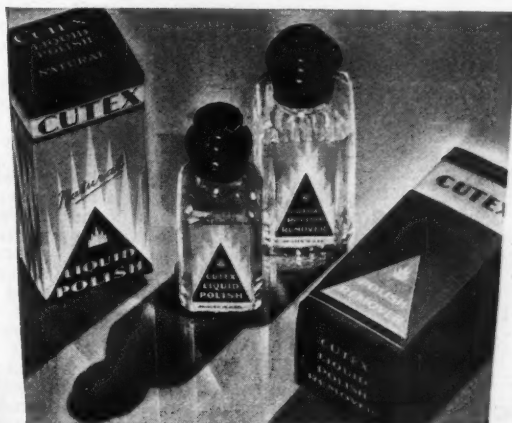
In the finals, each contestant was to rope and hog-tie twenty-four aged steers in rapid succession. After casting his first steer loose, a final contestant was allowed two minutes in which to gather up his reata, test his saddle girths, mount and be back at his chute waiting for his next steer to come out.

Tom Crosby had no illusions regarding that drastic final contest. He knew the man who won that would, indeed, find none so ignorant as to dispute his claim to the championship of the world, for in addition to testing his roping ability to the ultimate limit, it would be a supreme test of his physical stamina.

Because Tom Crosby knew that Mexican and Spanish-Californian *vaqueros* are the best ropers in the world, he realized that the roping contests in which he had for nine years appeared on the rodeo circuits would be mere child's play in comparison with the forthcoming contest at Juarez. The roping of goats and four-months-old calves at rodeos is, in the final analysis, no real criterion of skill with a reata. One is not, as a

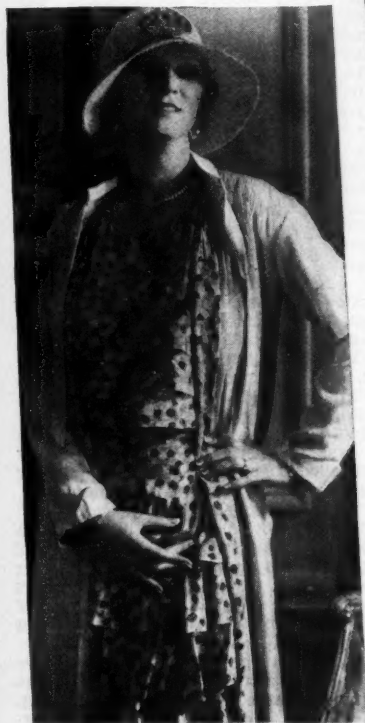
The smart new Liquid Polish that women with famous hands are using

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The way you care for your nails can change the whole expression of your hands.

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IRENE CASTLE McLAUGHLIN says, "Women don't realize what a lovely asset their hands can be made. It is so simple—in less than two minutes Cutex Liquid Polish gives my nails the accent I like them to have."

For well-groomed nails, do these three simple things:

FIRST—Cuticle Remover to remove dead cuticle, whiten tips and shape cuticle.
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THIRD—Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil around the cuticle and under tips to keep the cuticle soft.

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THIS gossamer-thin, translucent polish is giving an added beauty to celebrated hands. Actress—artist—aviatrix—dancer—society woman—writer—their graceful, self-possessed hands have the poise that comes from being always at their exquisite, well-groomed best.

Their hands, like yours, are busy ones—whether at work with crayon and paint, with pencil or typewriter, grimy with motor grease, or subject to the hard water that traveling necessitates!

That is why they are so pleased with this softly lustrous Liquid Polish that keeps their nails lovely for days and days at a time.

No matter how active your hands—busy at home or at your favorite sport, or at an office desk, Cutex Liquid Polish will give your nails a crystalline sheen that stays and stays.

A generous sized bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish or Polish Remover costs just 35¢. Unperfumed Polish and Remover together, 50¢. Perfumed Polish and Remover together 60¢. Other Cutex preparations 35¢ each.



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I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.
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... honestly,
you'd think men
wanted to be bald!

This happy-go-lucky habit of sloshing water on the hair to make it lie down. Bad for the hair, and most men know it, but they go on until it's too late to do anything but shop for a toupee.



Start this healthy habit
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Wet the hair with Wildroot Hair Tonic. Massage vigorously . . . then comb while wet. No dandruff . . . no itching . . . no unnatural dryness. Keeps your scalp healthy . . . invigorates the hair roots. Get this safe reliable Hair Tonic at any druggist, barber shop or department store. It is guaranteed. Accept no substitute. When you shampoo always use Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo. After a shampoo apply Wildroot Hair Tonic.

WILDROOT

Hair Tonic . . . Taroleum Shampoo



rule, permitted to give calves "the bust"; one crawls up the rope on them, flanks them and ties them. But it is not possible to flank a yearling. Yearlings must be given the bust—thrown so hard that, dazed and frightened, they are in no mood to struggle too hard against the inevitable.

Tom Crosby had once roped, thrown and tied an eighteen-hundred-pound bull in twenty-six seconds, only to discover he had been too slow to win even second money. And he knew full well that in Juarez he would compete with not one but a dozen Mexican ropers worthy of any gringo's reata.

He arrived in El Paso two weeks before the show was to commence, in order to afford his horses a rest after the trip from New York. A few days after his arrival he purchased a dozen aged steers, rented a field and commenced practicing on them, for at rodeos he had roped, for nine years, almost nothing but goats and calves—animals he was not permitted to "bust"—and he concluded both he and his horses would be the better for a brief postgraduate course on heavier stock.

The morning the show started he was surprised to find Bart Eaton among the contestants. So this was why Bart had abandoned the Garden show and bought back his two grand roping horses! After bigger game, eh? The former partners stared at each other coldly and did not speak.

For three days Messrs. Crosby and Eaton roped and tied their six steers daily; then the record was cast up and each discovered he had been elected to the semifinals, together with ten Mexicans.

The fourth day they roped and tied twelve steers each—and six Mexicans were eliminated; on the fifth day the survivors roped and tied eighteen steers each, and on Sunday afternoon, the last day of the contest, Tom Crosby and Bart Eaton found themselves alone in a stricken field with a handsome blond don, by name Miguel Peralta, whose average time was four seconds faster than Tom's and a second faster than Bart's.

Excitement ran high in Juarez that night, for Miguel Peralta was the champion of Mexico, and a champion in that land of champion ropers is a champion indeed. And the fact that two gringos should run him such a close race augured well for the sport in the final test. It would not be a hippodrome, but a battle to a finish, with the issue in doubt until the last steer should be tied.

When the standing of the three final contestants was announced, Miguel Peralta's enthusiastic admirers, with Latin impetuosity, lifted him from his horse and bore him on their shoulders in triumph to his hotel, there to toast him in champagne. In their minds there dwelt no suspicion that the gringos could possibly defeat him.

Tom Crosby found himself riding across the International Bridge boot to boot with Bart Eaton. "Good hombre, that Miguel Peralta," he announced casually. "He looks big enough to stand the physical strain tomorrow, but I doubt if he's ever worked enough in his life to make him as hard an' tough as me an' you. I got a notion he'll slow up a little."

Bart looked at him coldly.

"Excuse me for talkin' to you, which I wouldn't do outside the line o' business, not even to ask you for a drink o' water if I was dyin' o' thirst, but I noticed he's used the same horse all week."

"Good horse, you scrub. Big, active as a cat an' as good a ropin' horse as

I ever see. He must weigh twelve hundred."

"Got to have a big hoss to hustle big cow-brutes, Shylock—an' we draw aged steers tomorrow. Well, our hosses weigh eleven hundred an' they're fresh, on account we've changed off every day."

"The last time me an' you tangled," Mr. Crosby continued without emotion, "you licked me. I claim a return engagement after this Charros Club show."

"I'll accommodate you, Señor. On Mexican soil. Nobody'll interfere if we ride out o' town a bit. Still," Bart added, "punchin' each other won't settle our hate. I'm for windin' this thing up Mexican fashion. One of us had ought to retire for keeps an' give the other a free hand to win a decent pot on the rodeo circuit hereafter."

"You mean you want to argue it in the smoke?"

Bart Eaton nodded. "I'll play you fair. At noon we'll take our stands at thirty yards with our backs to each other. An' at the first bell o' the Angelus we face about an' commence firin'. We don't need no witnesses, an' the survivor, if any, drags himself across the Line an' keeps his mouth shut."

"I don't hate you quite that bad," Tom Crosby replied thoughtfully, "but since you insist I reckon I'll have to accommodate you. Just means I got to make my will tonight."

He added spitefully: "I don't reckon your executor makes much o' a fee out o' your estate, although you'd ought to win third money tomorrow. Me, I'm goin' to win first money. I didn't exert myself today because I didn't have to; I figgered on just bein' in the finals, because ten thousand Mexicans'll be bettin' 'em as high as a hound's back tomorrow on their champion—an' I'm figgerin' to take all the bets they offer me. If I'd topped Peralta today his friends would mebbe be a mite cagy with their money tomorrow." Thus the Crosby strategy.

"You mean you been just playin' with me, too?" Bart Eaton's face darkened.

"There never was a time when I couldn't take you into camp, only I didn't do it too often in the days when we was partners. That wouldn't have been good business, although you'd never figger why."

"You're a liar an' a braggart, Crosby."

Tom Crosby urged his horse into a trot. "This ain't my day for argyin' an' gettin' myself upset," he tossed back over his shoulder. "Me, I want a good night's sleep, which you won't get, a-thinkin' an' a-worryin' over that duel we fight tomorrow after the show's over."

That night he ate sparingly and retired early, after a good rubdown by an expert masseur. He slept like a baby. Bart Eaton did not sleep so well, however; the memory of Tom Crosby's verbal shafts harassed him for hours. Was it true that Tom had been playing with him and Peralta, even as he had played with Bart in the matter of that cursed llama that had come between them?

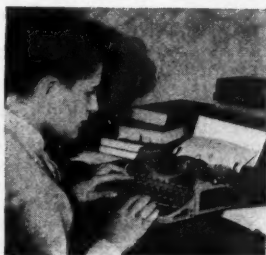
Of one thing Bart was certain. He had roped his very best that day—and Peralta had beaten him. An old hand, Peralta. Doubtless he had not unduly exerted himself either . . . Well, they couldn't keep him out of third money, although third money would leave him with scarcely any profit, considering his expenses. He needed that five thousand first money—there was a girl.

Miguel Peralta had no illusions as to the quality of the competitors he was to face on the morrow. Rich *ranchero* that he was, the money prize meant nothing to him; it was the glory and honor of winning. Hence, being a

Accuracy - the secret of good marks

HEAD OF THE CLASS

The habit of success is born in the classroom—also the habit of failure

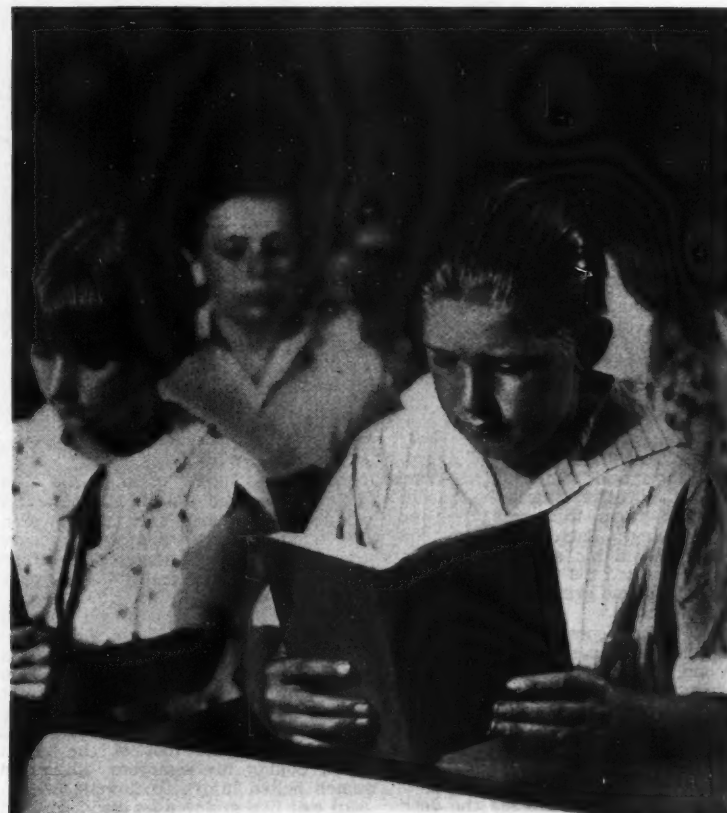


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CORONA

A UTILITY OF MODERN LIVING

prudent man, he drank but two quarts of champagne with his friends and, to demonstrate to them how lightly he regarded the outcome, he played roulette in a local gambling hall until midnight and then retired. He awoke with a bad headache and was just a trifle stale when his first steer came out of the chute at one o'clock next day.

The moment Peralta had leaped clear of his steer and thrown his arms aloft, Bart Eaton's steer raced out of the chute; as Bart signaled his tie, Tom Crosby's steer came out. Bart was riding back to his chute as Tom made his cast—and for the second time in all his roping experience he saw his enemy make the figure-eight loop; he saw the steer go into it, and a second later pile up in a heavy somersault and lie still.

"That throw sure jars 'em," Bart reflected. "It takes the fight out o' 'em an' they tie easy."

He did not hear the announcement of Tom's time, but that it had been far faster than Peralta's he judged by the wild cheers that broke from the gringo element in the grand stand. The Mexicans were silent.

The show ran like clockwork. The handlers at the chutes were efficient; the judges active as the steers. Steer after steer Tom Crosby put his figure-eight loop on and somersaulted—cruel throws but effective, since the harder he "busted" them the more time he saved in tying. Each time he stood erect and waved his arms wild cheers in English greeted his performance, and Bart noted that no gringo cheers greeted his own efforts.

"Third money sure," he soliloquized bitterly, "unless I can beat Peralta out for second." He observed that, after the first steer, the Mexican contingent no longer cheered Peralta; wherefore Bart knew Tom was beating Peralta's time, steer for steer. The latter's compatriots were grieving for their champion and the money they had wagered on him!

As Bart's sixth steer crossed the dead line, Mr. Eaton made a mighty resolve to tie this one a second quicker than the last. His horse plunged forward; his loop settled with unerring precision over the steer's horns, even as he flipped the bight of his reata over the steer's right side and around his haunches and tied hard and fast to the pommel.

As his horse leaped forward to the left of the steer to deliver the "bust," the steer unexpectedly turned sharply to the right and, although the horse turned him smartly until he was faced to the rear, the steer did not go down.

BUT Bart Eaton did not notice this. Steers almost always run straight ahead after the cast, and practically vie with the horse in giving themselves the "bust"; only one in a thousand varies this practice. In anticipation of the regular routine, therefore, Bart had already left the saddle, and not until his horse had passed him did he realize that on this particular steer he would do well to make any time at all. He must mount again, circle his quarry swiftly and make certain of the "bust."

Unfortunately, the steer had other ideas on the subject. In Bart Eaton's brain a hammer beat: "Time! Time! Time!" To run after his horse, mount him on his left side, with or without the aid of the stirrup, would not do. A second—two, perhaps, would be lost that way; so, expert trick rider that he was, he did a "Pony Express"—that is to say, he ran to his horse, placed both hands on the animal's rump and vaulted over his tail into the saddle.

And at that moment the steer struck

the horse at the saddle girth, lifted him and his rider and rolled them in the dirt, while the Mexican crowd roared their approval, for here was work to their liking.

Well, a roper never can make time in a mixup like that, and the judges knew it. Tom Crosby was waiting at his chute. Why delay him? A judge raised his hand and out came Tom's steer.

Straight down the field he fled; as Tom passed Bart Eaton lying quietly in the dirt, he saw Bart's steer back off about five feet, then lower his head for another thrust at the scrambling, screaming horse.

In the fifth of a second Tom's loop was around the beast's head; he swung his horse, rode around the rear of the mad brute to avoid throwing him on Bart and the latter's horse, "busted" him, tied him, remounted, coiling his reata as he did so, and took after his own steer, which was now jogging sedately down the field. Again his figure-eight loop dropped; thirty seconds later he stood erect.

Time! He had made time! His limit was one minute; beyond that the judges would have scored him "No time!" And he had roped Bart's steer and his own in fifty-eight seconds.

As he came loping back up the field to his chute, the crowd, Mexican and gringo, rose to their feet and cheered him madly. And then the judges stopped the show, although, in gringo terminology, it was really Tom Crosby who had stopped it!

For five minutes the crowd shouted in a frenzy of appreciation; they demanded his presence closer, so at a sign from the presiding judge Tom leaped his horse over the five-foot woven-wire fence that separated the grand stand from the roping field, and rode along at the foot of the grand stand, doffing his sombrero, while the women pelted him with flowers.

An evil five minutes for Señor Miguel Peralta, that, for he had ceased to be a hero with his own people. Tom Crosby noted the dark look of envy and jealousy on the man's face as he passed him, nor did Peralta acclaim him in the slightest. "He's not got his mind on his job now," Tom exulted.

Alongside the fence in front of his own chute, Bart Eaton was squatting, as Tom rode up. He was foul with the dirt of the field and white of face. "Thanks for savin' Shiny," he said to his enemy. "He's bruised but he ain't badly gored. I was usin' a double rig an' the cinches saved him. I'm sorry to have lowered your time."

"No trouble to make it up," Mr. Crosby retorted blithely. "You hurt any?"

"Left shoulder out, that's all. Just enough hurt to put me out o' the contest."

"Puts you out o' third money, too. Accordin' to the rules, any contestant that don't finish can't share in the purse, an' the remainin' contestants split it fifty-fifty. You don't seem to have no luck, do you, Mr. Eaton?"

"The luck runs that way for a while an' then gets worse. But don't waste your sympathy on me. Look after yourself. This ain't no parlor game you're playin'. The unexpected can happen an' generally does."

"You keep your eye on that Mexican. The judges are Mexicans an' won't give you none o' the breaks. While they was pickin' me up I heard two of 'em say your figger-eight loop was goin' to be barred, on account it gives the steers a somersault an' most likely breaks some of 'em too. The Charros Club owns the

steers an' they ain't figgerin' on havin' you tie dead or crippled steers in this contest."

"I knew they'd stop me as soon as they could work up a legitimate excuse but I've roped six steers that way an' beaten Peralta's time five to ten seconds per steer. That's money in the bank, Mr. Eaton. Yes, sir, in our profession time is certainly money."

Then his next steer came out and the conversation terminated. A doctor came over to Bart Eaton's chute and snapped his dislocated shoulder into place; whereupon, because it was against his code to admit pain, Bart mounted his spare horse and sat him with apparent unconcern, watching the battle between his enemy and Miguel Peralta.

AS BART had predicted, Tom Crosby's figure-eight loop was outlawed; whereupon the contest immediately took on new interest. Peralta roped as he had never roped before. He was magnificent. Tom Crosby was magnificent, too, but fast and accurate as he was, Peralta was faster. Steer by steer he cut down Tom's time by a second, two seconds, a fraction of a second; and once, when Tom Crosby missed and had to resort to his second rope, Peralta snipped ten seconds off his competitor's early lead.

After the eighteenth steer, however, the pace began to tell on Miguel Peralta. Thereafter he never beat Tom Crosby by more than a second and as steer after steer came out his margin of victory dwindled. He was tiring, blinded with dust and sweat, consumed with apprehension and anger as he felt himself falling under the terrific strain.

As he finished tying his twenty-third steer the judges gave him his average time on all of them. He was two seconds behind Tom Crosby.

His twenty-fourth—and last—steer was a thin, gaunt animal that had to be whipped out of the chute. He lumbered leisurely across the dead line; ten feet beyond it Peralta's loop settled over his horns; he was tied in twenty-eight seconds flat. Proud, happy, confident, already flushed with victory, Peralta cast his steer loose, climbed aboard his horse, backed up to the fence and waited to see Tom Crosby's steer come out.

Bart Eaton also watched Tom Crosby's last steer come out; indeed, for some little time he had watched the attendants in Tom's chute torturing the animal. The steer was a four-year-old, a buckskin longhorn, sinewy, in the pink of condition and fast. He came out of the chute with the speed of a bird leaving its nest, but fast as he came, Tom Crosby, mounted on a fresh horse now, was within casting distance of him three seconds after he crossed the dead line.

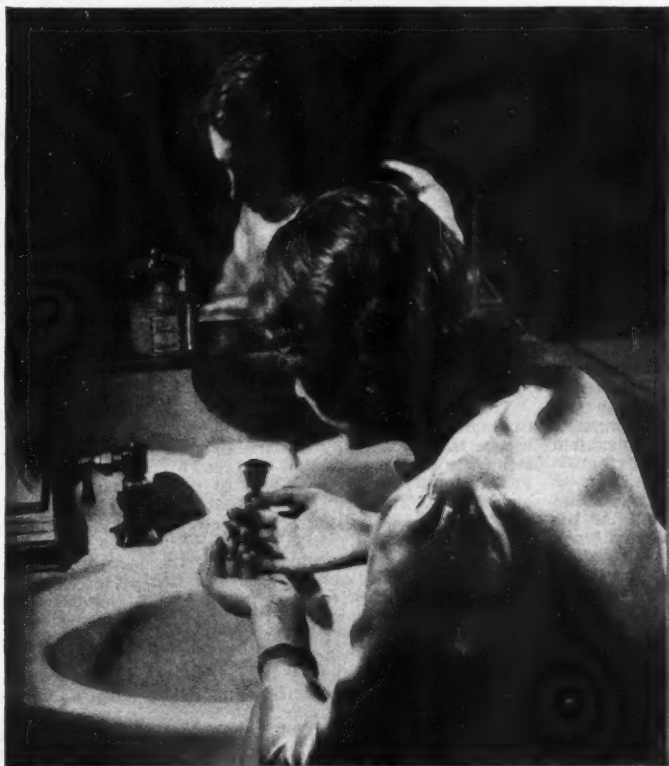
And then the thing occurred for which Bart Eaton had prayed. As Tom's horse leaped to the pursuit something dropped from the saddle. It was Tom Crosby's tie rope, which, following the custom of his profession, he carried tucked into his belt. The instant Bart Eaton saw it drop he knew what it was; realized, too, that Tom Crosby was not aware of its loss and would not be until the moment when, kneeling on his fallen steer, he should reach for it with one hand while with the other he drew the dazed steer's feet toward him.

There could be but one answer to that devilish "break." It is a contestant's business to make certain he has his tie rope; if he loses it, that is just too bad and the judges' score against that steer reads: "No time."

"Licked! Ruined! Lost!" Bart Eaton yelled. "You've bet your bank roll on

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yourself an' you're busted!" Then he sunk the rowels in his horse and fled down the field after his enemy, just as Tom gave his steer the "bust." Bart saw him leave the saddle while his horse was still running; saw the steer roll over, saw Tom Crosby on top of him; saw him turn, gaze around him blankly—

A tie rope, hurled by Bart, descended upon him as Mr. Eaton flashed by. He grasped it in mid-air, tied his steer and leaped erect.

"Twenty-three seconds flat," came the verdict of the timekeepers—and then things commenced to happen. With the knowledge that the gringo had won, but only because another gringo had thrown him his tie rope after he had dropped his own, the populace commenced angrily and blasphemously to protest the decision.

THEY SWARMED out of the grand stand and onto the field; they surrounded the judges; shrieks, shouts, curses, frenzied protests from those who had lost their money betting on Miguel Peralta prevented the judges from being heard, until half a dozen Mexican police arrived on the scene to preserve order. And when at last it was possible to hear, Bart Eaton did the talking.

"I was settin' my horse in front o' my chute when I saw Crosby ride up to his chute for his last steer. As his horse swung him in toward the fence his tie rope, hangin' at his side, caught on a projectin' nail an' was all but pulled out o' his belt.

"I've read the rules o' this contest carefully an' there's nothin' in 'em to prevent anybody from loanin' his tie rope to a contender. Why? I'll tell you. On his twentieth steer Señor Peralta decided his tie rope was gettin' frayed; he concluded he oughtn't to trust it, an' as I was out o' the contest he borrowed mine, just before his twenty-first steer came out. If I can loan him a tie rope durin' the contest I guess I can loan Tom Crosby one, can't I? You bet I can. I had Peralta's old tie rope in my belt an' flung it to Crosby.

"If there's any question to decide, that question is: At what exact moment in a ropin' contest is it permissible to loan a contestant a tie rope? The rules don't cover that point."

That was not a hard nut for the judges to crack, but it was a most unpleasant one, for, owing to the imminence of a riot, they would have liked to rule in favor of their own countryman, had there existed the slightest precedent for a ruling in his favor. But since there was none, they declared Tom Crosby the winner.

Then somebody in the crowd took a shot at Bart Eaton—and missed. But for him, the wretched, interfering gringo, they would not have lost their bets; their countryman would not have been humiliated by defeat at the hands of a foreigner and an Americano at that. In a twinkling the more excitable spirits among them convinced themselves that they had been robbed and that the judges were aiding and abetting the crime.

The wastrel who shot at Bart Eaton started more fireworks and with a roar the disgruntled crowd hurled themselves upon judges and contestants.

Fortunately, the objects of their wrath were mounted, and before they could be seized and the riders torn from the saddles, the three judges had sorted out long and imposing six-shooters and backed rapidly away. A policeman clubbed the man who had fired the first shot; somebody knifed the policeman and the crowd, only momentarily halted,

surged forward again toward their prey.

Then somebody took a shot at Tom Crosby. "This," cried Bart Eaton, "is no place for two lone, lorn Americanos—particularly when said Americanos ain't heeled." And he spurred in alongside Mr. Crosby, who sat swaying in his saddle. He steadied him with his good right arm, and riding boot to boot, they galloped up the field to the spiteful accompaniment of a score of bullets.

Near the chutes a heavy latched gate led to liberty; Bart leaned down and unlatched this gate and his horse shouldered it open; with his right arm again around Tom Crosby, they galloped up through Juarez to the head of the International Bridge. Here a Mexican sentry bade them halt.

"You sit tight an' don't fall off," Mr. Eaton bade his charge. "I'll argue with this boy." He dismounted, smiling, stepped in close and sent his right fist whizzing home on that soldier's jaw; mounted again and thundered across the bridge after Tom Crosby, who, taking the hint, had not even paused.

Tom Crosby, sitting up in bed at the Sheldon Hotel, eyed Bart Eaton severely as the latter, painfully embarrassed, entered the room. "I've sent for you, Mr. Eaton," said Mr. Crosby stiffly, "to 'polo-gize for my inability to keep that date we had to shoot out our differences together on Mexican soil."

"There was considerable shootin' the last time we was on Mexican soil together, Mr. Crosby, an' you got a furrow ripped through your fool scelp. Personally, I wouldn't wish to be shot at ag'in—by you or nobody else."

"On account my head's still achin', I heartily indorse them sentiments, Bart, although I might as well tell you I never intended fightin' no duel with you. That wouldn't be sensible, an' besides, it would have been bad business. By the way, it was right neighborly o' you to chuck me that tie rope, Bart. Considerin' that your action enabled me to win first money, five thousand dollars, plus half the third money you forfeited by not finishin'—I got to admit that rope had a value considerable in advance of its original cost. It won me eighteen thousand in bets, too."

He glanced drearily toward the ceiling. "I'm a fool for luck, ain't I? However, what I want to know is this. Hatin' me as you do, what moved you to chuck me that tie rope an' then, after that Mexican shoots me, help me home across the bridge, knockin' out a Mexican sentry en route?"

"Mebbe it was professional pride," Bart growled. "You sure done some grand ropin', although the Peralta man would have licked you if you hadn't gained time on him with your figure-eight before they barred it an' if he'd been able to last physically. He was wearin' down your lead mighty fast."

"There must have been another reason why you chucked me that tie rope, Bart. I heard you yellin' hosannas o' pure joy as I took after that last steer, an' while I knew they was cheers because o' somethin' rotten you figgered was goin' to happen to me, I—"

"I chucked you that tie rope because I found out sudden I didn't have the nerve to see that Mexican lick you." Bart's voice was half a sob. "That tie rope was the last thing that bound me to my hate—so I wanted to get rid of it."

"What become o' that tie rope, Bart?"

"After you cast your steer loose you tucked it up in your belt ag'in. It was still there when I drug you up to this room an' sent for the doctor. It must be here somewhere."

"We'll frame it," Mr. Crosby murmured, "an' hang it up where we can always look at it—an' remember... Sho', sho', Bart, you hadn't ought to take on like that, you dog-gone cry-baby. Buck up, partner—"

"I'd ought to shoot myself," Mr. Eaton sobbed. "Me, I never did have no brains. The only money I ever made was because o' you, an' when you wanted to treat me like a partner—like a brother, I mean—I had to let somethin' small an' mean inside o' me come between us. You deserve all the luck you've had. I used to think I'd die o' joy to see you take a bad financial lickin', but when I found it was up to me whether you took it or not—well, right then an' there me an' old man Conscience had a knock-down-an'-drag-out fight an' I lost. I tried to forgit you risked a five-thousand-dollar prize by takin' time out to rope an' tie a steer that was fixin' to gore me an' Shiny—"

"Oh, Lord, Tom, I'm sorry. Forgive me, ol'-timer. I've learnt my lesson. I figgered I'd made you hate me an' every time we met my heart mos' broke in two. You ain't got the slightest notion o' what a relief it was for me to bust you that time we tangled! An' I didn't lick you. It was a double knock-out."

"I wish you'd shet up," Mr. Crosby replied wearily. "You got a record o' all the money you win workin' solo last season—also the expense o' doin' business?"

Mr. Eaton nodded and Mr. Crosby resumed.

"Well, you turn in your figgers to me an' I'll turn mine in an' we'll deduct the joint expense an' declare a dividend, just as we used to do when we was partners."

"Why, we was partners all along, only we didn't know it. I bought radio stock with the llama money; paid seventy-five for it, an' she's up to three hundred now an' goin' higher. With everybody buyin' radios on the installment plan an' new models comin' out every month a burro could figger it. We got twenty-three thousand five hundred to collect over in Juarez, as soon as things simmer down."

"Now, you ain't lost a dollar operatin' on your own, but on the other hand I have. I paid out about five hundred dollars in American money to a man I set to watch you an' let me know if you was still playin' poker, or bein' frugal an' savin' your money."

"Me," Mr. Eaton declared pridefully, "I don't crave no more easy money an' I'm off speculative enterprises. I got five hundred an' four dollars in a savin's account an' she's a-drawin' four percent per annum. Four percent ain't much but I git it."

MR. CROSBY'S plain features were wreathed in an angelic smile. "That first savin's account an' the first four percent on it is like the first drop o' human blood to a tiger, Bart," he opined. "It makes a feller want more. Bart, you realize at last that thirty year from now me an' you are goin' to commence groanin' when we fork a horse—listen, hombre. You're not as rich as your old Tom partner, but you are worth somethin' over a hundred thousand an' the first lesson a moneyed man had ought to learn is not to be stingy."

"There was a bootlegger around to see me yesterday," Mr. Eaton managed to murmur. "I'll—I'll hustle right out after him an' negotiate a couple o' quarts o' champagne."

"You bet," Mr. Crosby replied. "Three men an' a boy can't keep us out o' our own little cow outfit next year."

Tagati by Cynthia Stockley (Continued from page 88)

a none-too-congenial task before him. "Morning, Stella!" he said moodily. "Morning!" she replied, considering him carefully. He had just seated himself facing her, elbows on table, when Fenn came in, greeted her civilly, but remained standing.

He regarded the visitor with the same impersonal intentness that the captain of a vessel might bestow, from his bridge, upon the ocean at large. Stella looked at him in irritation, Vyner with some heavier passion clouding his eyes. "Are you two still going on with this insane dispute?" she asked at last. "Why don't you sit down, Pat?"

"I prefer to stand, thanks," he answered evenly, and paused, seeming to muse on his next words; but Vyner, intolerant of delay, broke in abruptly: "We have come to a parting of the ways, Stella."

"What?" she cried, and stared from one to the other. "Who?"

"Fenn and I, of course." Vyner seemed annoyed at her obtuseness.

"Oh, I see." She regained her composure, though her face had gone pale. "But how absurd! How can you part—and why should you?"

"Oh, we can, all right," said Fenn. "A mining partnership is not like marriage, you know—nothing sacred about it."

HER golden eyes, kindling with anger, fixed themselves upon him, but meeting the deliberate and quiet irony of his glance turned back to the other. "Absurd!" she repeated, addressing herself exclusively to Vyner. "Absurd, financially speaking, of course, though in other respects not surprising that you should want to put an end to it." She flung a gesture of contempt in the direction of Fenn. But he remained imperturbable.

"It is I who am putting an end to it," he said, quietly informative. "I am fed with the situation here. All this—with his right hand he made a gesture towards the two of them—"is sickening to me, and I don't intend that it shall go on. Not under my eyes, at any rate. Either he or I must clear out—but only on my terms."

Stella stared at him, insolent and astonished. It was to Vyner, however, that she turned for elucidation. His eyes blazed with hostility.

"Terms!" He ejected the word like a curse.

Stella, too, took umbrage at it. "Why should it be for you to make terms?" she demanded with a scornful laugh. "I find that fantastic!"

"It's not fantastic," said Fenn, "because, in law, the mine is mine. Everyone knows that I am the senior partner, but not everyone knows that I actually own the option. I've gone halves fair and square with Vyner all along, because I've wanted to, but in reality he is no more than a courtesy partner. I can turn him out at a moment's notice if I choose, and he knows it. Ask him."

Stella did not ask. One look at the dark bitterness of Vyner's face revealed the truth and she sat back dumfounded.

"Or I could shut down altogether," Fenn continued. "But of course I should not for a moment choose to do either of these things—unless forced to. There'll be no question of extremes if Vyner observes my conditions. He can either go on here—buy me out, we'll call it for the benefit of the public—or, I will buy him out, on generous terms. But things cannot continue as they are. One of us has to quit."

He finished speaking and stood waiting, reflective and impassive. Stella gave her bewildered attention once more to Vyner.

"But why, Padge—since he is reasonable? It seems fair enough. Surely you can't want to go on living with him in this state of warfare?"

Vyner's only answer was to jerk himself out of his seat and stamp to a window on the other side of the room, where he stood staring out. It was for Fenn to explain.

"He doesn't like my terms; though, as you see, they are financially favorable to him, and really perfectly simple. You must try to persuade him, Stella."

"Leave her out of it!" Vyner, turning around, broke in with savage suddenness. "As I said this morning, you and I can beat this out together, but—"

"No." The single word came like a whiplash across the other man's argument.

"Why not?"

"I can't trust you."

They stood glaring at each other across the room with passion-darkened eyes, and it seemed to the woman that at any moment they might be at each other's throat. Feminine diplomacy reasserted itself in her, together with a piercing curiosity that overcame apprehension. She rose swiftly and stood between them, murmuring softly and sadly:

"Pat! This is terrible! Do let us try to be calm and sensible. I've had one row this morning—with Dick; and really I don't feel I can stand much more of this violent talk. Sit by me here, Padge." She caught his arm affectionately and pulled him down beside her on the sofa.

"Now, please, Pat, what is it all about, and what are the conditions you are making such a song and dance of?" She added with soothing conviction, "Of course Padge will accept them. I don't see what else there is to do."

Vyner at that began to laugh, blithely and recklessly. It was not a good sound.

Fenn, however, addressed him calmly:

"Will you tell her? Or shall I?"

"Oh, leave us alone—and go to the devil!"

"I don't intend to leave this room until Stella has been told the truth," said Fenn with finality, and suddenly Vyner, turning to the woman beside him, said rapidly and with intense amusement:

"The fool is in love with Miss Lissell, and thinks I am in his way!"

"Oh?" The word issued from her lips thoughtfully, in a small voice, like a sigh.

Vyner continued loudly: "Wants me to get out—and leave him a clear field!"

"I said—the truth," Fenn warned him.

"That's true enough, though you may deny it till all's blue," sneered Vyner.

"I haven't the remotest thought of aspiring to Miss Lissell's notice." Fenn's tones kept a hard level. "But I don't intend that you shall lay your soiled hands on her fresh young life." Then, looking directly at the woman on the sofa, he said inflexibly: "That is the condition, Stella—the only one of importance. I forbid him to make love to Miss Lissell."

There was a silence after that. Vyner continued to smile sardonically, but no one spoke until Fenn himself took up his theme:

"If he does—out he goes, neck and crop! I can't take back what he has already had, but never another penny will he get out of this mine."

"Money!" jeered Vyner. "Money! That's all there is in the world, apparently!"

"No," retorted Fenn. "There is honor, and good repute. And not only yours to be considered—remember that!"

Stella sat up straight then, white as a bone, for she saw that he had given her a look of deadly significance.

"Pat!" she breathed. "You wouldn't sacrifice me?"

"Yes," he answered; "I would."

She cried out, with a sob: "I can't believe it, Pat! I can't believe it."

"You can believe it, however, for it is true. Not only that, but I'd sacrifice Dick, for whom I care as much as for any man. I'll sacrifice the lot of you, rather than that girl shall suffer."

Stella jumped up, caught him by the shoulders, and stared into his eyes. "Why? What is she to you? Tell me that."

"What could she be to me? A nobody!" He smiled stonily. "A man without a name!"

"Women have loved you, though, spite of that," said Stella.

"Have they?" His smile developed into a short laugh of mocking railery. "I doubt it."

"Don't say that, Pat." Her voice had a strange earnest sharpness. "You have been loved; and you have loved, too—illicitly, but not the less truly."

He had loosened her hands from his shoulders, and now he held them for a moment, speaking heavily:

"All the more reason why a girl should have no use for me, even if everything else were all right. My hands are dirty too, like his. But"—he looked past her to Vyner, who was still smiling devilishly—"not in the same way! I have never soiled friendship! Shaken a man's hand while I stole from him!"

"A spotless Galahad, in fact!" was Vyner's bitter leer. "The white flower of a blameless life and all that!"

But Stella, still clinging to Fenn's hands, was gazing at him wonderingly. "You love her!" she repeated, and seemed overwhelmed with the surprise and sadness of her own words.

"I tell you, Stella, that Miss Lissell will never hear a word of love from my lips. What I am standing out for is essential right. It is not fitting that that fellow should go to such a girl, straight from his intrigues with—"

"Yes, say it," she urged. "Straight from his intrigues with—?"

"With another man's wife. My gorge rises at it."

"Yes. You love her," said Stella with an aching mournfulness. Then suddenly she changed. Laughing shrilly, she flung a vulgarism at him. "You have a hope!"

"I have never dreamed of a hope!" he said.

"She looks upon you as less than the dirt beneath her feet," taunted Stella.

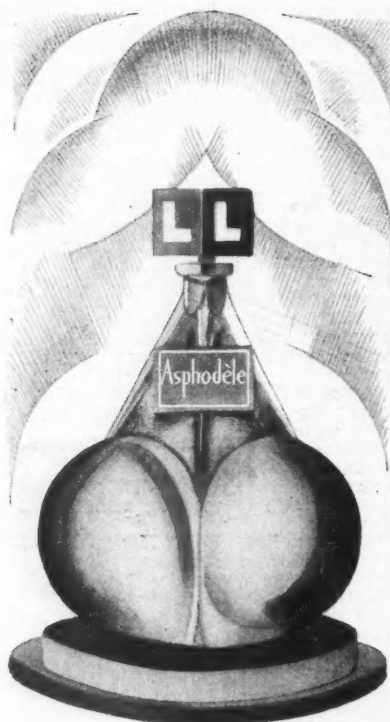
"I am quite aware of it. So now, since we all know what we are and where we stand, I'll leave you. No doubt"—he looked at Stella—"you will be able to help Vyner make up his mind." From the door he threw back a last word: "Twenty-four hours to accept—or clear out."

AT MAÑANA, that evening, the mistress of the house did not appear at table, and Dick explained that she had gone straight to bed with a frantic headache when she returned from Tagati.

"Afraid struggling with that infernal car did her in." He was slightly incoherent as well as lugubrious. "Ought never to have let her go off in it alone."

"Didn't she tell you the result of her visit to Tagati?" demanded the countess.

"Didn't tell me anything," muttered Dick as though intoning a dirge. "When she has one of those rotten 'heads,' sometimes she can't speak for days."



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"Too bad!" commented the countess in an ambiguous tone, and with a contortion of mouth and nose that might have been mistaken for a facial expression of grief. Though not by anyone who knew her.

Fortunately or unfortunately, Dick was too saturated in gloom and whisky to notice. He had been on the lands all day, staying away from luncheon, and only returning when he heard Stella's car in the drift. After a visit to her hut, he had spent the rest of the time up to dinner in profound sundown-worship, "lowering it like a man," as the Rhodesian phrase runs—not the sun, but bottled nourishment.

Felicia, who had been a sad witness of his pagan devotions, doubted whether he was now in a position to heed or understand anything said at the table, except in so far as it happened to relate to the sorrows populating his own mind. He certainly took no interest in the discussion between her and the countess on the merits and demerits of an invitation they had just received from Salisbury. The governor's wife had invited them both in charming and hospitable terms to come and stay at Government House, holding out as a lure the opening of Parliament, with official ball, flower show and gymkhana attached.

Spite of these attractions, Felicia did not feel particularly drawn to the idea. Politicians, raw, red and newly fledged, had no more call for her heart than drawing-room heroes. As for the countess, she lifted her nostrils like a war horse, scenting, but not accepting battle. "My sciatica is too bad," she declared. "I could not contend with the nightmare of fuss and formalities that calls itself life in Government Houses all over the world."

"I think probably you are flattering Rhodesia," smiled Felicia.

"No, no, my dear, they're the same everywhere. I know them well! And the pottier the place the worse the airs they put on! No, thank you!" And she repeated firmly, "My sciatica is too bad." Of course she would write a marvelous letter next day, full of flowery phrases, old-world courtesy and melancholy regrets; but meanwhile her eyes were malignant with glee for boredom missed.

However, her flat suited Felicia, who had her own reasons, though she would have been hard put to it to state exactly what they were, for wishing to remain in the curiously depressing yet physically stimulating atmosphere of Mañana. With all its discomforts and drawbacks it had an enchantment of its own, and often it seemed to her that the place had something hidden for her, something vital and essential to her.

Perhaps it was some great happiness, perhaps some fatal purpose of which she was a part! Impossible to know. Frankly, she could not guess. She must just wait upon Fate.

"Don't forget," she reminded the countess, "that you promised to go with me tomorrow to lunch with the beak and his wife at the residency."

"Beak! You are becoming horribly Rhodesian in your slangy talk, my dear!"

"Well, the R. M., then—though you must admit, Cousin Letty, that said Rhodesians are remarkably on-the-spot in their expressions and aphorisms. I think 'beak' a good word for our magistrate, too. With his keen profile, thoughtful, shrewd dark eyes and general air of power, he reminds me of a beneficent eagle."

"I hear, however, that he and his wife pull each other's hair out when they have nothing else to do." Cousin Letty

produced this choice morsel of gossip with a relish worthy of the oldest inhabitant.

"Only when the moon is full," contributed Dick unexpectedly, instantly subsiding again into the dark pit of his thoughts.

From the glance of ancient wisdom cast at him by his august relative, Felicia realized that the countess was well aware of his condition, but there was no condemnation in the glance, only compassion, and she went on talking as though she had noticed nothing.

"Beak or no beak, I shan't go to the dorp tomorrow. My sciatica! Besides, I am now engaged on a most difficult part of my Memoirs—the Constantinople period—and cannot allow myself to be distracted."

So Felicia went alone, given a lift in by Angela Wyndham, who also was due at the residency luncheon.

When they started Angela invited her to take the wheel, observing gloomily that she would rather be killed in a motor accident than in any other way. She was always morbid, poor soul, but from a woman who had already tried to blow her brains out, this seemed to be in the nature of a slight stroke from veracity, as well as an unwholesome frame of mind, so Felicia determined to cheer her up by doing the run in record time, and she felt justifiably pleased with herself as she drew up with a flourish before the Midland.

The world and his wife were congregated there, of course, for usual purposes of tea and gossip, and first and foremost, Paget Vyner stepped out, eager-eyed, to welcome them. Felicia had known he would be there, since a note to that effect had mysteriously found its way under her hut door, some time before dawn. But certainly it was not in response to his fervent prayer to see her that she had come, since the "fixture" with the beak had been made at least a week before.

Among a collection of people that included Father Drago, the Amerys, the de Wiltons and various other neighbors and acquaintances, for some it might have seemed impossible to achieve a tête-à-tête conversation. But not for Paget Vyner. Felicia could not but admire the art he displayed in managing, even in that crowd, to get her to himself. The twisting of a chair barricade-wise, a rigid expression instilled into his left shoulder, a certain aggressiveness of profile, were some of the things that helped do the trick.

It must be conceded, however, that Rhodesians are not without nous in matters of this sort. They tumble to a situation pretty rapidly. Also, most of them have *indabas* of their own to conduct.

Useful word, *indaba*!—covering most things *à deux*, from a council of war between captains and kings to an argument in the kitchen between Jim the cook and his missis, or a lovers' dialogue.

This particular *indaba* suited Felicia Lissell, because though it was tête-à-tête it was also distinctly in the public eye. The last feature was what she liked best about it. She desired no more declarations from her companion, yet was consumed with curiosity that only he could assuage about the situation at Tagati. But he apparently had a number of things to mention first, including bitter reproaches that she had written to him only twice and that when she did write her notes were brief and cold, no real answers to the ardent letters which he took immense pains to have transported to her in so mysterious a fashion that no one ever saw the messenger.

"And by the way," she interrupted

firmly, "you mustn't do that any more, please. It gives me a creepy feeling to find letters in my hut without knowing how they got there."

"It is perfectly simple. I have a boy who is a wonder at doing things like that without anyone's suspecting him."

"But I don't like clandestine things."

"Don't you, Shonnie? I thought we were at one on that—the beauty of secrecy between lovers..."

"We are not lovers, Paget. Please don't forget that."

"I am," he murmured, "and you—'Lady, you are the cruellest she alive—' Shall I finish the quotation?" he asked with a mischievous smile.

"No, thank you," was the hasty answer. "Tell me instead—does Tagati intend to stay away forever from Mañana?"

"May I take that as an admission that you miss me?"

"We all miss you, of course," she said cheerfully. "Stella was saying only this morning how dull it is since Tagati cut us."

"Oh, Stella!" He made an almost imperceptible movement of impatience, and it is possible that the lady might not have been flattered at his tone. But immediately afterwards he resumed his usual blithe manner. "Things will be settled at Tagati shortly—and happily."

"Cheers! How soon?"

He leaned forward so eagerly that she thought he was going to tell her something of real importance. "As soon as you come to take command," he said; then added with an audacious smile: "When we are married."

She frowned. How tiresome he was, always harping on one string. Taking so much for granted, too!

"We were talking about Tagati," she said coldly.

"And so am I talking about Tagati—as it's going to be in the near future. As for Fenn, he and I are parting."

"Oh!" She did not know why her voice sounded so startled.

He looked at her attentively. "You are surprised?"

"I scarcely thought, somehow, it would come to that."

He was silent for a moment, then said with quiet significance: "Gold-mining makes strange bedfellows!"

She stared. "I thought you were such friends?"

"Not really. It was the Tagati luck that drew us together."

She didn't know why it should vex her to hear him repudiate his friendship with Fenn, especially when it only confirmed her secret impressions.

"People always thought that you liked him so much—and that you were such real friends."

"So we were—so I did, but"—he hesitated—"one's tastes change, perhaps—or one's opinions. Living with a fellow opens one's eyes to lots of things one never noticed before."

This implication was, she considered, too much in his own favor. She regarded him with careful coldness. His eyes were full of amusement.

"I don't know why you should be so surprised. Separation was bound to come when one of us fell in love—which is exactly what has happened."

"Which one?" she asked, not maliciously, as she wished him to think, but from a sheer pain which thrust suddenly through her heart like a needle, forcing out the words.

"You know well enough which one."

She hastened from that danger point. "I can't help wondering that either should be willing to give up his share in the magic gold mine," was the first thing she thought of to say.



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THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

He answered rather shortly: "Not much giving-up about it. I'm buying Fenn out—at a pretty stiff price too."

This was still more astonishing, and she longed to press for further details but felt she had asked quite enough already. Too much, perhaps! Ashamed of what might seem suspicious curiosity, she now wished to drop the subject altogether, but this he would not permit before exploding another bomb.

"Twenty-five thousand pounds and Poinsettia Pass thrown in, as part of the price of his going."

"Oh!" she cried, astonished, and had a swift vision of that incomparable stretch of loveliness, that beflowered place of enchantment, wondering how any gold mine could make up for the loss of it.

"To tell you the truth I didn't particularly care for the place, and its memories."

"Memories!" she echoed. It seemed to her too fresh and pristine to have memories attached to it, especially sad or bad ones.

He corrected himself hastily. "Oh, well, I mean that it has no particular memories to make one want to keep it. Do you mind, though? If I thought that—"

"Mind?" she interrupted curtly. "It has nothing whatever to do with me."

"It has *everything* to do with you," he urged gently, "and a case of peace at any price. I don't care what Fenn gets as long as he clears out and leaves Tagati for you and me when we come back from—"

She flushed furiously, then went pale. "Colonel Vyner, I must ask you not to take me for granted in this fashion. I have given you no right, and never—"

"For heaven's sake, don't say anything irrevocable," he broke in. "Forgive me! I know I am foolish but I can't help counting on you."

"You mustn't count on me. I have said so all along," she insisted, and got up suddenly.

It was ridiculous and impossible to sit there arguing. She wanted an end to it, and was thankful to see Angela making a move.

When Vyner found that they were due at the residency he angled frankly for an invitation, too, but Mrs. Beak, otherwise Mary Beverly, an attractive little scamp of a woman with detaining eyes, laughingly refused him, saying that he would make thirteen and she wasn't going to have that.

"Very well, then, I shall wait here on the chance of seeing you afterwards," Vyner murmured in Felicia's ear, but she pretended not to hear, and as they parted merely remarked somewhat stonily that she was looking forward to hearing soon the result of Stella's mission to Tagati the day before.

"What was that?" he inquired, looking strangely startled.

"To get things back as they were between you two, of course—in *statu quo ante bellum*."

"They will never be that," he said with what seemed unnecessary violence. In fact, his tone was quite ferocious.

Evidently, too, he abandoned his plan of waiting, for the beak, who was late for luncheon, reported that he had seen Fenn drive up to the hotel, and a few minutes afterwards Vyner had skeddaddled out of town.

Stella had not made an appearance before Felicia left the farm, and it later transpired that no one had caught a glimpse of her throughout the day. It looked as if Dick's prediction of a week's bad "head" was in store for her.

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However, to the relief of everyone, she turned up for dinner that evening, and Dick, overjoyed, dug up a bottle of champagne to celebrate the occasion. The countess also arrived *en grande tenue*. But after all Stella had nothing satisfying to relate.

"It's no good as far as I can see," she averred sadly. "Both of them are ill-tempered and bitter, and not in the least likely to make it up."

"But they can't go on living like that!" protested the countess. "It's ridiculous. Something must be done about it."

Felicia waited, expecting every moment to hear Stella tell of the impending break-up of the partnership, but she merely shrugged her shoulders. Dick turned dark and moody again. It was plain the state of affairs made him thoroughly miserable. Felicia suddenly decided that if Stella wouldn't tell, she would.

"They are not going on living like that. Captain Fenn is leaving."

"What!" cried Dick in loud surprise, and Stella turned on Felicia with a gleam of green in her golden eyes.

"Who says so?"

"Colonel Vyner told me today, and I don't imagine there is any secret about it. I should have thought he would have told you too."

Stella flushed scarlet, and it was instantly plain that she was surprised to hear of that meeting in town.

"But Fenn owns half the mine!" cried Dick. "Their interests lie together!"

"Fenn is being bought out."

"Phew! That'll cost Padge a pretty penny. Personally I wouldn't take a hundred thousand for a half share."

"He is going out for twenty-five thousand, however." Felicia thought she might just as well unburden her own amazement while she was about it.

"He must be mad!" declared Dick. "It's less than they clear in four months, at the present rate of going. I never heard of such a fool thing in my life."

"Fenn must want to go very much to put his departure at such a low figure," was the countess' sapient comment.

"By Jove, yes!" Dick stared in astonishment from one to the other, and then at his wife, who said nothing.

"I wonder where the gallant captain is going—and what awaits him there," continued the countess in a dry tone, looking at Felicia.

But the latter's fount of information suddenly dried up. It had occurred to her that Fenn's acquisition of Poinsettia Pass was entirely his own affair.

"I can't get the hang of it all," muttered Dick. "What do you say, Stella?"

But Stella remained mute. The only live thing about her was that curious green glow in her eyes. Once before Felicia had seen that peculiar light, in the eyes of a cat that had been accidentally poisoned, and remembering this now gave her a most disagreeable sensation. She heaved a sigh of relief when the meal came to an end. But in the drawing-room while Stella made coffee in an absent-minded fashion (Dick having been left with his reflections and the port) the countess unexpectedly continued the attack.

"Colonel Vyner seems to have unbosomed himself to you completely, darling child," she remarked with a slyness that the "darling child" thought entirely out of place, so she retorted with a certain amount of spirit:

"Since we've all been dying to know the developments at Tagati I don't see why you should complain if he did."

The countess smiled the smile of a witch. "Oh, we're far from complaining," she sweetly observed. "On the

*When there seems no end of work,
no fun in playing, no thrill to life*

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contrary our gratitude is unbounded, isn't it, Stella?"

Stella looked for a moment as if she'd be happy to knife the questioner, but apparently decided to join forces with her instead.

"Rather," she said heartily; "only we haven't heard enough. Surely there is more to come. Didn't Padge tell you all about his plans for the future, my dear?"

"If he did," Felicia replied, looking her calmly in the eyes, "I scarcely think he expected it to be passed on."

Touché! for Felicia. She didn't want to be brutal, but if Stella would cross rapiers she must take the consequences.

"Here is Dick," interrupted the countess, and hindered further developments of a promising engagement by throwing a hand grenade. "We will play bridge."

All souls groaned in unison; all lips sighed. Bridge with Countess Karamine was pure inquisition.

At the end of an exhausting evening as Felicia, thankful at last for the refuge of her hut, undressed before her mirror, she said to herself mordantly: "What a lot of fun you are having in this enchanting country, my dear!" And she got into bed making a strange little noise, something between a laugh, a sigh and a sob.

Instead of fun, she had problems to solve; instead of enchantment, that pain like a needle being thrust through her heart!

Early morning tea had to be made in the back stoep by whoever was up earliest, a beneficent task usually performed by Dick, sometimes by Pagg or Felicia, and, upon rare occasions, by Stella. Afterwards Jim would take the trays and leave them at the door of each hut.

On that particular morning Felicia was inclined to call down blessings upon the head of the early riser, for she had passed a sleepless night and longed for the rousing stimulus of tea. When she rose to fetch it from its resting place on the mat she opened the door an inch or two and looked out to verify a suspicion that had been forming in her mind by reason of an uncanny silence in the bird world.

She feared the worst, and it was even so. The sky was slaty, and between it and the earth hung a fine veil of gray mist. The rains had set in again with a deadly intentness. More long days of close confinement! More uncompanionable companionship!

She had felt it in her bones, and shuddered as she set down the tray by her bedside. The cozy china pot, blue as English larkspur, brought a bright note into the dullness, and she reflected, as she hopped back between the sheets, how easily the human spirit is uplifted or cast down by trivial things.

Blue always cheered her, somehow, and these same blue bedroom tea sets—half a dozen of them—had been among the household gifts the countess and she had "shopped" for Mafiana before leaving England.

A thin slice of bread and butter lying beside the tea looked particularly inviting, and as she munched it her thoughts ran something after this fashion:

"It must be Pagg's morning up—no one cuts bread like that old crone. Delicious!"

"What a lovely amber color the tea is. Cousin Letty's fragrant orange pekoe! Hope to goodness her stock lasts out our stay here! Is this orange pekoe, though? Doesn't smell very fragrant, I must say! Nor taste fragrant either! It's moldy—bitter. Jim couldn't have washed yesterday's tea leaves out of the pot! Yes, that must be it!"

"Shan't drink any of it, anyhow. But how maddening! On this grayish, autumnish morning when my soul yearns for tea! Wonder if by any chance I've got a few leaves left of the pound I had on board. In my dressing case it was."

"Hurrah, yes! And I know there's some meth left in my spirit lamp. The little kettle will boil up in two ticks. Hurrah again, and cheers! Shan't be cheated by Master Jim's lazy ways, after all!"

"Must clean out the teapot first, though. Nice little teapot, but smells extremely funny. Funnier still with the lid off—and what a bundle of stuff inside. Really a bundle. A lump of something—something like—"

"Now, where on earth have I recently seen something resembling a miniature packet of cigarets? Of course! The *isi-Bunu!* Malash's marvelous *isi-Bunu* that would kill a beast between three o'clock and sundown."

"The *isi-Bunu?* Yes. But how could that horrid thing come to be cuddled at the bottom of this little blue teapot? Dead, of course; scalded to death by the water that made the tea. And if I had drunk the tea would I have been dead too? In three hours! Probably. But why? But who?"

At breakfast, for the second time running, Stella appeared. Not an inviting morning to get up early, but perhaps she thought to give her husband and Felicia a surprise. She did not say so, however—only that she had a lot of letters to write. At luncheon time when Felicia appeared promptly and in her usual excellent health, perhaps the surprise was with Stella. Felicia imagined so, anyway.

They were alone. Dick was off on some lay of his own, and the countess had decided to stick to bed and *Memoirs* for the day.

"Mine enemy is delivered into my hand," said Felicia to herself, and looked curiously across the table at her hostess. Not that there was much to be done about it. If someone tries to poison you with *tagati* in the teapot, what can you do about it? Unless you are able to pin the deed absolutely where it belongs! And it would be a clever one who managed to pin anything to that subtle smiling woman seated at the head of the table!

But at any rate it ought to be revealed to her that she could not expect to do such a thing, and "get away with it" without risk of detection at least. On the other hand, if by any chance Felicia were mistaken in her unkind deduction, that too would be revealed.

There were curried eggs for luncheon, in a lake of golden-brown gravy surrounded by hills of rice. Stella placed a helping on a plate and passed it to her guest, but she herself sat idly finicking with a fork.

"Aren't you going to have any?" asked Felicia.

"I don't think so. I'm not hungry." She reached carelessly for the butter and biscuits.

"Then I won't either," said Felicia firmly, and pushing back her plate, she reached out in turn for butter and biscuits. Something in either tone or act made Stella look up inquiringly, but she offered no comment. It was Felicia who presently broke the munching silence.

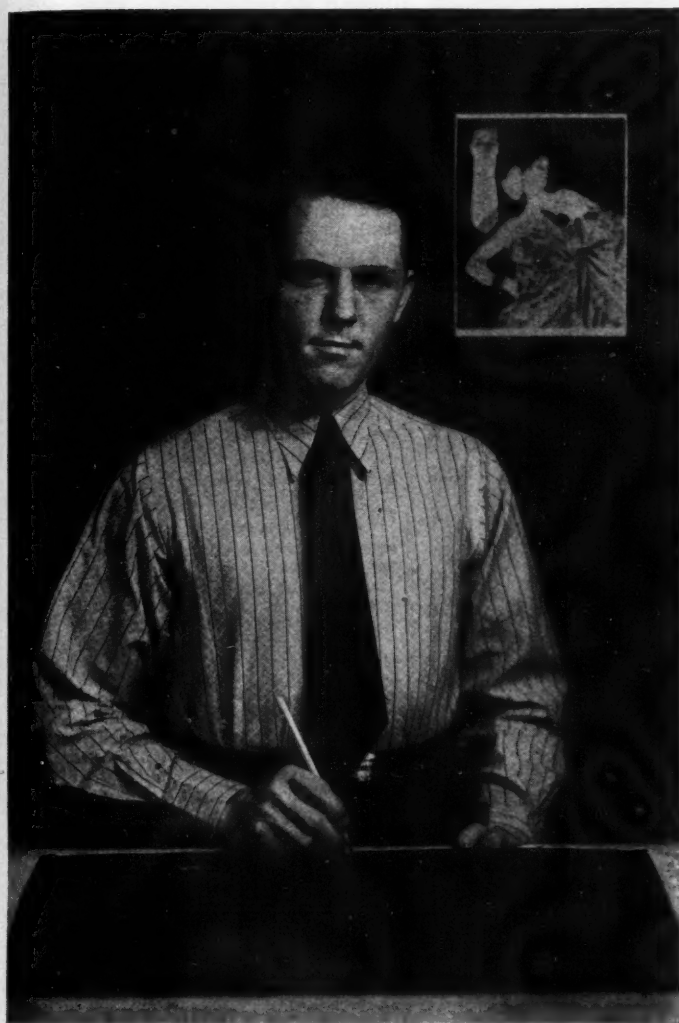
"You won't mind, will you, Stella," she said gravely, "if in future I make my own morning tea—in my own hut?"

The butter knife Mrs. Cardross was using slid with a clatter into its dish, but the eyebrows raised at the speaker expressed nothing more than an impolite boredom.

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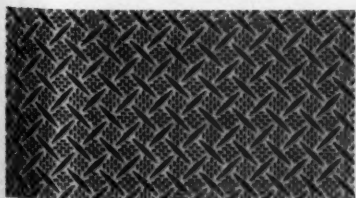
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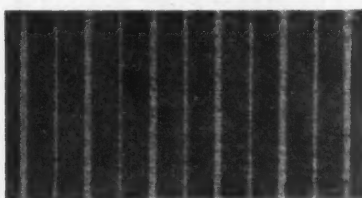
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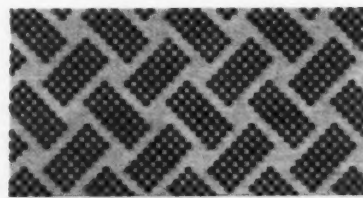
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"I don't mind what you do in your own hut," she said incisively, but Felicia chose to ignore the insolence of her tone, and continued pleasantly:

"That is satisfactory, then. I shall be getting up earlier than most people, as I intend to start a new study." After musing a moment, she added, "The study of insect life in Rhodesia in its relation to human beings."

A slight pause followed before Stella drawled out with ineffable indifference one word: "Indeed?"

"Yes," pursued the intending student with an earnest air; "but I shall collect my own specimens. I shan't need anyone's assistance."

She made the statement so significantly that a startled flicker crossed the face of her listener, but immediately afterwards it resumed its expression of complete ennui. Felicia, deciding that a stimulus to interest was indicated, suddenly produced a rolled-up handkerchief and laid it on the table.

"This morning," she said, "someone kindly tried to further me in my investigations." With a deft movement she exposed the contents of the handkerchief. "How far I was to be furthered I don't quite know, but possibly"—she smiled gravely—"into the next world!"

Stella was staring at the deceased *isi-Bunu* with a puzzled frown. She appeared genuinely mystified.

"What is it?" she asked, so simply that but for one thing Felicia would have been bound to acquit her of all knowledge of it.

But that one thing happened to be the overheard conversation with Malash, and the fact that she now simulated ignorance of the tiny bundle she had then examined and discussed so intently gave a sinister turn to the affair.

"Have you forgotten it so soon?" came the quiet question.

"Forgotten? What are you talking about, Shonnie? And what is that rubbish in the handkerchief?"

"Isn't it the *isi-Bunu* Malash got off the peach tree for you?" said Felicia coldly. And at last drew blood!

The clear shell-like complexion gave evidence of an emotion that the alert mind behind it would have denied. A bright color showed for a moment in her cheeks, then receded, while she bent and examined the thing more closely.

"Oh!" she said at length. "Of course! That thing!" Then, with growing surprise, "But I thought I told Malash to take it to my hut? I wanted to keep it as a curiosity! How did you get hold of it?"

"Is it really necessary for me to tell you that, Stella?" Felicia said in a low voice, looking at her wonderingly.

"Not if it bores you, my dear!" Stella cried with a sudden bright trill of laughter, and rose from the table. "Never do anything that bores you, is my motto—though, alas, I am not always able to live up to it in this cursed country!"

Later in the day Felicia reopened with the countess the question of the visit to Salisbury. For, after all, as she told herself, however much you may like a place it is just as well to give it a miss, for a time at least, when you suspect your hostess of trying to "do you in."

In the light of recent happenings the Salisbury proposition began to seem a loophole by which to escape for a couple of weeks from present unendurabilities. However, the countess, with no such cogent reasons for altering her decision, stoutly maintained herself to be too unwell to make any change in present arrangements.

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"Mañana," she pronounced tartly, "but at least I have grown accustomed to the squalid morass, and am sunk into it with a certain amount of entertainment to myself."

"I must say you certainly represent, at this minute, the last word in squalid misery," said Felicia ironically.

With piles of newly arrived books, papers and magazines at her elbow, typewriter and knitting to hand, and jars of freshly cut spring flowers all round her, the countess sat propped up in bed amid multitudinous gay cushions, blinking those faded blue eyes, shrewd and malicious as an ancient vulture's, while Pagg, another vulture but not such an amusing one, hovered near.

"However, if you don't want to go, Cousin Letty, would you mind very much if I went alone?"

The old woman eyed her quizzically. "The unconforming Shonnie yearning to return to a world of formalities?"

"Not so very formal, I hope," smiled Felicia. "After all, this part of the world was virgin veld about thirty years ago and must not be classed with India or Persia or even Turkey, which I understand was the scene of your worst outrages against convention—what?"

The countess grimaced. "My dear, as I said before, these out-of-the-way holes are really worse at social monkey tricks than the great centers of the world. In the British diplomatic circles of Constantinople, for instance, one did find something worthy of one's steel, to make up for the wearing ennui of ceremony. . . . However, do as you like, child. Go, if you think it will amuse you."

"I think it will be better—for a time, at any rate," said the girl.

She did not feel inclined to unburden herself of the strange occurrence between Stella and herself. Certainly not with Pagg there, her large ears cock. Also, she did not wish to upset the countess, or have an open breach with the mistress of Mañana.

To that lady, no doubt, the tidings of her guest's projected departure would come as manna from heaven. No further need, for the moment, to experiment with poisons of the insect world! Thus reflected Felicia, in the early heat of indignation at being made the subject of such experiment.

But with cooler moments, natural generosity and an incurable belief in the inherent decency of human nature supervened, and she found it difficult to take the matter seriously. It seemed too impossible that Stella really had been prepared to go as far as that! After all, she was not a monster!

FELICIA began to feel ashamed of herself for having even thought it, and ended by making out a case for the defense. Probably, she argued, that tall tale pitched by Malash as to the death-dealing properties of the *isi-Bunu* had not for a moment been taken seriously by his mistress. Natives do pitch weird and woolly tales without a word of truth in them; Stella might have concluded from his dramatic recital that the swallowing of "*isi-Bunu* Extract" by anyone would be followed by mildly unpleasant effects—and to see someone you disliked wriggling in the throes of something like seasickness would perhaps not be an altogether disagreeable sensation!

But even in this supposition Felicia felt she was not being quite just. For there was the undeniable possibility that Malash never had taken the *isi-Bunu* to her hut at all. True, he had left his work for that purpose and had afterwards returned. But who was to prove what he had done in the interval? He

might have thrown it away. Some other boy might have picked it up!

How, in any case, it had eventually got into the teapot was of course another puzzle. At any rate, she determined for her own peace of mind to question Malash as to what he had really done with that mysterious specimen of the class Hexapoda. But in this she was disappointed. He was nowhere to be found in the garden, and upon inquiring for him of Frittie she was met by a furtive and downcast look.

"Malash *s'hambele*," was all she could get out of that urchin, so she applied to Dick for information as to the professor of natural history.

"Malash? Oh, I've sacked him for cheeking Stella. Something or other she told him to do and he didn't, and when she rebuked him, it seems he got cheeky. A pity! Seemed a good boy up to now. But of course he had to be bounced. I can't have disrespect to Stella."

So that was that!

ONLY a few days elapsed before everyone knew the terms of settlement between the Tagati partners, and furious discussion of its pros and cons went forward. Most people were lost in admiration of Vyner's unsuspected perspicacity, and indeed that he had got the better of the bargain was generally agreed. Admitting Poinsettia Pass to be one of the loveliest spots in Rhodesia, the consensus of opinion held it to possess merely a sentimental value compared with the rich mine.

Sentimental or not, it seemed that Patrick Fenn had put his twenty-five thousand pounds into the bank and betaken himself to his new home, leaving Vyner in complete possession of Tagati, and the world, or that part of it living in the midlands of Rhodesia, sat in quivering anticipation of what would come next. For surely now at last the secret must ooze out, of what the row was all about? Naturally, *cherchez la femme* was an insinuation that continued to be expressed; in fact some people definitely put a name to the lady, though they were careful not to do so in the presence of Dick Cardross.

Between that man's home and Tagati a further spell of silence had fallen. Neither of the partners had come to ask his advice before their final cleavage, and, bitterly mortified to hear the news at secondhand, he sulked about the farm and drank more than ever.

As for Stella, she kept her own counsel, filling in time by taking an unprecedented interest in household affairs; wherefore the cuisine was worse than ever, and Felicia thanked her stars to be packing up for flight to Salisbury. Up to the moment of departure she was careful to look into teapots, and at table never to eat any dish not partaken of by her hostess. She did these things with a certain amount of self-reproach, but self-preservation is the most powerful of human instincts and easily outweighs politeness, and even the sense of justice.

And while she packed she pondered on the latest news of Tagati, with which she remained *au courant*, as far as one side of the dissolved partnership was concerned. Spite of mystery letters being forbidden, one more had found its way into her hut, though there was a promise in it that it should be the last offense. Vyner wrote that he was off within twenty-four hours to the Cape, the reason given being that Fenn's withdrawal of his possessions had denuded the mine house.

As sole owner (the letter continued), I can now furnish the house to my own taste, and I intend to fill

the gaps with really good old Cape-Dutch stuff from down below. I consider the mine "good enough" for another three or four years' output at least, and it behooves me to make the house a pleasant and comfortable place to abide in during that time, and one that I hope a woman, the woman, will not disdain too much.

I may be away for a month or six weeks, so that you have the further respite you asked for from my petitionings. And though it will be a rotten time for me I shall try to fill it with useful preparations and happy anticipation.

Besides, and here is the whole secret of my consolation in departure, the last time I saw the countess she said she was beginning to weary of Mañana, and that any moment might see her packing up and setting forth Cape-wards once more. What a glorious issue to all afflictions if this should come to pass, and we three meet again in Cape Town! It would solve many problems and make all things clear sailing!

I might even go on home with you, if you and she would permit. Failing this happy issue, which is of course almost too good to be expected, I shall return to Rhodesia and count on putting into practice my original plan of spiriting you away from Mañana to be married swiftly and secretly (as we agreed would be sweetest and best) by the beak—and then Ho for the Zambesi!

Darling, forgive my presumption, if presumption it be. I cannot help counting on my balance in that Bank of Hope on which all my future hangs. Apropos of banks (and more presumption perhaps, but I can't help it!), I shall have papers drawn up by which every penny I have or hope to have in this world will be settled on you, as my wife. Once more, forgive me!

I shan't put any Cape address on this, as I don't want an answer. Sheer cowardice this, but I simply could not get through the time if any hard-hearted, or even half-hearted response came from you. It's all or nothing with me. And if the answer were "Nothing," and came by letter, it would finish me. I'm not man enough to take "No," from you, Shonnie—or, if I must, it shall be from your lips. But I can't and won't face that contingency. Till we meet, then, heart of my heart, and may God keep you.

Paget Vyner

"I wonder how much he really believes in the God he invokes to 'keep me,'" she pondered. Somehow she had come to the conclusion that Vyner had no great spiritual depths. However, it was a good-enough letter from the man one loved—if one loved him! But fascination is not love, as she well knew.

One blessing was that she had no address to which to send an answer to the letter, for there was only one answer she could send, and she hated giving pain. True, he would meanwhile be living in a fool's paradise. But on the other hand one never knew what might intervene during the month to soften the blow. Besides, he might not really love her as much as he thought he did.

Evidently Vyner, before leaving, had heard no whisper of the impending visit to Salisbury, and she was glad of it, for he might have changed his intended destination and that would not have suited her at all. She felt she needed

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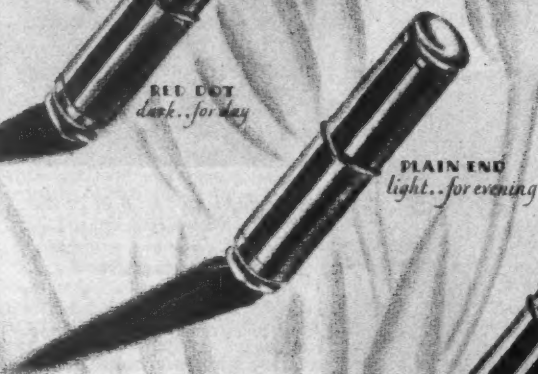
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Sunday dawned in loveliness. It was the day scheduled for Felicia's departure, and when she drove to the dorp with Dick, to catch the train, they met Fenn, on the crossroad from Poinsettia Pass, licking up distances in his shabby but efficient little red roadster. Of course the two cars drew up cheek by jowl, and Dick, purple with mingled pleasure and indignation, got his oar in first.

"Well! You're a nice one! By George, you are!"

Fenn, greeting them both smilingly, took the proffered paw and shook it affectionately. "Glad you think so, old man. But you know how things have been."

That was all. Thereafter perfect peace and understanding between them! How different, thought Felicia, to a "making up" between two women. What a heap more protestations and explanations would have been exchanged, with possibly not half the unity of purpose!

Still, knowing what she knew about Fenn, contempt came into her eyes as they rested on him. He looked brown and clean and hard in his white silk shirt, a red rosebud stuck into the buttonhole of his old gray coat. He might have been an honest man sitting there, if she didn't happen to know otherwise!

They exchanged one long searching regard, each pair of eyes seeking knowledge but giving none. After that she looked no more, for fear of that needle-thrust whose operations she had begun to know and dread upon her heart.

As for him, leaning easily on his wheel and talking to Dick, the picture of her had stamped itself upon his brain. Cool and sweet, all in white, like an armful of delicate lilac, there beside Dick; her bird's-wing hair shining under her hat, a big amethyst on a slender chain shifting and glinting with every movement of her soft breast. He was well aware that after that first glance the proud eyes had looked away from him. Blue-green eyes, deep and mysterious as the sea he loved, with gifts and promises in them. But not for him!

He thought of "the face that launched a thousand ships," and said to himself that it must have been such a face as Felicia Lissell's. A face to follow round the world on winged feet—or broken feet. But not for him! As on that day when first he saw her he detected contempt in her, pride of breeding, insolence of race. And not for him was such a girl.

He said it in his heart, without humility, and for a second his eyes seemed blinded with the blood roaring behind them—blood of anger, bitterness of spirit, raging mortification; disdain and hatred of those worldly standards from which he had always had to suffer, that put him "out of the running," that took a man not for what he was but for what his forbears had been. And if he had no forbears, then heaven help him, for he was Mud! Rank mud to be trodden on, kicked out of the way, or passed by on the other side by the delicate and lovely feet of the world.

Curse the world and its standards! His lean hands tightened on the wheel; his lips took a bitter twist as of a man tasting gall. Suddenly he was aware of Dick's voice, quizzing him on the red rose in his coat; and his own, answering: "The roses are ablaze at Poinsettia—and by the way, I'm giving a housewarming soon and I want you all to come over."

"You bet we'll come," replied Dick. "Unfortunately, Shonnie is just off to Salisbury for a fortnight. Perhaps you could put it off till she comes back?"

"Oh, no!" Felicia interposed hastily. "He mustn't dream of putting it off for me."

"I wasn't thinking of giving it immediately, anyhow. Must wait for an old pal of mine who's coming to put in a couple of weeks with me, presently. Randal—you know him, Dick."

"The doctor fellow who used to be in the navy with you? Rather! Rattling good chap. Glad he's coming. Bought a practice in Salisbury, hasn't he?"

"Yes. You'll probably meet him there, Miss Lissell."

"Oh?" said Miss Lissell laconically. On which Fenn twirled his wheel.

"I'd better be getting on, I suppose." He departed hastily; Dick shouting to him at the last minute:

"Come over to luncheon. I'll be home as soon as I've tucked Shonnie into the train."

"Right!"

It seemed to Miss Lissell that everything was going to be "Right," and as usual, at Mañana as soon as she had turned her back on that eccentric spot, and she failed to find any consolation in the reflection.

Among the people in Salisbury, Felicia made many new friends, for they were the kind she liked: the very salt of a young country, bright, breezy men and women. People who did not live in a country only to abuse it, but considered Rhodesia, with all its drawbacks, "good enough!"

The governor and his wife, a charming pair, had culled and collected into their circle all such interesting human specimens as were to be found locally; there were good horses to ride, and interesting places in the surrounding districts to ride to. On the whole a blithesome ten days had quickly sped! Whatever thrills of pain and sadness Felicia might suffer at moments of allowing her mind to slip back to Mañana and its neighbors, there was no use in pretending that she had not had an agreeable time in Salisbury.

Castleton had turned up, from Kenya; and Castleton in the first days of turning up from any part of the world was always good fun. Only when he started harping on his "one ambition in life" had she ever found him a bore. He had wanted to marry her since she was sixteen and he twenty-six; but she had resisted him, and meant to resist to the end.

As a friend she liked Nigel, but when it came to mating, he was not her man. As long as he understood that, all went well between them, but when he became "ambitious" it was time for one or the other to go. In Salisbury, however, Castleton had been on his best behavior. He and Randal, Fenn's friend, the ex-naval doctor, a sulky, brainy man who pretended not to like women, were great favorites at Government House, and had contributed in no small measure to the fun of the Salisbury interlude.

All the same, the novelty of the place and its inhabitants was beginning to wear a little thin, and by the night of the Race Ball, Felicia was thankful that her fortnight was nearly up. She had scarcely had a letter from Mañana since leaving, and everyone, as far as could be judged without news, seemed to be getting along nicely without her. She did not know that she wanted to go back there, or to remain in Rhodesia at all.

Her present mental attitude was that for two pins she would, at the termination of her visit to the capital, take train for the East Coast, and get out of the country by Beira. It would be deserting the countess, of course, but then the



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AT LAST ... the TRUTH



It is frightening when at last a woman has to face the proof that her love is being—desecrated.

And yet, pity her as friends may, too often the truth is she has no one but herself to blame.

You see men, the best of them, have their—memories.

And their—ideals.

And there is nothing that more quickly steals the appeal from a woman than a neglected unhealthy complexion.

To those from whose skins the softness, the smoothness, the freshness are beginning to vanish—who are becoming unattractive because of oily noses, enlarged pores, blackheads, little lines, extraordinary dryness, pimples and similar eruptions—we offer this suggestion:

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countess had proved herself capable of surviving any desertion but Pagg's. Besides, it would not be agreeable to go back into Stella's unwilling and unwelcoming radius!

It was while dancing with Randal at the ball that she meditated these things, deciding that the taste of life had gone distinctly flat, that the world was stuffed with sawdust instead of star dust, and that the countess had not been far out in her pronouncement that the pottier the place the worse its social antics. With which opinion the ex-naval doctor was in cordial agreement.

"I am off to the Midlands tomorrow, thank goodness," he told Felicia. "When are you going back?"

"I don't know. My plans are for the moment in the air." She answered somewhat crossly, for afar off she spied Castleton looking for her. "Let's escape to the grounds, if there are any," she urged Randal. "I'm sick of this heaving mass of humanity!"

"So am I. Septic lot!" he agreed heartily, and succeeded in piloting her out to a seat among some skimpy shrubs and trees that she feared would be of little avail against the hawklike eye of Castleton.

However, they settled down pleasantly enough, the doctor reverting to his planned itinerary for the morrow.

"It's one of the best short runs in the country, and just the weather for it. Keep moving and you keep cool. My car can move too, and I'm giving a lift to Yank Breddon, an ancient mighty hunter and a tremendous card. He's terribly shy of ladies but has more defunct lions to his credit than any man in this country, and he can catch a fly on the wing, nip it out of space between his thumb and forefinger, just like winking."

This catalogue of attractions made Felicia laugh hilariously, especially the fly on the wing. "I'd love to see him do it!"

"Well, there's plenty of room in the car. I wish you'd been ready to come with us tomorrow, Miss Lissell!"

"I wish I had," she sighed. "It sounds infinitely more amusing than anything I'm likely to do here!"

She felt the more wistful in that through the trees she spotted the ubiquitous Castleton sleuthing her down with a purposeful look in his eye. A conviction pierced her that this was one of his "ambitious" nights. But when he reached them, it was a relief to see that he really had a legitimate mission, for he carried one of those orange envelopes that ordinarily have such a fateful look.

"This has just come through from the Midlands for you, Shonnie."

She tore open and read the telegram, then looked up with an exclamation, for her wish had been granted almost as soon as voiced. It was a telegram of recall! The wording of it seemed hurried and slightly obscure, but of its meaning there could be no doubt. The countess was ill—*sinking*... Wished urgently for her return... Could not understand why she had not come before!

"How could I when I didn't know?" she questioned her audience.

"Didn't know what?" inquired Castleton, staring, but she in turn was staring computingly at Randal.

"Did you mean that about giving me a seat in your car, doctor?"

"Of course!"

"Well, I gratefully accept. I'm wanted

back at the Cardrosses' at once; and I don't suppose for a moment there is a train to be got."

"Not a hope of one till midday tomorrow," said Castleton. "But what's all this about?"

"Cousin Letty is ill and wants me!"

"I shall be only too delighted to take you!" proclaimed Randal. "We can leave as soon as you like. Breddon and I had planned to start before dawn anyway, and everything is ready."

"I must ask Lady Maddox if she has any objection—but I'm sure she won't have—and I'll be ready within the hour." Felicia sounded rather breathless.

Was it possible that in her ache to get back to Mañana she welcomed even the illness of the countess, since it provided an excuse for setting off in a hurry?

"Good!" said Randal. "I'll be off to speed things up!"

Ensued for Felicia a record hustle. She did not attempt to do anything about her baggage, which Castleton promised should be sent promptly after her, but merely told her hostess of the summons to Mañana, flung a few things together, and got into traveling togs. Well within the hour, somewhere around two A. M., she was at Randal's gate where the big car waited.

Castleton, disgruntled at not being invited to be a member of the expedition, threatened to come along shortly in his own car, which unfortunately for him was for the moment "laid off." Felicia received his proposal coldly.

"I can't prevent you from staying in the dorp, of course, Nigel, but you will understand that with illness at Mañana they won't want visitors, and you mustn't dream of coming there till you are asked."

He mumbled and grumbled, casting baleful glances at Yank Breddon, the third member of the party, a tall thin man, clad in a scrupulously clean shirt and reprehensibly ragged trousers.

Felicia gladly conceded to him the seat next the driver, tucked herself in comfortably at the back, and they were off. For the moment it was well to have time to think out this matter of Cousin Letty's illness and to ponder over the puzzling telegram.

One word in the message worried her: "*sinking*!" Whatever it represented it had an ugly look!

Then, too, what was the meaning of Dick's statement (for the message was signed by him) that the countess had been surprised at her not coming before? It looked as if there had been a message which she had not received. But how could that be? Impossible for any letter or wire to go astray in an official residence like Government House!

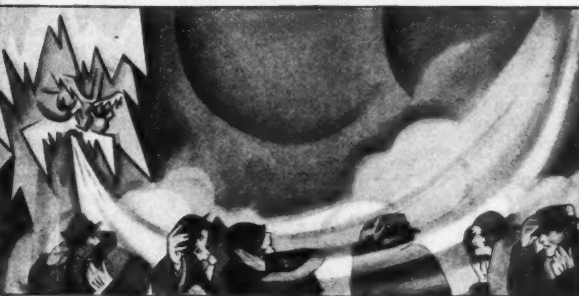
Yet it was true that with the exception of a short note from Pagg, written at her mistress' dictation about three days after Felicia had left, she had received no news from Mañana. Of course Dick never wrote letters, and she did not expect or desire any from Stella. Nor was there any need for the countess to answer her breezy accounts of the Salisbury visit.

Still, Felicia had been rather surprised, for the old termagant not only liked getting letters, but enjoyed writing them. It looked as if she had been ill all along. But *sinking*? *Sinking*!

The word rang ominously! However, no use meeting trouble halfway. Time enough for tomorrow's revelations when tomorrow came!

"Tomorrow" brings forth its own troubles when Felicia arrives at Mañana and sees again the *i-Dhlozi* that means Death!—in Cynthia Stockley's November Installment

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Has an Unmarried Woman the Right to a Child? (Continued from page 71)

should not have had my own child. I should have denied my urge toward motherhood. As it was, I sought happiness and the baby for which I yearned and found both.

4. "Are you sorry you had your baby in so unconventional a way?"

No; a thousand times no. I'm glad and I'm proud. I'm content and I'm happy. I have found the justification for my existence. I have something for which to work and plan. I have an anchor and an inspiration. Any penalty I may be called upon to pay is less than nothing compared with the recompense my son has brought me.

5. "Would you do the same thing over again?"

Yes, I would do the same thing over again even though the world condemned me, which it does not, for we are living in a fairly enlightened era.

THE first women to resort to divorce became social outcasts. Pioneer suffragettes endured ridicule, the bitterest penalty of all. Naturally when a woman takes so radical a step as to claim motherhood without marriage the way is not easy, but knowing what I know, I honestly say I would do it over again.

Don't misunderstand me. Although in many ways pioneer women have blazed the trail to greater freedom for their sex, I do not think the world will ever entirely accept motherhood outside of marriage. But I do believe that the unjust taint of illegitimacy one day will disappear.

6. "The baby's father—what of him?" This question I am asked over and over. "Is he interested in the baby and its future? Now that the child is here and the bargain between you a reality, what is his attitude toward you and the child?"

The baby's father is thirty-six years old. He is an athlete, six feet two inches tall. He has an active, clever mind. He is versed in the arts and he also has commercial instincts. I have known him three years. I know him to be a man of fine character.

Of course he is interested in the baby. It is only natural that he should be. When we made our agreement to have a eugenic baby after experts in eugenics had pronounced us perfect mates, he made a pledge that the baby was to be all mine and that he would make no claim upon it or me, nor would he reveal his identity as the baby's father without my consent.

In many men the paternal spirit is not awakened until after the birth of a child and especially if the child is a boy. So it proved with my baby's father.

When the baby was a few days old, to my surprise and dismay the baby's father telephoned me. He gave the fictitious name we had agreed to use for communication between us.

"Listen, Katie," he said, and his voice sounded eager, "the fact that this baby is a boy has changed the entire aspect of the situation as far as I'm concerned."

"In what way?" I asked. I was panic-stricken, for I had placed implicit confidence in his assurance that he would not make any future claim on me and the baby.

"You see," he answered, "I have always wanted an heir and as the baby is a boy, he can perpetuate my name if you will marry me."

The perpetuation of his name may have seemed of vital importance to him, but it meant nothing to me. I wasn't going to allow him to inveigle me into marriage under any such plea.

"You made me a promise," I told him, "and I expect you to keep it."

He was disappointed and he has approached the subject many times since, but my determination never to marry is irrevocable.

7. "Aren't you afraid the father may step forward some day in his desire to share the child with you and divulge his identity in order to establish his claim on it?"

No, I have no such fears. To me his honor always has been beyond question. I am confident he never will disillusion me by being false to his pledge.

8. "Does the baby's father contribute to its support?"

No, he does not contribute to its support. I will not permit him to do so. He has often begged me to accept an allowance for the baby, although we had agreed that I alone should be financially responsible for the child.

I feel that I am right. I want my baby all to myself. I want to rear him as I think best, without interference. I know what I want him to be. My dreams for him are so high it's like hitching his wagon to a star.

People say that a child should be allowed to work out his own destiny. How can he work it out without the right foundation? The right ideals and standards must be implanted in him when he is young, for a child is malleable clay and can be molded into any shape by those who guide him.

Now I come to the phase of my venture that is puzzling many minds. It has inspired much conjecture, for innumerable inquiries have reached me.

9. "What will you tell your boy about his paternity?"

I'll tell him the truth and nothing but the truth. What else could I tell him? Certainly I'm not going to hedge or quibble or lie to him. There's always going to be truth between me and my son.

As soon as I find his young mind is awakened to questions about procreation I shall tell him. I shall explain biology to him lest he gain a distorted version from improper sources. I shall tell him about his birth and he will understand because he will realize that the right of motherhood comes from Nature and not from man-made conventions.

10. Recently I received a letter from a man in Chicago. Its contents interested me and surprised me at the same time. I realized through it that many of the old standards are tottering. Men who were once rigidly conventional on the subject of their daughters are now beginning to look upon them as human beings with emotional needs that should not be regulated by standardized conventionality.

Chicago, Ill.

My dear Miss Pullman:

Pardon me for addressing you but I am extremely interested in your eugenic baby. I have three daughters. Nice, sweet girls and smart as girls come these days but they do not seem to be getting husbands. I don't think it is their fault but because men are not marrying as they did in my day. They love children and I would hate to see them robbed of motherhood just because they cannot get husbands. Would you advise them to follow your example?

Yours respectfully,

H. Mc.—

Certainly I do *not* advocate the promiscuous bearing of babies—eugenic or non-eugenic—out of wedlock. A woman must have a strong mind and a strong will to defy conventions. She must have

the courage to stand up under the great obligation she has assumed.

It is an obligation that will last not for a day or a month or a year, but for her lifetime. Part of it she owes to the world for upsetting an established order. She must justify her step by developing a superbeing who will counterbalance by his achievements any upheaval her action may have caused in the prevalent ideals of family life.

The greater obligation, though, is to her child. When she starts him in life with the handicap of unconventional birth she must make up for that in other ways. She must be both father and mother to him.

She must be independent of public sentiment. I am in that position. I belong to no limited social set. I am of the thinking world that is weighing moss-grown traditions as possible impediments to personal development and general progress.

Then there is the financial side of the obligation. A woman must have a sufficient income to provide not only for the immediate needs of her child but for its future. One hardly would dare bring a child into the world under circumstances not regarded as conventional unless one had the means to provide for his physical welfare and the education that must be given him if the purpose of his conception is to be realized.

It is only justice to him to give him the best the world affords. He must have his chance. I have sufficient earning power to give my son his chance. He will have the benefits of physical culture. I myself will give him the training that will make an athlete of him. He will be educated in the arts—music and literature and painting. He will go through college for the general knowledge and training that will equip him for his place in the world among men.

11. "Aren't you afraid the stigma of illegitimacy will be placed on your child?"

I have no such fear. We live in an advanced age. No longer are human souls crucified for breaking hidebound codes. By the time my boy reaches maturity, I am quite sure the world will be convinced that man-made convention has not the right to apportion motherhood and that the child of an unmarried mother is entitled to as much respect as any other child.

12. "What do you plan to make of your child?"

I want my boy to be a poet, an inspired literary giant, for authors, dramatists and poets do our thinking for us. They are immortal because they leave something to posterity to enrich it after they have passed on. That is what Adonis will do.

ADONIS is but a baby now. Life is before him. No one knows what changes, what temptations it will bring, but I have every faith that whatever comes to him, he will meet it in a courageous way.

As it is, my baby and I live in a world of our own and I am happy. I would do the same thing over again but I would not assume the responsibility of advising other women to do likewise. After all, the family is the pillar of society. It is not to be disrupted universally lest chaos result.

But I do think the time is near when the world no longer will frown upon the unwedded mother, as it will recognize her right to take motherhood if she wants it, regardless of her status, and it will also accept her offspring without the bias that has been the lot of such children in the past.

The Office Wife by Faith Baldwin (Continued from page 29)

figures here. You business men are mad on figures—any kind!" He laid a slip of paper on the desk. "Think it over. Come in with us if you care to. Linda says it will do you good."

Eaton was smiling. "She does, does she?" "I spoke to her about it at Hot Springs last week. Sorry you couldn't join her."

"I was sorry too. I've been infernally busy. As to your proposal, I can't promise, Dick."

"Take your time; don't turn it down right off the bat," Jameson answered. "By the way, I ran into Harry Marsten, at the Springs," he went on; "he told me you were handling his account."

"Working on the campaign now?"

"I see." Jameson looked keenly at his friend. "Larry, you look tired," he commented.

"I am tired. Tired of—"

EATON broke off and laughed suddenly. If people ever wondered why the employees of this particular agency were so fiercely loyal to their chief, they would have been answered had they heard him laugh like that.

"What's the joke?" asked Jameson, grinning in sympathy. Occasionally women told him that Larry Eaton was the most attractive man of their acquaintance. And Jameson didn't doubt it, despite the usual difference of opinion between the sexes on the subject of masculine attraction. No, he didn't doubt it, though for personal reasons he would have preferred to believe that the ladies exaggerated.

"Joke? Oh, it's on me. It's the dickens the way a man gets to depend on his secretary, isn't it? Oh, I forgot—you don't work. You merely cut the coupons and get scissors cramp. But it happens that I've sent Miss Andrews home for the rest of the day and contemplate keeping her there indefinitely. She's been—splendid—but it looks as if she had outlived her usefulness here."

"I remember her. Wasn't she at your place in Southampton one week-end last summer? Tall, thin woman, not bad-looking really, if she'd only get wise to herself and take pains to put other people wise, too. What's wrong with her?"

"Nerves," said Eaton.

"Why don't you get a man?"

"I'd rather not. They're all right for traveling but the work is just a stepping-stone to them—means to an end. They don't take the personal interest in it that a woman does."

Jameson smiled. "The trouble with your secretary," he diagnosed, "is, I should say, too much personal interest."

"Now what do you mean by that?" asked Eaton. His tone was quiet, even mildly indifferent, but his jaw had hardened and his eyes were alert.

Jameson fingered his small mustache and chuckled faintly. "Keep your shirt on. I've seen it happen before. I didn't always cut coupons. I once sat in an office and dictated lovely letters to a series of little girls. And these efficient virgins of the type of your Miss What's-her-name let their work get a strangle hold on them."

"That is, they think it's the work. Then, when they discover that it's the man they're working for, instead, they go to pieces. That woman—forty if she's a day, I judge—didn't look to me as if she'd have a good time after office hours. I suppose she goes home to a little flat, picks up a cold supper, drifts off to the movies and goes to bed praying for morning and the office."

"Nerves! No wonder she has them."

She has a right to crawl with them! No emotional outlet, my boy; and you or I or any man knows what that means."

"I don't see it," Eaton said stubbornly. But he did see it, being no fool, and his heart sank.

Later, when Jameson had taken his departure, Eaton went into the office of Timothy Sanders, the vice president.

Sanders was a young man who had come up through the copy-writing department and even now wrote much of the important copy. He was a lean, enthusiastic person, who thought in headlines, and remained a bachelor through choice. He and Eaton liked each other enormously but seldom came in contact outside the office.

Sanders, it happened, was not at his desk. But his secretary was there alone in the room in the corner by the window.

The light streamed in through the sheet of glass and haloed with especial tenderness her cropped, red-gold head. The effect was charming, and Eaton responded to it with quick pleasure before he spoke.

"Is Mr. Sanders in the building, Miss Murdock?"

She had not heard him enter, so noiseless had been his tread upon the thick piled carpet. If she was startled she did not betray it, but rose to her feet and faced him quietly, a small girl, extraordinarily pretty.

"He just stepped outside, Mr. Eaton," she replied. "I can find him for you."

She smiled. Eaton responded to the smile as he had to the picture she had made—with instant pleasure. He said, "Thank you," with marked warmth.

Presently the girl returned with Sanders. Eaton thanked her again and spoke to his associate.

"Spare me ten minutes, Sandy?"

"Twice that," offered Sanders cheerfully and nodded to his secretary.

"Just a moment," said Eaton as she turned to go. "When I am through here, could you take a letter for me, if Mr. Sanders can spare you? Miss Andrews has gone home."

The blond girl smiled and assented in a controlled voice that was low and warm and pleasing. As she went out of the room and the door closed behind her straight back, Eaton asked suddenly:

"Satisfied with that girl of yours, Sandy?"

"Miss Murdock? Sure. She's all right." "Been with you long?"

"Six months. She's been three years in the organization, though. She came to me from Dick Johnson. Why?"

"Nothing—except that my mind runs on secretaries. I find I shall have to let Miss Andrews go. She's not well. Can't stand the gaff. Why," he asked suddenly, on guard since Jameson's visit—"why the devil are you grinning like a Cheshire cat?"

"Can't a fellow smile? Want to take Miss Murdock away from me? I'll wring your neck if you do," threatened Sanders, without savagery. "She knows more about this business than I do."

"That wouldn't be much." Eaton insulted him with genuine affection, and Sanders continued to grin amiably.

"About the Marsten campaign—just what are your ideas?" asked Eaton, sitting down near the desk. "I want to stay down and work on it tonight."

Meantime, Anne Murdock left her office and went back to the copy-writing department to see a friend.

"First chance I've had to get away," Anne told the other girl breathlessly.

"I've been so anxious since you phoned last night. Betty, how is he?"

Betty Howard, a good-looking woman in her early thirties, smiled, but her dark eyes remained troubled. "It's pneumonia, all right. The doctor sent in a nurse. His temperature was pretty high when I phoned last."

"Oh, poor little man!" Anne's eyes were heavy with pity. "But don't worry so—try not to," she begged, and then, with an effort at condolence, "Youngsters have to go through these things. Mother said last night that Jim, Kathleen and I all had measles at once, and Kathleen went into bronchial pneumonia—she was only a baby, younger than your Billy, and she came through flying."

"I know. But it's so hard," Mrs. Howard said. "I have to do my work and my mind isn't on it. I'm—torn to pieces all day. A woman's a fool to marry," she added suddenly—"a woman with her living to make."

Anne nodded. She made no pretense at disagreement. She knew Betty Howard's commonplace story—the clever girl of more than average talent, working her way through college, finally getting a good position and dreaming of reaching the heights of her chosen profession. Then, after five years, marriage to a man much older than herself, a man struggling to come through the physical and spiritual disaster which his war service had brought him.

Betty had come to the Eaton agency shortly before her marriage. She had carried on successfully, dividing her personality with but little effort, it seemed, between the office and her home. Then had come an enforced period of absence from her desk, before and after the birth of her boy.

During that time she had worked at home, driving herself savagely when her body rebelled. Then she had returned to the agency, leaving the child with a competent nurse.

But Frank Howard had not long held his position with an insurance company. His lungs had been weakened and scarred by mustard gas. He was now up at Saranac for an indefinite time and Betty's salary, the income from some free-lance article writing she did in her scant leisure and Frank's disability money just about carried the small separated family from week to week.

ANNE thought, observing Betty's haggard face: "She was in love with him—still is. That's what happens to you when you marry a man on the make, earning little more than yourself."

Her chin went up as if in conscious defiance to an unspoken challenge and her eyes, of the rare dark blue which deepens to black under emotion, were black now, and her ardent mouth straightened to a firm red line.

Betty murmured: "Mrs. Holmes—that's the nurse—was to telephone if—"

"You'll be home pretty soon," Anne reminded her hastily. She could not bear the dreadful implications in that if—if!

A young man, tall, built like a greyhound but with frankly red hair and merry eyes, passed by, a sheaf of papers in his hand. Seeing Anne, he paused and smiled, gayly yet with a sort of hungry appeal.

"Remember—eight o'clock!" he reminded her and went on his way, whistling softly.

Anne looked after him thoughtfully. "You see a good deal of Ted O'Hara, don't you?" asked Betty, with the

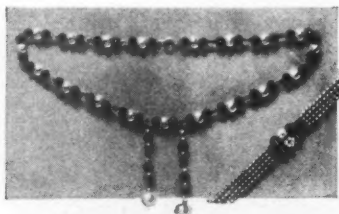


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pardonable curiosity of a good friend.

"Considerable. We go out, or he comes to the house. Mother's crazy about him." Anne laughed and her small pointed face with its vivid coloring lighted up with sheer mischief. "Her people and his hailed from the same county back in the old country. They have a grand time together. I think they get along because they're both red-headed and neither can put anything over on the other."

"You're not far from red-headed yourself. Well, he's a nice boy," commented Betty, "and he'll go far in his job."

"That's what Mother says," Anne told her, and stopped and bit her full lower lip. Over the satin texture of her skin the bright color flooded.

Betty smiled and thought: "So Mrs. Murdock has been backing Ted's bill!"

Her own disaster uppermost in her mind, she warned, almost involuntarily: "Don't—don't be hasty, Anne!"

"Not me!" Anne answered. "I like my job so well. I'm too ambitious—too darned ambitious, I guess," she said ruefully, with her lovable trick of catching herself up, laughing at her own earnestness. She turned, touched Betty's hand a moment. "I must get back. The chief's with Mr. Sanders. He asked me to take a letter later. Andrews has gone home."

"What's wrong?" Betty wanted to know. "I saw her—she came into the lavatory to wash her face. That's all she ever does to it, poor soul. Her eyes were red and she looked all shot."

Anne shook her bright head, ruddy gold in the sun, pale gold in the shadow. "I don't know. I see her sometimes, you know. I occasionally eat dinner with her; she lives alone on West Tenth Street. She's an odd woman. And she eats, sleeps and breathes the office."

After a short silence during which each thought her own thoughts, Anne said:

"Well, I'll get back now. I'll ring up tonight to see how Billy is. 'By, for now."

When she had gone, with her heart-warming smile, Mrs. Howard returned to her work. She had liked the younger girl ever since their first meeting in Mrs. Howard's own department. Anne was so pretty, so vital, so friendly, with a warm, giving, genuine sort of friendliness, and an excellent brain functioned under the clipped lovely hair.

She had worked up well, thoroughly, not too quickly. Her present job was a good one. Forty a week, Betty estimated. Forty dollars a week for a girl with no responsibilities was an excellent salary.

Mrs. Howard glanced at her watch. No news was good news.

Ted O'Hara passed her desk en route to Sanders' office, probably to get another glimpse of Anne. He'd been fathoms deep in love with her since the day he'd first set eyes on her. No one could blame him, mused Mrs. Howard, but a girl was a blind and gallant fool to marry.

Still, if she herself hadn't married she wouldn't have had Billy—Billy and his father, those dear obstacles to the fulfillment of her once ambitious dreams.

With an impatient sigh she turned back to her desk. But her mind was not on the work.

If Andrews were let out, thought Betty fleetingly, would that mean that Anne might be a logical candidate for the position?

Anne was with Eaton now, in his office. She waited while he attended to a message that had been brought in and, waiting, looked about the room with an

appreciation which never failed, no matter how often she saw it. In the past six months she had come almost daily to Miss Andrews' office, bringing memoranda from Sanders to Eaton, and always had looked longingly through the door between, and—once or twice, when Eaton was not there, she had gone in.

Now she could study the room. It has such beauty, she thought. She could spend a year here and never see enough of it. She loved beauty intuitively and wistfully, and it had not much entered into her life. Her own home was comfortable. It was glaringly modern in the employment of electric lights, shining radio and phonograph, and lurid chintzes. But it had no magic.

When beauty reached her it did so through the pages of magazines and books, through an occasional play or motion picture, through eventful trips into the country—country that was not merely half city; stretches of beach and sea which did not border on asphalt pavements. And now, touching her life more closely, had come these glimpses into Eaton's quiet office with its suggestion of money spent for loveliness, of a busy, ordered life that yet took thought for the hunger of the spirit.

Now Eaton spoke to her in that dangerously magnetic voice, handing her Miss Andrews' notes. "Do you think you can read these, Miss Murdock?" he asked. "Or shall I start over again?"

Anne looked at the pothooks with accustomed eyes. "Yes, I think I can manage, Mr. Eaton. Will you take up your dictation where you left off?"

Eaton flashed her an appreciative smile. It was rather rare to find a girl who could read another secretary's notes, he thought. And thought too, as he dictated smoothly, that it was even rarer—and amazingly pleasant—to be working with so pretty and young a person. His terse, crisp phrases continuing evenly, he saw how easily Anne's pencil kept pace with them.

Well, Janet Andrews had been a good worker too, but she'd certainly lacked charm. Somehow, the whole room seemed to settle into a becoming and suitable background for the small girl with the red-gold hair and the pointed, ardent face whose crossed legs and short skirt revealed delightful silken knees. And Eaton was absurdly conscious that he was taking especial pains with his dictation.

"Thank you," he said, as she rose to go. "Can you get it out at once for me? Special delivery. You might, if Mr. Sanders doesn't need you immediately, use Miss Andrews' office."

A moment later Anne had settled herself at Janet's orderly desk. The small room was pleasant and well furnished. It had about it a certain air of prestige. Andrews' name was on the outer door in discreet gilt letters: Secretary to the President . . .

A little later Anne laid the letter on Eaton's desk. He read it through, commented upon her speed and accuracy, signed it, and as she turned to go, asked on a sudden impulse:

"Shall you be busy this evening, Miss Murdock?"

She thought of her engagement with O'Hara; answered immediately: "No, Mr. Eaton."

"Miss Andrews' illness leaves me in rather a hole," he confided ruefully. "I'll arrange things with Mr. Sanders if you can stay and help me for an hour or two?"

He looked up at her swiftly. Her face did not change as he asked his question, but her breast rose perceptibly with an increased pace in her breathing.

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"I'd be glad to, Mr. Eaton," she replied quietly.

She went back into Andrews' office and straightened the letter paper and carbons mechanically. Glad! What an inadequate, almost fatuous word! Her heart was pounding. To work with the chief, after three years of hoping and planning for such an opportunity! And to work with him through the quiet evening hours, the office hum silent, the lamplight shining on the big desk, shut in with beauty, beauty reflected from paneled walls, beauty in drawn draperies and opening roses.

To work—with the chief!

Well, why shouldn't she—permanently? Since her coming into his business she had planned every step to reach this particular goal. Had cultivated the uninspiring friendship of Janet Andrews; uninspiring, that is, in itself. Had learned the man's secretarial requirements, and his personal needs as well.

It was on the cards that Andrews would go some day and Anne had prepared herself to fill that hypothetical vacant place. She had no feeling that in studying Eaton's demands through the unconscious medium of Miss Andrews she was doing anything unethical. If her chance came to her, why shouldn't she take it? She was younger than Andrews; she was well equipped; she was infinitely better-looking.

People said that appearance, personality didn't count. But Anne knew better, and she was honest about it—with herself. Larry Eaton was a man, as other men. And a woman in business had need of every weapon she could employ to hold her job, and the man who controlled the job. Well, if she got this job, thought Anne, she'd hold it!

Miss Andrews returned to the office on the following day, perceptibly nervous beneath her air of schooled repression. Eaton, who had worked late the previous evening, remaining long after he had let Anne Murdock go, arrived at the office somewhat later than was his custom and found Janet at her desk. He spoke to her pleasantly, determined to ignore the scene—and its implications—of the afternoon before.

But she said, timidly enough: "I—I am so sorry about yesterday."

"That's all right," he told her. "I hope your headache is better."

It wasn't. But she lied mechanically. "Oh, yes, thank you. But I was worried about the letter to Mr. Goddard."

"Miss Murdock got it out for me," he said, and went on into his room, conscious that after "Miss Murdock," the presence of Miss Andrews was a considerable let-down.

The early morning routine having been disposed of, Janet Andrews drew a deep breath and sat tense and erect at her desk, her thin hands idle, staring at the wall upon which she seemed to see the inevitable handwriting. What a hideous night she had put behind her—hours of endless, sleepless, bitter self-reproach and shame!

She had always prided herself upon her cool, intelligent interest in her work. She had been proud of her business loyalty and integrity, and of Lawrence Eaton's reliance upon her. So the years had passed and slowly, inexorably, by almost imperceptible degrees she had come to this agonizing self-knowledge that it was not the work but the employer that mattered.

All night, she had told herself: "I shall resign. I must!"

But she couldn't face it. Never to see him again! Never to hear his voice! Never to watch the slow deep smile

illuminating the gray eyes! Never again to have the right to mother him a little, to watch over him, to guard him.

She did not appear ridiculous to herself.

She'd dragged herself back to the office wondering why this devastating thing had come to her. She'd been far too busy all her life to speculate upon her physiological and psychological problems. She had read little. Her young womanhood had been spent in caring for and supporting an invalid father. At his death she had adjusted herself to living alone.

No one had advised her of the perils she ran into, the dangers of a starving maternal instinct, the warning signals of her forty years. She could meet men graciously enough—in business. Socially she was repressed, awkwardly austere. One or two men who might have loved her had come into her life during the period when her father and his demands had constituted a burden she could not drop—or share.

She'd been quite pretty in her twenties; a prettiness of good features, abundant vitality and youth. But her vitality had gone into the job and the youth had passed and the prettiness had faded. She was critical of "smart" clothes in the office, and of cosmetics. She dressed well and plainly, and, as Betty Howard had said, "washed her face," and let it go at that.

She had a few friends, professional women of her own age, some sober plodders like herself, others of a more volatile nature, a little impatient of "poor Janet's" incapacity for enjoyment.

Anne Murdock was the youngest friend she had and by far the most attractive. Janet disapproved of Anne. She thought her too pretty and, erroneously, too "light," for all her alertness, to be in an office.

She should be married to some nice boy, settled in a suburban cottage with a family to rear, and a house to keep, away from the pressure and temptations of the business world. Not that Janet herself had been subjected to temptations! She liked Anne, was even fond of her, scolded her as she might have scolded a dear younger sister, was glad when Anne found time for her.

But today at her desk, staring at the walls, she experienced a sharp stab of jealousy.

Anne was twenty-four. Anne had youth, ambition, beauty and a flashing gayety, a warm ardency of manner. And last night Anne had been with Lawrence Eaton in the quiet office, taking his dictation, finishing her, Janet's, tasks.

No, she could not resign.

But as she was leaving for the day Eaton called her to him.

"I am going to give you a leave of absence, Miss Andrews," he told her quickly but most kindly. "I think you need and deserve a rest. You work hard and your vacations have been inadequate. You will leave us at the end of the week on full pay."

But his deliberate kindness was disregarded. Her eyes were distended and her mouth shook as she asked hoarsely: "Does that mean that I am—dismissed?"

He answered, wishing to be honest, yet finding her pitiful: "I hope not. I want you to take six weeks. If at the end of that time you are strong again, quite well—" He left the sentence unfinished. Yet she felt as if she had watched him sign her death warrant.

She drew nearer, her hands clasped before her in a futile endeavor to still her tremor.

"I'm all right," she managed; "it was temporary. Please, please don't send me



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away from you," she implored, so desperately unhappy that she did not realize what she was saying.

Eaton felt ashamed, curiously humiliated, as if he had received a wound in the spirit through this sword of revelation. And at the same time, being masculine, he was angry. At all events her attitude settled things. He said firmly:

"You see, Miss Andrews, how quickly you become upset? I am not sending you away. I am giving you a leave of absence with a good chance to recover your health and return to us."

In another moment she would cry. She knew it and he knew it. She said, "Thank you," in a low tone and walked back to her office.

By some stupendous feat of will she managed to get her things together and to crawl wearily home to the little flat. She'd seen this sort of thing happen before to other women—the tactful granting of leave . . . Well, in six weeks' time she'd be looking for another job.

When she left, at the end of a terrible week, the fiction was kept up between her and Eaton.

"The work?" she wanted to know when she was saying good-by to him. "Good-by," she thought dully, "means God be with you." But it seemed that He had ceased to be with her.

"I've arranged with Mr. Sanders to borrow Miss Murdock for the time being," he answered.

So she had that to take home with her—the definite knowledge of her supplanting.

When she was gone Eaton had time to think about her without anger—for the love of a woman one doesn't want affects a man in one of two ways according to his character and the quality of his vanity—or pride: either it affords him smugness, complacency and a little scorn, or it annoys him. It had annoyed Eaton. Yet he thought he understood, for he knew better than most men the dangers of repression, the bursting of carefully builded dams.

To Anne Murdock he said briefly: "Mr. Sanders will let me have you for the duration of Miss Andrews' absence."

Anne looked up and smiled. His mind banished Miss Andrews and centered upon her successor. What a pretty girl, he thought, for the twentieth time, as Anne evidenced her willingness to fall in with his plans. And if Sanders didn't like it, he nevertheless contented himself with a good stenographer as substitute and warned Eaton frankly:

"You won't be able to keep me out of your office while Miss Murdock's with you. She carries forty thousand details of my work in her head that I can't be bothered with. So don't crab if you see me coming in half a dozen times a day."

"I'm sorry, Sandy; and come as often as you want. But I must have competent assistance with this Marsten business, and as far as I can see Miss Murdock is the only person who'll fill the bill at present. I don't want to bring in an outsider. Miss Andrews will come back, you know," he added, with no conviction.

Nor was Sanders convinced. But he made no comment.

At the end of her first day with Eaton Anne went home a little late, tired but eminently satisfied and excitedly happy.

Things had gone well. She'd made no mistakes. The chief had praised her at the close of the day. A good Monday. Why did people call Mondays blue? And Betty Howard, whose boy was well on the road to recovery, had prophesied during a luncheon hour snatched together: "You'll get Andrews' job. She'll never come back."

"Mr. Eaton says she will," Anne said, arguing against her own ambitions and happiness in a way women have.

"You let that mislead you? When a man gives his secretary a vacation because her nerves are shot, there is more in it than meets the eyes. No, he'll never take her back. Men can't be annoyed with nerves in their offices. They have enough of them at home."

"Look here," asked Anne suddenly, "I fell into this; I didn't try deliberately to get the job away from her, but if she doesn't return and I do get it—well, I haven't done anything really underhanded, have I?"

Betty smiled at her. "Of course not. It's dog eat dog in this world, anyway," she said a little wearily. "And if it's true anywhere that one man's loss is another man's gain, it's true in business. It's not your fault," Betty reminded her, "that Andrews went to pieces."

Anne lived in one of those suburbs of New York City which are neither town nor country. A suburb in which every little brick house is its neighbor's twin.

Anne's house was fifth in a row of ten. As the door was open she heard her mother's voice, with its rich hint of County Clare, raised in argument. Anne grieved. "Kathleen's at it again," she guessed as she walked in.

In the kitchen, Mrs. Murdock was lecturing her youngest child, darting from stove to cupboard, a blue-bibbed apron tied about her round waist, every red hair in place above her flushed, animated face, one hand gesticulating with a large tin spoon.

"And that you shall not!" she ultimatumed as Anne entered.

Kathleen was sitting on the kitchen table swinging her beautiful legs. She was nineteen years old. She had Anne's facial contour and Anne's dark blue eyes, but her hair was dusky black, and her full startlingly painted mouth was weaker than Anne's, and at the moment mutinous.

"What's all the shootin' for?" Anne inquired as she seized her mother about the waist and implanted a hearty kiss under the little lady's left ear.

Kathleen, whose face had brightened at Anne's entrance, produced a package of cigarettes from her pocket and reached for a match. She struck it and a moment later inhaled a lungful of smoke. "Painted and smoking like a chimney!" commented their mother darkly.

Anne laughed. "Darling, you do fuss, don't you? Kathleen isn't hurting herself or anyone else by some lip-stick and a cigaret now and then. I've been known to indulge in both myself."

"If I'd carried on that way," remarked Mrs. Murdock, "my old mother—rest her soul—would have killed me, and well I'd have deserved it!"

ANNE SWUNG herself up beside her sister and regarded her with indulgence. It was impossible to regard her otherwise. Kathleen was so pretty and Anne loved her so much. And she'd been a problem ever since leaving high school. She had refused to take a business course and had spent her days hanging around the Long Island motion-picture studios and getting work as an extra. Her father raged, and her mother stormed, and Anne stood as involuntary buffer between her sister and their parents. And now . . .

"She's going into the chorus, no less!" announced Mrs. Murdock, much as if she had said: "She's going to murder her invalid great-aunt!"

Anne looked at her sister. Kathleen nodded and tossed her chin.

"The Sky Girl," she explained, "at the Forty-fifth Street Theater. Got in through Lola—the girl I met over at the studio. Watch my step, Anne; I'll soon be glorified by Ziegfeld."

"Golly, that's great!" said Anne.

There was no sanity in putting obstacles in Kathleen's way. She was more than stubborn, she was determined, and Anne had reasoned for some time that the more she was opposed the more set she'd be upon having her own way. Besides, as far as Anne was concerned, the stage, provided you liked it and were suited to it, was a perfectly good way of earning a living.

She said as much to her mother.

Mrs. Murdock sniffed. "Kathleen, get off that table and carry these things in for me," she commanded.

And Kathleen complied, smiling a little. She knew that Anne was the barometer by which their mother judged the domestic weather. If Anne put the seal of her approval upon Kathleen's ambitions, in time Mrs. Murdock would set her seal there also.

"That's your father!" exclaimed Mrs. Murdock as a car rattled into the drive.

HE CAME in presently, a tall man with dark, graying hair and an intelligent, irritable face. He was shop foreman for one of the outlying districts of the Gas Company.

He had worked for the company since youth and had reached the limits of his capability. For, practical and competent though he was, he lacked education. He growled at the increased cost of living, but his salary, three thousand a year, was to him a large one.

He had bought and paid for the little brick house on the usual "terms," had purchased in the same manner the radio, the phonograph, most of the furniture, the vacuum cleaner and the second-hand car in which he went to and from work. He had married Molly, his Irish-American wife, nearly thirty years ago, and they had been inarticulately happy and harried throughout their hard-working partnership.

Molly Murdock was an ambitious woman. She had prodded and pushed her husband to his present position, and now could do no more for him. She loved him, scolded him and mothered him as she did her children. She shared the children with him as far as his saturnine temperament permitted, and exacted that they respect him and obey him in so far as they were temperamentally capable of so doing.

Murdock had a hair-trigger temper, was markedly fretful, suffering as he did from chronic dyspepsia for which he took quarts of patent medicine, and was, naturally, a man who enjoyed a grievance. But he was a good husband, a devoted, if peppery, parent and a valuable, if sour-humored, employee.

As far as he was concerned Mrs. Murdock's task of getting the family up in the world was finished. So she had turned her powers of persuasion toward her children. She was immensely proud of them. Anne was her unfailing standby; Anne was impulsive, a little reckless, and in her mother saw a warmth of nature, a giving spirit which occasionally caused her worry, but not too much.

Kathleen was Mrs. Murdock's torment, her despair and her secret idol. No good would ever come of that wild girl! she deplored—but only to herself, and refusing really to believe her own harsh maternal prophecy.

As for Jim, the only son, he was a reporter on a tabloid and lived with his wife and babies in the Bronx. Jim had

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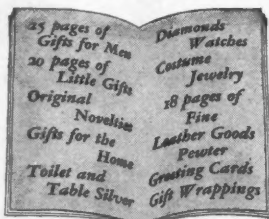
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done well. He was a fine boy, his mother assured herself with justification, and if he had ever given her anxiety, well, boys will be boys, she admitted. She was not modern enough to admit also that girls will be girls.

She advised Kathleen, passing her on her way back to the kitchen: "Say nothing to your father yet; let him have his good hot supper."

Later they sat down to the filling meal of the average American family—a good cut of meat, scalloped potatoes, a canned vegetable, pie and coffee, bread, butter, pickles and jam.

"Sit still, Mother; I'll bring in the dessert," Anne told her.

"And why should I be sitting still? Sure, you've had enough to do at the office this day without coming home and serving supper!" said Mrs. Murdock indignantly.

Murdock read his evening paper during the meal. Kathleen jumped up three or four times to twirl the dials of the radio and snatch some dance music from the compliant ether. As the melodies reached them from the dining room of a great hotel she tapped her slim feet and swayed her pretty shoulders while she ate.

"Quit weaving around like that!" her father ordered. "Must you be wasting your time dancing even at the table?"

"Is Ted coming tonight?" Mrs. Murdock asked Anne hastily.

"I think so. Why don't you wear your new foulard?" Anne asked her mother.

"Hush up with you!" Mrs. Murdock began, gratified, and Kathleen said:

"You can have the living room, Anne; I'm going to the movies with Laura and May. Dad, you can read your old paper in the kitchen. You know you like it better, anyway."

"Is that so?" But he smiled. "Where's my tonic, now?" he demanded, remembering his sacred custom.

The bottle found and the dose taken, he lighted his pipe and tilted back his chair, thumbs hooked into armpits.

"What's the news, girls?"

Anne said quietly, but her eyes danced, betraying her: "Miss Andrews is away on leave. I'm doing Mr. Eaton's work."

"Will she be coming back?" asked her mother keenly.

"He says so," Anne answered noncommittally.

"And how does Mr. Sanders take it?" her mother pursued.

"All right, but I'll have part of his work to do, too," Anne answered, and chuckled. Absurd how these important busy men grew to lean upon girls like herself—absurd, yet somehow significant!

Kathleen looked toward her mother and a lovely eyebrow made mute inquiry. Mrs. Murdock nodded, her eyes anxious.

"I've a job," announced Kathleen casually, "in the chorus of 'The Sky Girl.' Rehearsals begin tomorrow." She sat back and braced herself for the explosion.

"You've what?" demanded her father. She told him again; gave him chapter and verse.

"You'll do nothing of the sort!"

"But Dad!"

She looked imploringly at Anne. And there were steps on the porch, the sound of voices—beneficent interruption.

"There's Laura and May!" Kathleen exclaimed, and jumped up.

"Go along with you, then," her mother excused her, with something of the girl's relief.

Amused, Anne murmured: "Buck passer!"—and Mr. Murdock smote upon the table.

"You'll stay here," he ordered, "and

get this nonsense settled!" But he spoke to a vanishing slender back.

Anne said quietly: "Let her go, Dad. If you oppose her she'll only do something foolish. It's better to have her confidence."

"But the stage!"

Anne looked at him in affectionate despair. "For Pete's sake, don't be such a fossil, angel! There's no harm in it. Lots of nice girls go on the stage every day in the week. Kathleen's been stage-struck since she was twelve. Let her have the experience. Maybe it will cure her. She's not cut out for business. And she has to do something!"

"There are other things a darned sight more respectable!"

"Well, as to that, she isn't trained, Dad—not for a teacher, or a nurse, or an office, or anything. Don't bully her into being too pig-headed."

Anne's tone and her serene eyes had weight with Murdock. He couldn't give in gracefully, but deep in his heart he relied on his elder daughter's judgment.

"All right, then," he grumbled; "I'll say nothing. I don't rate much around this house anyway. You all do as you please. If anything bad comes out of this business you can blame yourself. Yes, and your mother too, sitting there not saying a word, letting me do it all! I wash my hands of it," said Murdock.

Much later Anne had reason to remember that placing of responsibility.

Murdock rose and went heavily upstairs. They could hear him growling to himself on the way up, and Mrs. Murdock exchanged a look with Anne, while the corners of her mouth twitched.

"He'll be all right now," she diagnosed. "Tell me, Anne, about Miss Andrews."

They talked in perfect accord and comradeship, as they cleared away the dishes. It didn't occur to either of them to complain because Kathleen was not at home to help.

Later, Ted arrived. Anne had not seen him since the evening she had phoned his apartment and broken her engagement with him. Now he came in, inclined toward sulkiness, and Anne, accurately gauging his temper, suggested: "It's a nice night; shall we go for a ride?"

He nodded and spent some time with Mrs. Murdock, his ally, while Anne was getting ready, inquired for Kathleen, went upstairs to look in at Mr. Murdock, who was reading, and by that time Anne had appeared. She'd changed her dress and shoes, pulled a perky little hat over her eyes and flung a new cape about her shoulders.

Presently he escorted her down the steps and into the new car which was his pride.

"I hear," he said, as they pulled away from the house, "that you are working for the chief."

"Yes." She pulled the cape tighter about her, gave a wriggle of excitement. "I—I thought I'd not even be able to hit a key straight. But I got through, thank the Lord."

"I suppose you hope to get the job permanently?" asked Ted, with no sign of premature congratulation in his tone.

"Of course; if I am satisfactory and if Andrews doesn't come back. I'd be crazy if I didn't hope to, Ted!" she said, aroused to defiance by his tone.

"I suppose so." He stepped on the gas and the little car shot away. "But—"

"What, for heaven's sake?"

"Oh, you don't care what I think!"

"Of course I care," she contradicted truthfully, but her heart sank. Was Ted—? Would he ask her—again?

Ted looked around. They had reached a deserted street which debouched into a



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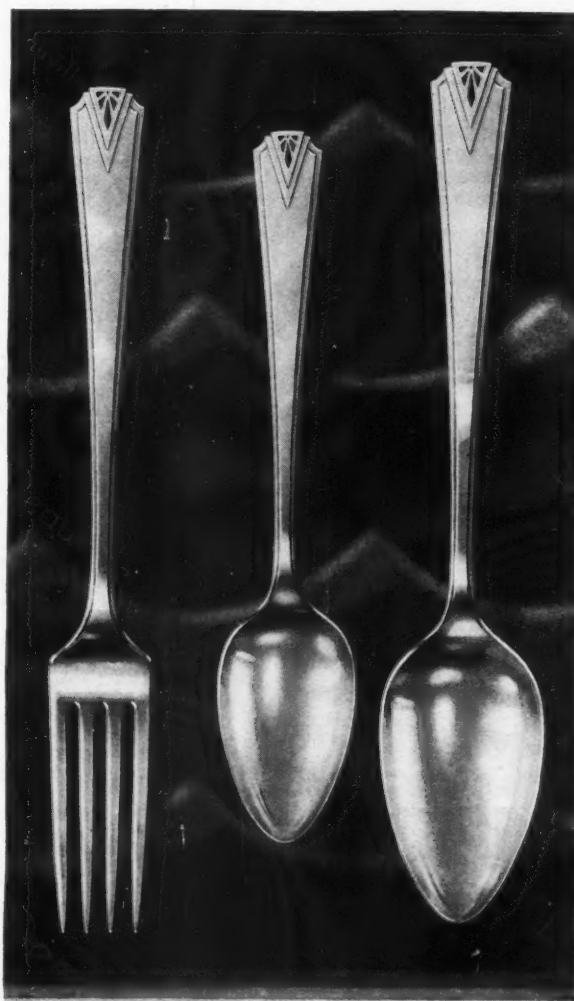
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country road. Ted stopped the car and faced her, eager and appealing.

"I love you so much, dear," he said huskily.

She made a little gesture of unhappiness and hopelessness. This wasn't the first time he'd told her he loved her.

She'd known him since she'd entered the agency; they'd gone out together, laughed and danced and played together. And this past summer he'd kissed her more than once—many times more than once. But nowadays, kisses, no matter how much you liked them, didn't mean marriage.

"And you," he was urging—"you do care for me a little?"

"I like you so much," she said honestly.

"But you don't love me?"

"No, Ted," she answered, hating to hurt him.

"You haven't let me kiss you since—since August," he complained.

"Ted, you're so funny. I mean, the way you remember dates. No; I haven't."

"Why?"

"You've just said why. Because you love me and I just like you. If," said Anne, trying to explain her code—"if you only liked me, too—I might. It was sweet. But since I've known that you cared so much, it isn't fair to you, Ted, dear."

"But I want you for my own," he said, his voice roughened. "Oh, you'd love me, too, Anne, if you'd let yourself go. But you won't. You hold me off. You don't give me my chance. I—don't I know how you could love a man if you'd forget yourself a little? I know! I want you to marry me."

"I can take care of you, Anne. I'm doing well. I'll be doing better. Sanders got where he is now from the job I have. They like my work. They've raised me twice this year. If you'd marry me—I swear, Anne, with you beside me I'd get to the top."

But after a moment she answered, low: "But I want to get to the top—myself!"

All Ted's masculinity, all his sex pride came to the surface then. He forgot that he loved her—and wanted her; for the moment remembered only that they were man and woman in business, and, in a sense, competitors.

"You'll get no further," he said. "A woman!"

"Listen to me," said Anne, her quick, but usually controlled temper touched. "Nothing can stop me. I took a business course when I left school. Afterwards, Mother was sick and had an operation, and I had to stay home a whole year to look after things. Then I got a typist's job; later a stenographer's."

"I took extension courses at night and landed, as you know, in the copy-writing department of the agency. Six months ago Mr. Sanders took me from Mr. Johnson."

"What's to prevent me from working permanently with the chief if I make good and Andrews doesn't return? And you know perfectly well that with the experience of a job like that I'd qualify for executive positions. What's going to stop me?"

"Nothing," Ted told her, "if you want it. But look at Andrews. She's a woman—and she's been let out, whether temporarily or permanently, because of her health. She'll never get anywhere after this."

"Anne, you were made for love, for marriage, for your own man, a home, for babies. You weren't made to waste yourself in an office, slaving for men who don't give a hang what work does

to you as long as the work is satisfactory to them."

"Marry me—and be a woman and not a machine. I'll love you all my life; I'll carry you on my hands; I'll work for you. And you'll help me make the grade. Anne. Anne!"

But she shook her head. She was oddly angry. Perhaps at the comparison between herself and Janet Andrews. She was not like Janet; she never would be like her, that sexless woman! She was herself, alive, vital, brimming with the joy of life, with the instinct for adventure, with passion dimly guessed at.

Woman—or—machine?

"Nothing I've seen of marriage makes me think any too well of it," she told him. "Look at my mother working her life away for Father, for us, cooped up in a kitchen, tied to a duster! Look at Jim's wife in that miserable little flat with two babies and Jim away all day and half the night. And Betty Howard in the office, with a man and a child to support, fretting herself sick, not getting ahead—a woman with her brain and talent! No, Ted, I think I'd rather be a machine, after all; an independent one."

"If you loved me——" he began doggedly; and, looking at the white blur of his face in the starlight and sensing how hurt he was, she softened.

"Oh, if! If I loved you, I might; though I'd be an idiot! Yes, if I loved you—but perhaps I don't!"

He said, stubborn, his gay eyes clouded: "But you can't keep me from loving you, and trying——"

"Please," she said, "let's go on. All this—it isn't any use. We just get angry and say things to hurt each other."

He shrugged; put the car in gear. "Where to?" he asked suddenly.

"It doesn't matter. We could dance; listen to some music."

They drove on for several miles, danced at a little road-house and had something to eat. It was one o'clock when he left her at the brick house.

There on the doorstep, the street dark and silent about them, he tried to take her into his urgent arms.

"Ah, let me. Let me!"

"Ted," she murmured, shaken. "Ted." She disengaged herself gently and spoke with finality. "What's the use?"

His arms dropped to his sides. Her key grated in the lock and then she was gone. He turned and went back to the car, the brightly painted dapper little car, now so desolately empty of her.

As Anne tiptoed to the bedroom she shared with her sister, Mrs. Murdock appeared. In the hall under one dim light they talked in whispers.

"Tired, dear?"

"Not very," Anne answered, and suppressed a yawn.

"Good time?"

"Not very," Anne said again, and tried to smile.

Her mother moved closer to her and looked into the girl's eyes. "Teddy's a nice boy," she said, "and he'll go far. It's a fine thing, Anne, to marry young and climb the ladder with your man."

But Anne shook her bright head. Her answering whisper had a thread of laughter running through it, but her eyes remained somber.

"You can't get rid of your old maid for a while yet," she said, and caught her little mother to her and kissed her soundly. Releasing her, she admonished: "Go back to bed, Molly Murdock, and forget about me. I'm all right. You're half in love with Ted yourself, and it's you he comes to see, anyway. I'll tell on you if you don't behave."

Shame to you, cloaking your own flirtations with your hard-working daughter!"

She gave her mother a squeeze, then disappeared into her bedroom. Mrs. Murdock was smiling reluctantly—what nonsense the girl talked!—but her eyes were thoughtful. What was the world coming to when healthy pretty girls preferred typewriters to babies?

But perhaps the right man hadn't come along yet. With this age-old solution for consolation, Mrs. Murdock went back to bed.

Anne undressed in semi-darkness. Kathleen was sound asleep in the bed next to her own, one round arm above her dark head, the gardenia texture of her cheek faintly flushed. "She's a lovely thing," Anne thought, with some misgiving.

Later, lying there in the darkness, she thought of Ted and of her mother's gallant code: "It's a fine thing to marry young and climb the ladder with your man."

But if a girl wanted a ladder of her own, wanted to climb unhindered to the top? And if—if she wanted her man, wouldn't it be one who had already made his way unaided, a man with strength and tremendous driving power?

The time was passing when girls who came into contact with men, men of established position, of vision and capabilities, were willing to marry those who stood at the bottom of the ladder.

"We set high standards," thought Anne drowsily, "nowadays."

A day or so later she telephoned Janet Andrews and finding she was still in town made an engagement with her for that evening.

Janet, as trimly utilitarian at home as she was in the office, went with her around the corner to one of those dimly lighted basements which provide music and a plate dinner.

"I want to consult you," Anne told her, over coffee. "Oh, just office routine. Every man has his own way of wanting things run. I hate to make more mistakes than I can help."

She asked her questions and Janet answered, grudgingly at first, and then, as she looked at Anne's friendly face, more openly.

"Is—is he well?" was what Janet wished to know in her turn as they walked back to her home.

"The chief?" Anne looked at her, astonished. "Why, I suppose so. He seems fine."

"He gets overtired," Janet explained, "and then he sometimes takes cold. When he works in the office at night I generally get one of the porters to go out and bring in malted milk or something. He doesn't know where it comes from half the time, but he drinks it just the same."

"I see," said Anne, and made a mental note. Surely, she thought, the chief could take care of himself! But of course, if he were used to these extra attentions she'd certainly see to it that they were forthcoming.

Janet went on talking, warning Anne against certain importunate callers who had a way of trying to get past the desk, telling her, a little feverishly, of Eaton's likes and dislikes.

Anne thought, amused: "I suppose he has to be coddled like all the others. I wonder if he really likes it."

Somehow, it didn't fit in with the mental picture she had of the man—a picture which she had carried about with her for three years; which she often looked at with admiration and by which she made, unconsciously, many comparisons.

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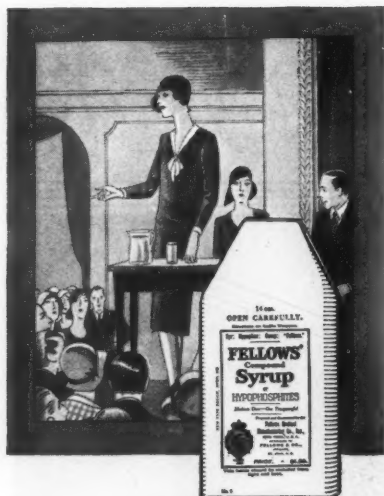
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Janet's flat was well furnished, but wholly lacking in charm. Anne talked as they sat there together, while Janet indulged in her solitary relaxation of incessant cigaret smoking.

"Aren't you going away?"

Janet lighted another cigaret. "Funny to see her smoke so much," thought Anne. "She doesn't seem to be the type."

"Yes, in a day or so. I've a cousin who has a farm up near Albany. I've planned to go to her," Janet answered. Suddenly her eyes filled. She crushed out the just-lighted cigaret on a standing ash tray. "I won't be coming back—to the agency," she said slowly. "He doesn't want me."

"But Janet," argued Anne, trying to make her words and tone carry conviction, "of course you'll come back. You'll get well up there and—Why, the chief can't get along without you!"

Janet tried to smile. "Yes, he can," she contradicted. "He'll forget to miss me, after a little. And you"—she looked directly at the younger girl—"you'll get the position, Anne. That's one reason why I've been trying to give you little hints about things it would take you a long time to learn, but which mean a lot to his comfort."

Anne asked, with clever directness: "If you should not return, would you be angry if—if I did get the job?"

"No, not angry," Janet laid one unsteady hot hand on Anne's. "Take care of him," was all she said.

Then they talked of other things until Anne rose to go. Janet went to the door with her.

"I shan't wait for my dismissal," she said. "I shall send in my resignation before my leave is up. I'll try for something else after a while. Meantime, I've something saved."

She did not tell Anne that she had already spoken to a friend of hers, the head of a large employment agency, and that Miss Mackaye had told her: "You won't be easy to place, Janet. You've given too much to this last job. My advice is, go out and learn to play before you look for a new one. Get outside interests—and if you can—fall in love."

Fall in love!

Janet turned back to the empty flat and started straightening chairs and cushions. Anne—Anne would get the job.

He wouldn't look at Anne, of course; not as a person, that is. He wasn't that kind. And yet—Anne, with her ardent red lips and her round slim body and pretty hands! He wouldn't be a man if he didn't look at her sometimes.

Would any man be content with just—looking?

She went into her bedroom and stared about it dully. She must plan her packing, must formulate mentally the phrases of her dignified resignation, every word of which would be a knife in her heart.

Over the daily contact, the work that was all for him, the tense waiting for his word of approbation, the shrinking from his reception of an error, the lightness in her breast when he smiled—all over.

Suddenly she picked up a tall glass vase and flung it violently against the wall. As it shattered to the floor in a hundred tinkling pieces the tension broke within her and she flung herself across her bed, sobbing...

Anne, walking to the subway, thought with a decent unwillingness: "So that's the reason!"

She knew Freud and Ellis no better than did Janet. But she needed no

books to tell her what was the matter with the older woman.

"Poor thing," she thought, disturbed, and with an aching pity tempered with the wholesome scorn of a youngster who has not yet been deeply stirred by life. "Poor thing. Why are women such fools?"

Couldn't they keep sex out of it save as a useful weapon? She wondered if they couldn't realize that the man was only the symbol of the earned income. Couldn't they see him as merely a means to an end?

During the following week in Eaton's office Anne worked hard, marked much and caught one intimate glimpse of the caliber of the man. She was in her own room when Joe Brown, one of the copy writers and a friend of O'Hara's, came into the chief's office, papers in his hand and his face haggard with strain. Through the half-open door Anne heard the conversation between the two men.

"Sit down, Joe," invited Eaton. "I want to talk to you about your copy for the Garden Silk people. Are you satisfied with it yourself?"

Brown's answer followed after a perceptible hesitation. "No, I'm not, Mr. Eaton," he said.

"What do you think is the matter with it?" asked Eaton. "To my mind, it's good-enough routine work—solid stuff—but it hasn't any vitality. Not an atom of punch. It hasn't the quality which lifted your work for the Dayton crowd so far above average."

"You've wonderful hunches, Joe. You've a good command of the written language. You know what the public wants to read, and you can sock 'em in the eye—arrest their attention. You know people. Your dealer work in the Dayton instance was great."

"You've a big future. You've proved it again and again. But something has been wrong for the last month. What is it? Don't you like the work—or what?"

"I do," Brown told him. "I'm crazy about it, but—I'm shot, Mr. Eaton. My mind isn't on the job. I'm mechanical; I haven't any pep. I—oh, I know what's the matter, all right," he said, boyish and ill at ease and unhappy.

"What, then?" asked Eaton.

"It—it's a personal matter," Brown burst out despairingly. "Just one of those intimate things that play the deuce with a man's job. I'm—I'm nearly off my head, Mr. Eaton. I can't eat. I can't sleep. I can't work." He added dully: "But I can't tell you about it. If it means the loss of my job I can't tell you. And I deserve to be fired. I've let you down badly."

Anne's heart was beating furiously. She knew something of the canker that gnawed into young Brown's brain. Ted had told her. Brown, a decent boy, had fallen in love with a woman some years his senior, and married.

It was useless for his intimates to tell him he'd get over it, to point out the error of his ways. He loved her with all the depth of a boy's first passionate attachment. And he was taking it hard, as only a nice boy can take it. He hated himself; he was torn and ashamed—and he loved her, hopelessly and with an edged desperation.

After a pause Anne heard Eaton reply gravely:

"You needn't tell me. I understand enough to know whatever it is it's giving you a bad time. You're a good man and we don't want to lose you. We cannot see your future—and our own future depends upon the work of men like yourself—wrecked because of some emotional unbalance."

"I suggest that you take six months'

vacation, Joe, with full pay. Go abroad, go West, go anywhere, and fight your battle. Then come back to us and tell me if you think you can go on again, giving us the best that is in you."

After a little Brown's voice, choked and low, reached Anne: "I—Mr. Eaton, I can't thank you enough."

"Don't try. We've all been up against it sometime, one way or another. Good-by, Joe, and good luck."

A moment later Brown passed through Anne's office without seeing her, so dimmed were his eyes. But his face was lighted with a new hope, with returning confidence in himself and in his star. And Anne's eyes were equally misty. She thought, "He's more than a great business man—after all, he's a man."

This was his human side, the side which made him beloved, not for his business capabilities but for himself, his understanding of his associates, and a side of him which showed a response to emotional appeal.

In his office Eaton sat thinking of the boy who had just left him. He had heard rumors, vague but enough to give him something to go on. Sex, the primal hunger, the impetus to progress and sometimes the obstacle. Sex and a man's needs. First passion and its demands.

He sighed, his face suddenly lined and altered. Well, if he'd needed—excitement, the thrill of pursuit, the adventuring chase, he'd sublimated it in his work—but not quite.

When some weeks had passed, Eaton spoke to Anne.

"Miss Andrews has sent me her resignation," he told her. "Would you care to carry on with me, Miss Murdock? There'll be an advance in salary. You've done excellent work and even in this short time I've grown to depend on you. I'll speak to Mr. Sanders, if it's a bargain. Is it?"

"It certainly is!" Anne told him, and smiled, her eyes radiant, the quick color rising to her cheeks.

Then, feeling that she had been a trifle informal in her acceptance of the advancement, she managed a brief speech of gratitude and a promise to work hard and well. But Eaton cut her short, reluctantly, for he enjoyed watching her expressive face, her lovely eyes.

"It's all right, then. I warn you, I'm a slave driver," he said, and laughed.

As she went into her office he thought how pleasant it was to have a secretary so soothing to the eyes. He had not missed beauty in Janet Andrews but he appreciated it in Anne Murdock. He liked the way she walked, the way she carried her shining head; he liked watching her hands, capable, well-cared-for, prettily modeled. He liked her voice and her manner and her way of anticipating his needs before he himself was aware of them. He liked her. And he found himself looking forward to seeing her every day.

Anne sat down at the desk—her desk now—and tried to control the rapid pulsing of her heart. Another step up the ladder. An office of her own. Fifty a week, perhaps, in her pay envelope, and her name in gilt letters on the glass door.

But as exhilarating as office and salary and title was the thought of working permanently with Eaton, in intimate daily contact with him.

She saw that her hands were shaking. She felt an impulse toward laughter or tears. She shook herself mentally, pulled herself together. Such hysteria wasn't like her. Even a better job was no excuse, she told herself severely.



Lovely Mystery

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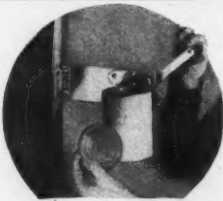


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Of course, it was the thought of the job which excited her, the job which was a sign and seal of success. The job and not the man, after all. The man was a symbol, also. Yet, as she sat there and heard him moving about the inner room with his light sure step, and felt her heart thud heavily, she was aware of a sudden misgiving, a creeping doubt, a frail but frightening wonder, a warning admission of his growing physical attraction for her.

She turned to her work again, setting her full lips firmly. This was dangerous nonsense, she admitted to herself. Of course she admired Mr. Eaton, admired him greatly, but that was all.

But as her pulses steadied, she was aware of an ironic hoot of laughter somewhere in the back of her brain. Had Janet Andrews once reasoned in the same manner—"but that was all"?

Poor Janet, whom she had thought so sexless, had permitted her sex to run away with her sanity. Anne felt an unspoken challenge in that diagnosis of Janet's failure. Was it not possible for a woman to work with a man, with a dangerously attractive man, even, and still find herself more worker than woman?

She thought it was, and went back to her typing and did not know that Lawrence Eaton, listening, half-consciously, to the rapid staccato to which business is tuned, sighed a little and smiled a little and wondered why he was suddenly so restless and yet so unwontedly content.

Lawrence Eaton is a married man and a man of honor, yet he finds himself growing more and more interested in pretty Anne Murdock, his secretary, in Faith Baldwin's November Installment

Madame La Gimp

(Continued from page 65)

sees me he yells out, "Mister O. O. McIntyre." Well, of course I am not Mister O. O. McIntyre, and never put myself away as Mister O. O. McIntyre, and furthermore there is no resemblance whatever between Mister O. O. McIntyre and me, because I am a fairly good-looking guy, and I start to give Rodney B. Emerson an argument, when he whispers to me like this:

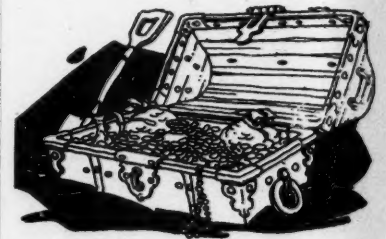
"Listen," he whispers, "we must have big names at this affair, so as to impress these people. The chances are they read the newspapers back there in Spain, and we must let them meet the folks they read about, so they will see Madame La Gimp is a real big shot to get such names to a party."

Then he takes me by the arm and leads me to a group of people in a corner of the room, which is about the size of the Grand Central waiting room.

"Mister O. O. McIntyre, the big writer!" Rodney B. Emerson says, and the next thing I know I am shaking hands with Mr. and Mrs. Conde, and their son, and with Madame La Gimp and her baby, and Madame La Gimp's sister, and finally with Judge Henry G. Blake, who has on a swallowtail coat, and does not give me much of a tumble. I figure the chances are Judge Henry G. Blake is getting a swelled head already, not to tumble up a guy who helps him get his job, but even at that I wish to say the old judge looks immense in his swallowtail coat, bowing and giving one and all the old castor oil smile.

Madame La Gimp is in a low-neck black dress and is wearing a lot of Miss Missouri Martin's diamonds, such as

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rings and bracelets, which Miss Missouri Martin insists on hanging on her, although I hear afterwards that Miss Missouri Martin has Johnny Brannigan, the plain clothes copper, watching these diamonds. I wonder at the time why Johnny is there but figure it is because he is a friend of Dave the Dude's. Miss Missouri Martin is no sucker, even if she is kind-hearted.

Anybody looking at Madame La Gimp will bet you all the coffee in Java that she never lives in a cellar over in Tenth Avenue, and drinks plenty of gin in her day. She has her gray hair piled up high on her head, with a big Spanish comb in it, and she reminds me of a picture I see somewhere, but I do not remember just where. And her baby, Eulalie, in a white dress is about as pretty a little doll as you will wish to see, and nobody can blame Judge Henry G. Blake for copping a kiss off of her now and then.

Well, pretty soon I hear Rodney B. Emerson bawling, "Mister Willie K. Vanderbilt," and in comes nobody but Big Nig, and Rodney B. Emerson leads him over to the group and introduces him.

Little Manuel is standing alongside Judge Henry G. Blake, and he explains in Spanish to Mr. and Mrs. Conde and the others that "Willie K. Vanderbilt" is a very large millionaire, and Mr. and Mrs. Conde seem much interested, anyway, though naturally Madame La Gimp and Judge Henry G. Blake are jerry to Big Nig, while Madame La Gimp's baby and the young guy are interested in nobody but each other.

Then I hear, "Mister Al Jolson," and in comes nobody but Tony Bertazzola, from the Chicken Club, who looks about as much like Al as I do like O. O. McIntyre, which is not at all. Next comes "the Very Reverend John Roach Straton," who seems to be Skeets Bolivar to me, then "the Honorable Mayor James J. Walker," and who is it but Good-Time Charley Bernstein.

"Mister Otto H. Kahn" turns out to be Rochester Red, and "Mister Heywood Brown" is Nick the Greek, who asks me privately who Heywood Brown is, and gets very sore at Rodney B. Emerson when I describe Heywood Brown to him.

Finally there is quite a commotion at the door and Rodney B. Emerson announces, "Mister Herbert Bayard Swope" in an extra loud voice which makes everybody look around, but it is nobody but the Pale Face Kid. He gets me to one side, too, and wishes to know who Herbert Bayard Swope is, and when I explain to him, the Pale Face Kid gets so swelled up he will not speak to Death House Donegan, who is only "Mister William Muldoon."

Well, it seems to me they are getting too strong when they announce, "Vice-President of the United States, the Honorable Charles Curtis," and in pops Guinea Mike, and I say as much to Dave the Dude, who is running around every which way looking after things, but he only says, "Well, if you do not know it is Guinea Mike, will you know it is not Vice-President Curtis?"

But it seems to me all this is most disrespectful to our leading citizens, especially when Rodney B. Emerson calls, "The Honorable Police Commissioner, Mister Grover A. Whalen," and in pops Wild William Wilkins, who is a very hot man at this time, being wanted in several spots for different raps. Dave the Dude takes personal charge of Wild William and removes a rod from his pants pocket, because none of the guests are supposed to come rodded up, this being strictly a social matter.

I watch Mr. and Mrs. Conde, and I



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do not see that these names are making any impression on them, and I afterwards find out that they never get any newspapers in their town in Spain except a little local bladder which only prints the home news. In fact, Mr. and Mrs. Conde seem somewhat bored, although Mr. Conde cheers up no little and looks interested when a lot of dolls drift in. They are mainly dolls from Miss Missouri Martin's Sixteen Hundred Club, and the Hot Box, but Rodney B. Emerson introduces them as "Sophie Tucker," and "Theda Bara," and "Jeanne Eagels" and "Helen Morgan" and "Aunt Jemima," and one thing and another.

Well, pretty soon in comes Miss Missouri Martin's jazz band, the Hi Hi Boys, and the party commences getting up steam, especially when Dave the Dude gets Rodney B. Emerson to breaking out the old grape. By and by there is dancing going on, and a good time is being had by one and all, including Mr. and Mrs. Conde. In fact, after Mr. Conde gets a couple of jolts of the old grape, he turns out to be a pretty nice old skate, even if nobody can understand what he is talking about.

As for Judge Henry G. Blake, he is full of speed, indeed. By this time anybody can see that the judge is commencing to believe that all this is on the level and that he is really entertaining celebrities in his own home. You put a quart of good grape inside the old judge and he will believe anything. He soon dances himself plumb out of wind, and then I notice he is hanging around Madame La Gimp a lot.

Along about midnight, Dave the Dude has to go out into the kitchen and settle a battle there over a crap game, but otherwise everything is very peaceful. It seems that "Herbert Bayard Swope," "Vice-President Curtis" and "Over Whalen" get a little game going, when "the Reverend John Roach Straton" steps up and cleans them in four passes, but it seems they soon discover that "the Reverend John Roach Straton" is using tops on them, which are very dishonest

dice, and so they put the slug on "the Reverend John Roach Straton" and Dave the Dude has to split them out.

By and by I figure on taking the wind, and I look for Mr. and Mrs. Conde to tell them good night, but Mr. Conde and Miss Missouri Martin are still dancing, and Miss Missouri Martin is pouring conversation into Mr. Conde's ear by the bucketful, and while Mr. Conde does not savvy a word she says, this makes no difference to Miss Missouri Martin. Let Miss Missouri Martin do all the talking, and she does not care a whoop if anybody understands her.

Mrs. Conde is over in a corner with "Herbert Bayard Swope," or the Pale Face Kid, who is trying to find out from her by using hog Latin and signs on her if there is any chance for a good twenty-one dealer in Spain, and of course Mrs. Conde is not able to make heads or tails of what he means, so I hunt up Madame La Gimp.

She is sitting in a darkish corner off by herself and I really do not see Judge Henry G. Blake leaning over her until I am almost on top of them, so I cannot help hearing what the judge is saying.

"I am wondering for two days," he says, "if by any chance you remember me. Do you know who I am?"

"I remember you," Madame La Gimp says. "I remember you—oh, so very well, Henry. How can I forget you? But I have no idea you recognize me after all these years."

"Twenty of them now," Judge Henry G. Blake says. "You are beautiful then. You are still beautiful."

Well, I can see the old grape is working first-class on Judge Henry G. Blake to make such remarks as this, although at that, in the half light, with the smile on her face, Madame La Gimp is not so bad. Still, give me them carrying a little less weight for age.

"Well, it is all your fault," Judge Henry G. Blake says. "You go and marry that chile con carne guy, and look what happens!"

I can see there is no sense in me horning in on Madame La Gimp and Judge Henry G. Blake while they are cutting up old touches in this manner, so I think I will just say good-by to the young people and let it go at that, but while I am looking for Madame La Gimp's baby, and her guy, I run into Dave the Dude.

"You will not find them here," Dave says. "By this time they are being married over at Saint Malachy's with my ever-loving wife and Big Nig standing up with them. We get the license for them yesterday afternoon. Can you imagine a couple of young saps wishing to wait until they go plumb around the world before getting married?"

Well, of course this elopement creates much excitement for a few minutes, but by Monday Mr. and Mrs. Conde, and the young folks and Madame La Gimp's sister take a train for California to keep on going around 'e world, leaving us nothing to talk about but about old Judge Henry G. Blake and Madame La Gimp getting themselves married too, and going to Detroit where Judge Henry G. Blake claims he has a brother in the plumbing business who will give him a job, although personally I think Judge Henry G. Blake figures to do a little booting on his own hook in and out of Canada. It is not like Judge Henry G. Blake to tie himself up to the plumbing business.

So there is nothing more to the story, except that Dave the Dude is around a few days later with a big sheet of paper in his duke and very, very indignant.

"If every single article listed here is not kicked back to the owners of the different joints in the Marberry that they are taken from by next Tuesday night, I will bust a lot of noses around this town," Dave says. "I am greatly mortified by such happenings at my social affairs, and everything must be returned at once. Especially," Dave says, "the baby grand piano that is removed from Apartment 9-D."

Blackmail by Robert Hichens (Continued from page 55)

he means to marry her," said Leven. "And what's more he will marry her unless something's done about it."

The last words struck me. I remember, as almost sinister, and I asked Leven to tell me what on earth he meant by them.

"Nothing—at present," was his enigmatic reply. "But if you think I'm going to let a splendid girl like that be taken away from me by a confounded blackbird without making a fight of it, you don't know much about me. That's all."

I told him he'd better get in a left and right straightway if that was his idea.

He asked how I proposed his bringing that off.

"Go for her. Make love to her!" I said.

Looking down on my twenty years from the Olympian heights of his twenty-five, he jeered at my schoolboy crudity, as he called it.

"In her present state of blackbird eroticism," he explained, "she'd turn me down. She's under the spell of his masculine goodness. You know nothing about women."

That put my back up thoroughly, as you may imagine, and I believe I was fool enough to explain elaborately my intimate comprehension of the nature of woman. When I stopped, his comment was brief and definite. It was:

"And you know nothing about blackbirds, either."

At this point in the conversation I think I swore. One's such a fool at twenty. But the final insult was still to come. It came, like a bullet to the heart. He informed me that I was an innocent.

This gross and unpardonable accusation must have stunned me, or I should never have done what I did—asked him why. And then out it came. I was an innocent because I believed in Arbroath's good faith; because I considered him an exceptional man, not in the way of intellect but in the way of virtue.

"Like all the rest up here," said Leven, with a sneer, "you've taken him at his own valuation. Because he's a clergyman you think he's a saint."

"You're babes up here!" he added. "And I'll find a way to prove it to you before I'm many weeks older."

Again the slightly sinister sound came into his voice. I felt he was on the track of a plan, a plan hostile to Arbroath. But just then the clock struck one and suddenly he shut up, gave me what they call in detective stories "a significant look," and made off at last to his room.

Leven didn't give me a hint as to what was in his mind after that. He couldn't stay much longer then, but during the remaining few days he was with us he

was perpetually harping to me on the duplicity of human nature.

He was, as I've said, five years older than I was. But he was about ten years older in knowledge of the world. He was one of those fellows whose minds mature early. I wasn't. He'd called me an innocent. And I suppose I really was a bit of an innocent in those days, though naturally I was furious at being given the name. He was by nature sardonic and disinclined to take things and men at their face value.

Of course he had his reason for disliking Arbroath. But even if he hadn't had it, I believe the mere fact of the parish's ardent belief in Arbroath's virtue would have made him disbelieve it. He was the sort that isn't influenced by the singing of praises, but is influenced in the wrong way by it. The cry "Hallelujah!" drew from his lips the homely but expressive word, "Rot!"

He went away from Lamsfield swearing to me that the Reverend Cyril was a sham. "And remember what I say," were his last words to me. "I'll prove he's a sham."

"How on earth?" I asked.

"Trust me to find a way," was his answer.

And it was spoken with such hard conviction that, upon my word, I began to think perhaps he would.

The next time I saw Leven was about

three months later in London. He had rooms in Mount Street, and as I had to come up to see a doctor—I'd had a touch of pneumonia and it had left me with a slight weakness of the lungs—he asked me to stay with him.

I've often wished since that I hadn't gone. But perhaps if I hadn't it would have made no difference.

I had something to report to him. It was this: the intimacy between Miss Smith and the rector was thickening and deepening. I had come to the conclusion that before long it would end in a formal engagement.

MISS SMITH had developed an interest in church matters which she never had shown before. She never missed an evening service, whereas till Arbroath had arrived in our midst she had even shirked churchgoing on a Sunday morning. And she was becoming full of zeal about "the welfare of the parish."

"Exactly!" said Leven. "Like thousands of women, she's found religion through a good-looking man. Not that I think the Reverend Cyril good-looking! But she does, no doubt."

"She thinks him the best man she ever met," I said.

"Best! You mean best-looking," he said bitterly.

I was injudicious enough to retort that though I was sorry about Miss Smith's apparent affection for our pastor, I was sure she had been tremendously impressed by his transparent goodness. I think I added something about goodness being a great power in the world when it was totally free from goodness. (In those days I must have been an enthusiastic young ass. But really there was something about poor Arbroath that got you.)

Leven turned and rent me. But I stuck to it. I said at last I'd met a good Christian who was a thoroughly fine man, and whom even the goddess couldn't help respecting. I wasn't keen on churchgoing myself, and sermons sent me to sleep, even in the morning. But there it was. Arbroath got me and I was bound to acknowledge it.

"I don't care a hang about his getting you," Leven said, almost savagely. "But this other business—I'm not going to take that lying down."

I asked him what he could do. If a girl's honestly in love with a man, even if he is a blackbird, what can any decent fellow, who naturally can't stoop to intrigue, do to break her of it?

When I asked him that he gave me a look that struck me as impressive and unnatural. There was something out of character in it, but it had power. And I realized that poor Leven was more in love with Miss Smith than even I had known. His love had given a twist to his character, I thought, but it had certainly intensified him in an extraordinary degree. That look gave me a bit of a shock, made me sit back, as it were.

But I didn't get my answer at once. He began by a sort of dissertation on masks—human masks, the masks we are all supposed to wear. He spoke of the lawyer mask; the doctor mask; the genial good-fellow mask of the man who's out to get all he can for himself at the expense of his neighbors; the bluff business-man mask; and of course the ecclesiastical mask.

I must say he said some true things. That was the worst of it. Didn't I know the ecclesiastical mouth? Well, confound it, I did! Didn't I know the sweet smile that didn't seem to affect the eyes?—and so on.

By degrees he made me uncomfortable.

Of course he was out to make me uncomfortable. Gradually, as he talked—he was a clever chap—I began to see nothing but masks. No sincere faces, no truth-telling faces at all!

He struck at my foundations, I suppose. When we are young, somehow we seem to have foundations, and it's rather jolly resting on them, or thinking we do. He made me feel that perhaps it's folly to trust any man, and especially any man who seems to be better than his neighbors. He soused me in the hypocrisy of the world until, upon my word, I didn't know whom a man could think well of.

And finally he said to me flatly: "Your parson's a man I don't believe in. I never believed in him from the first moment I clapped eyes on him."

I protested at that. In spite of my perturbation, I hit out in defense of Arbroath. I told Leven that if a certain pretty and charming girl hadn't been living in Lamsfield he never would have had these preposterous doubts about our rector, who was the straightest man I'd ever seen, and the least ostentatious.

I told him he was governed by prejudice. I rammed it into him; rammed it home. I said it was unworthy to attack a man's character with nothing to go on, not a shred of evidence that he was anything but a first-rate man.

"I've only spoken to you," he said. "Can't I say what I think to my friend? What's the use of friendship if you have to consider your words even when the doors are shut?"

He was right there, and I acknowledged it. But nevertheless I continued to stick up for Arbroath and to combat Leven's unreasonable prejudice. And there I was right.

I believe I was almost violent then. And I think the reason for my heat lay in a fact that I didn't care to acknowledge even to myself—the fact that Leven's specious remarks about masks and human duplicity, which he'd represented as almost universal, had made a strong impression on my youthful mind; had made me see masks everywhere instead of truth-telling faces; had even made me see Arbroath's straightforward, manly face and honest eyes as, possibly, a mask.

I suppose I was putting up a sort of fight against the ugly doubts with which Leven had managed to infect me. At any rate, I see it that way now.

Leven listened to all I said with a smile that I believe was malicious. It was evident to me that my ardor didn't cut much ice with him. When at last I'd finished he said:

"You may be right about the Reverend Cyril or I may be right. Assertions one way or the other don't do much good."

"No," said I. "Don't do any good at all."

"Exactly," he said. "Now I'm going to make a proposal. Shall we have a try to see whether I'm right?"

I knew at once by his look and the way he said it that at last he was going to disclose a plan that he'd probably had in his mind ever since he'd got to know Arbroath.

"A try!" I said. "What sort of try? How can we?"

"Shoot an arrow into the air," he said. "And see if it happens to hit a mark."

I asked him to explain himself.

He then told me that one fact in Arbroath's life had struck him from the first. It was Arbroath's prompt acceptance of my father's offer to appoint him to the living of Lamsfield. Lamsfield Park was beautiful, but I must admit that Lamsfield was out of the way; that to ordinary people, who hadn't a fine old family home there, it must

seem a dead-alive hole, the last place in which an energetic, ardent and still quite young man would care to bury himself. Yet Arbroath had jumped at it. Why?

I said I supposed because it was a step up. He was a curate. He was offered a good living. What more natural than that he should accept it?

"D'you think he's a worldly man?" asked Leven.

"No, certainly not," I said.

"Yet he leaves a great London parish where, so you've told me, he was doing splendid work among a vast population, in order to look after four hundred villagers. Isn't that rather odd?"

"He likes the country," I said.

"You mean, then, that he considers himself first, this marvelous good man!"

I was rather stumped by that.

"D'you think he's an ambitious man?" said Leven.

I said no, except that he was certainly ambitious to do good.

"That's another reason why he would have refused to accept stagnation and limited opportunities unless—"

"Unless what?" I said.

"My guess—or intuition, if you prefer the word," said Leven, "is that your father happened to make his offer when Arbroath, for some reason unknown, found it advisable, or necessary, to get out of London, and that's why he jumped at it."

"Necessary!" I said. "Why should it be necessary?"

"There are a great many reasons which might cause a man to wish to get away from some particular place. Can't you think of even one?" said Leven, with a bit of a sneer.

"If he'd done something wrong," I said, after a minute.

"Well, yes. And, say, if the wrong people had got to know of it."

"Blackmail?" I said.

And then I remember laughing. The melodrama of it struck me. And what had we to go upon? Absolutely nothing.

"This is all too ridiculous," I said. "You're trying to make a mountain without having a handful of earth."

"Perhaps. But suppose we have a try—to see?"

"Go ahead!" I said, still half laughing.

And then he made his proposal. It was this. He proposed sending a telegram from the parish in Kensington where Arbroath had been curate, from the post office nearest the church where he'd ministered, a telegram of an alarming character, a telegram containing a threat or a warning, to see what came of it, whether it had any effect on the Reverend Cyril, "caused anything to happen"—as I remember Leven phrased it. That was his proposal.

IT STRUCK me, I remember, as futile, but it also struck me as objectionable. I turned it down. But he didn't give in. He'd evidently been thinking about his plan for a long time, and it had taken a tight hold upon him.

I said to do such a thing would be on a par with writing an anonymous letter. He replied that there were clichés about acts as well as about everything else. Considered dispassionately, without regard to current opinion, where was the abominable wickedness in sending such a telegram as he proposed?

It wouldn't be followed by any action. He had called it an arrow shot into the air, and it would be just that and nothing more. If no result ensued, the whole thing would drop. The arrow would fall to earth having found no target.

"Then," I said, "what's the object in sending it?"



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"Merely to see if there is a result," he answered.

"What result could there be?" I said.

"I leave it to you to imagine," he said.

And again I thought there was something sinister in his voice.

At last, after a lot more talk which I can't remember, though I know that on his side it was persuasive and seemed subtle to my immature mind, I was brought to this: I'd promise not to give the show away to Arbroath if the telegram was sent, but there must be no further attempt at a testing of his character. To tell the truth, I honestly thought the whole suggestion absurd, and a symptom of Leven's having gone almost potty from dwelling perpetually on jealousy in connection with Miss Smith and the rector.

I was a fool to give in, perhaps a little more than a fool. But I never thought it possible that any harm could come of it. And Leven was so dead set on it that—well, I gave in.

Leven wrote the telegram out. It ran like this:

"I know where you are at last and shall be down in a few days to settle up with you money talks but if it is silent this time someone else will talk in the wrong quarter for you if you are not keen to see me better make a bolt of it."

The signature to the telegram was "West Kensington." Leven also said that he'd send the telegram on the first Saturday after I returned to Lamsfield. He wished me to be there when it came.

Three weeks later I was back at the Park and Leven knew it. When Saturday arrived I felt a most awful sweep. On Sundays Arbroath always came to luncheon at the Park after the morning service.

I went to church with my people that Sunday morning and it seemed to me that Arbroath didn't look quite as usual. He always had rather a high color, but I thought he looked feverish that day and had the eyes of a worried man. But that might be my fancy. I thought guiltily, till I heard my mater say:

"Mr. Arbroath doesn't look himself today. I'm pretty sure he's unwell."

"Looks a bit off!" said my dad. "I'll make him drink a glass of my old sherry after lunch."

If you'll believe me it was only then for the first time that I realized Leven's telegram would have been read from the wire and taken down by the postmistress in our village post office! I'd actually been fool enough to think of the telegram as being read by some girl in the big Kensington post office, who'd be far too busy and careless to think anything of it. And now our postmistress—I felt fairly sick, I can tell you.

Arbroath turned up for luncheon and we all realized that he wasn't himself. He looked seedy and seemed nervous and fidgety, and often preoccupied. Of course he made an effort and all that, but no, he wasn't at all himself, and even the old sherry didn't mend matters.

When he was leaving after luncheon my mater asked him if he was unwell. This seemed to put him out extraordinarily. He looked startled and said, and reiterated, that he was perfectly well, "feeling splendid," as he always did.

"He's sickening for something," said my mater, who was always a regular dodger about illness.

But she was wrong. Arbroath wasn't sickening. Nothing happened except that he continued to look down in the mouth, nervous and preoccupied. Cheerfulness had gone out of him.

I stood this for a few days and then

I got so sick about it, and about what had been done, that I went up to London to see Leven. My intention was to persuade him to let me blow the gaff, tell Arbroath we'd done what we had as a stupid joke, beg his pardon and put the whole thing right—even with our postmistress, if necessary.

I got to Leven's rooms late in the evening, and found him at home.

"What's up?" he exclaimed, surprised at seeing me.

I told him. I told him, too, that I was such a fool that it never had occurred to me that the beastly telegram would be taken down by our postmistress. Now, no doubt, she was thinking unutterable things, and for all I knew might have spoken about the telegram all over the village.

"We've got to apologize," I said, "and put the thing straight. We shall come out of it moth-eaten, but that can't be helped now."

His rejoinder gave me the start of my life. He said:

"You should have come to me this morning."

"This morning?" I said. "Why?"

"I sent the Reverend Cyril another telegram this afternoon," he said.

"Another!" I said, pretty well aghast, I can tell you.

"Yes, another."

"What the devil did you wire this time?" I said.

"This: 'Better get away at once while there is time. Happen to know he is going Lamsfield this week. Well-wisher.'"

I was furious then, and I told him he was mad to go on that way, and that I wouldn't stand for the second telegram. I should go back within twenty-four hours and put things right, with Arbroath and the postmistress. We had a quarrel over it, but I was firm.

Unfortunately I was too late. When I got to Lamsfield Arbroath wasn't there...

"Wasn't there? Where was he, then?" asked Jenkins.

"I don't know."

"But when he came back?" said someone.

"He didn't come back."

"D'you mean to say—?"

"I do. He never came back to Lamsfield."

"Well, but you must have found out—"

"We didn't! None of us ever found out. We don't know to this day where he went, where he is, what became of him. He had packed up his ordinary belongings, clothes and so forth, taken the train and disappeared."

"He took the train, you say," said Jenkins. "Well, then, you must know—"

"Oh, as far as Newcastle we knew! But what's that? That was only half an hour away. I don't count that. He bought a ticket for Newcastle. But we never knew—after that."

"But then—but he must have done something, then!" said a young soldier who had been listening. "When he was a curate in London!"

"Seems so!" said Lock. "But we never knew what it was."

"And—Miss Smith?" questioned Mansfield.

"Oh, she didn't marry Leven."

"That's something, at any rate," said Jenkins dryly.

"She didn't marry anyone. Our padre had hit her hard."

"I wonder where the poor chap went to," said the soldier.

"So do I," said Lock.

"Funny thing," said Hesketh, speaking for the first time. "Funny thing about the fellow having eyes of different colors, one gray-blue and one brown. I was in Dalmatia lately, in a little place called Zara. And I went over one day to see Trau. D'you know it, Lock?"

"I'm afraid I never heard of it," he answered.

"Oh, it's a place to see. Tiny, but wonderful old houses. Quite a unique little place in its way. I saw a fellow there, an Englishman, painting. They told me he'd lived there for years. He had eyes such as you describe. I had a talk with him and noticed it. I'd never seen anything like them before."

"How old was he?" said Lock.

"I couldn't say exactly. But he looked about fifty. He was tall."

"Yes," said Lock, in an assenting voice. "He had a fair beard and mustache," added Hesketh.

"Oh!"

"Well, it's easy to grow that," said someone.

"I wonder whether—" said Lock, and stopped.

"Did Arbroath paint?" said the soldier.

"Not that I ever heard of."

"Well, but men take up things," Mansfield said.

"Yes," said Lock. "A man can grow a beard and a man can take up painting."

"But a man can't change the color of his eyes that I know of," said Jenkins.

"If I were you, Lock, I should have a look at Trau, some day. I think it's the least you can do under the circumstances."

"I believe I will," said Lock. "Yes—I will."

A Baby in the African Jungle

(Continued from page 31)

my husband's orders is also here and will accompany us for a short distance.

July 28th

At last all preparations have been made for our three-weeks' trip up the Mossaka and Kouyou rivers, and we are on our way. We have been paddling for six hours in a large and comfortable pirogue. The baby is snug under mosquito netting, safe from the tsetse flies. The rhythm of the paddlers' songs is an excellent lullaby for him and he has slept most of the time. I am very proud of the littlest explorer.

Feeding the baby in these pirogues is comparatively easy. Every four hours I put to work my portable stove and without stopping the canoes his food is prepared. This morning we were received with great courtesy by a native chief and given gifts of eggs and chickens. The chief wanted to know whether Vasco had but one wife. He brought his latest acquisition for us to admire, a wretched child just reaching adolescence.

Vasco fired at several hippos, but it is doubtful if they were hit.

I saw my first big crocodile today asleep on a sand bar. Vasco went after it but its birds gave it notice of danger and it slid into the water with scarcely a ripple. The crocodiles always sleep with their mouths open and the little birds hop in and out, cleaning their teeth and warning them in case a noise is heard. Crocodiles are most unpleasant-looking things.

The native women are very modest and

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do their bathing at night, and so provide these horrid creatures with many a meal. Often when the crocodiles are killed bangles are found in their stomachs.

August 1st

Our native soldiers and their women have left us, as it was understood they would not go farther than a certain section of the river. Now there is nothing to protect us but the nerve and courage of my husband. I got out two tiny American flags and crossed them on the largest pirogue, and I felt better after this gesture.

The women are curious about the baby and me. They are practically nude with the exception of heavy copper bracelets and anklets. The poor creatures are proud of these ornaments, in spite of the fact that the heavy things encumber their movements and result in sores.

Now it begins to be wild; the last vestige of the whites is behind us. Just a few years ago the chief of the village had the outposts decorated with human skulls as a warning to white men to stay away.

August 7th

We are still traveling up the river and camping on sand banks at night. I am more used to the idea of cannibals and animals and find myself adopting a fatalistic point of view. Either we will survive or we won't. The baby is thriving in this outdoor life.

We landed late at night and were ready to turn in early when mutiny broke out among the paddlers. Some of them attempted to steal our canoes and food, leaving us on the sand bar, a prey to crocodiles if we attempted to swim to the other shore.

Vasco quelled the riot by firing several shots over the paddlers' heads, forcing them to return immediately, and he then proceeded to chain the leaders up for the night. Six of them spent a cool and rainy night outside the tent and one white woman spent a restless night inside, anticipating a cut throat. Morning came after several centuries.

August 8th

The drums are sounding all the time up the rivers, telling of our coming. It gives me a creepy feeling to realize our every move is known. I feel trapped by the everlasting tom-toms.

The baby causes the greatest upheaval wherever we go. I simply make the natives fall in line and take turns peeking at him. It prevents fighting and pushing against his crib with their dirty bodies. Baby seems to love them and rocks back and forth in his crib to the beat of the tom-tom.

We have arrived at the village of Bouyou where we set up our camp for ten days. This rest sounds good to me. The tent has been pitched on a bluff a few feet from the river.

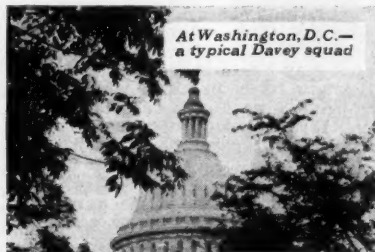
As soon as we arrived the women were put to work clearing a place for the tent and they worked with their eyes on us more than on their task.

It is impossible to believe these people are human beings. The children refuse to come out; the dogs put their tails between their legs and run away at the sight of us. One child I met unexpectedly was frozen into a state of paralysis and could not even run away.

All preparations have been made for the first buffalo hunt tomorrow. For the first time I am to be left alone with these people and I have a clammy feeling at the prospect, but I won't spoil Vasco's fun by letting him know.

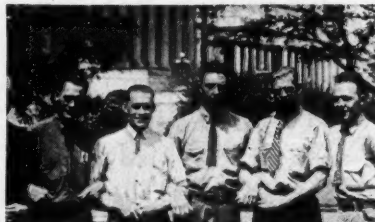
August 9th

Alone. Before daybreak Vasco left



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with the chief and his men. I promptly borrowed the bread knife from the cook. I shall be relieved when Vasco returns. Buffalo are particularly treacherous and dangerous to shoot and vindictive if wounded. I shall try to keep myself so busy I cannot think.

I am writing home, even if I cannot mail it for months. Anything to keep my mind from Vasco. He left at five A. M. and it is now two P. M. He is always back at ten. I have worn a path from the tent to the edge of the forest.

August 10th

At three P. M. Vasco came back from hunting in a state of exhaustion. He had shot five buffaloes, using the Mauser with the telescope. A Noble bullet, being defective, jammed. Great excitement in this and surrounding villages. Great arguing by the neighboring chiefs, who were entitled to none of the meat, but nevertheless felt that the whole kill was for them. Chief of the district showed up and demanded one buffalo for himself, giving in return five eggs, three of which were rotten.

Many callers from up and down the river, the object being meat. I had my first piece of buffalo meat for dinner. It was tougher than the hinges of Hades.

Vasco also shot a huge monkey which the men ate raw with gusto.

August 11th

Baby tried to crawl for the first time. Now my troubles will start.

Vasco has gone hunting again. More anxiety for me. I cannot explain the feeling when I hear a shot and then one or two more, for I do not know whether or not the animal has charged him. I feel a million years old when he is in the bush.

He has just come back. In two hours he killed seven buffaloes, a record I am sure no other hunter can equal. I am so proud of him, but I cannot help regarding all this meat with a jaundiced eye. Suppose more chiefs with more rotten eggs make their appearance! Bad eggs for good meat seem to be legal tender around here.

Their wrangling over the different parts of the animal is most interesting. They act like dogs fighting over bones. Buffalo meat is hard to get unless one has a gun and naturally they have none. They seem to lose their heads with so much meat around and the days are full of fighting and the nights are full of feasting.

This time the wash boy, who has been talking big about helping the white man kill a buffalo, accompanied the hunt, but he had to be helped out of the canoe when he came back and was the first pale negro I ever met.

I caught the house boys polishing themselves with a cake of my precious soap. This gives a high polish to their skins and is considered chic. Vasco is speaking of leaving me alone while he goes away for a few days.

Never did I expect to live in a cannibal village alone with a baby. I think I shall suffer with a case of permanent goose flesh all my life. Baby is making little noises that sound like "Mamma."

August 14th

I spent two days putting things in apple-pie order. Boiled water all morning and filtered it in the afternoon. Another chief came to call. The house boys were at the river bathing and I was alone and rather frightened when the murderous-looking old rascal with a knife in his hand leaned over the baby's crib. I slipped my revolver from its holster and glared. False alarm! He



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grinned at me, the baby cooed at him, and a tense situation was relieved. I cannot help feeling a cannibal's interest in a baby is not entirely altruistic.

August 16th

I tore loose this morning on my household force. Heaven help the defenseless woman who spends her life in Africa dependent upon native help! Impossible to inculcate any ideas of cleanliness. The tablecloth is invariably rolled in a ball and usually is to be found in a corner of the cook tent. Rubbish is knee-deep in the kitchen, and the state of pots and pans is enough to make the angels weep.

I have decided to raise Cain thrice a week with the entire force. One must be a combination of shrew, virago and hell-cat to get any results. These natives are lazy, dirty, shiftless. Sometimes I feel as if I'd like to grab helmet and child and get out.

Vasco went hunting again at four o'clock and returned at six, having killed four buffaloes. His score now stands at fifty. I think this is the greatest record ever made.

August 17th

Today I introduced my force to work. And spent the morning hurling pans and invective. A *tipoye* was made in which to carry baby. It is fashioned like a miniature native hut and covered with a thatch of thick grass to protect the baby from the chemical rays of the sun. There is enough room inside for the mattress, and the opening is protected by a netting. A small drawer holds fresh linen, boric powder and boiled water. It constitutes a first-class carriage. I am fully determined that my son shall have the ultimate in comfort. Every four hours he is fed and sponged off, and his linen is changed.

September 1st

Last night I had the thrill that comes once in a lifetime. We were enjoying our dinner near the river's edge under a full moon as clear as day. Suddenly the drums started to beat and two of our men came to us saying that a village down the river was reporting the presence of a herd of elephants and they were moving towards our camp.

Vasco promptly called a few paddlers and a canoe was made ready and my chair was quickly installed aboard. He knelt in the bow with his rifle ready and in silence we pushed away from shore.

We drifted in the current to avoid noise, as the slightest sound would be magnified by the water and the herd would be put to flight. In the stern a paddler held a large stone tied to the canoe by a long vine, which was to be used as an anchor.

We drifted down the river under the magnificent setting of the African forest and when we had gone about a mile we could hear the rumbling of the elephant herd in the distance. The greatest care was exercised by everyone to avoid noise. I held my breath in suppressed excitement, although I felt that the elephants surely could hear my heartbeats.

We heard them plainly when they were about one hundred yards ahead and twenty yards inland, and in absolute quiet we covered the intervening distance and reached a point directly opposite the herd.

They were busy feeding and while we were waiting to see if they would come to the river for water I sat in that boat momentarily expecting to be picked up by an inquiring trunk.

By means of signs Vasco ordered a native to go ashore to see what was happening. The man stepped out into the shallow water and crawled upon his

stomach through the underbrush, making his way to a tree. With the agility of a monkey he swung himself upward into the branches. We waited impatiently and when he did not return Vasco followed him.

I remained in the canoe until suddenly I heard two shots fired almost simultaneously. The spurts of flame could be seen plainly through the branches.

A few seconds later the native who was up in the tree scrambled down shouting, "Akoufi" ("dead"). At that moment the male leader of the herd trumpeted for them to rally together for flight and the silence of the forest was shattered by the crashing of branches.

I promptly went ashore. There in the moonlight I saw my husband standing between two huge elephants. Each had fallen dead at a single shot from his rifle.

September 7th

Vasco left at dawn to go hunting and returned with five buffaloes. We are waiting for men from Fort Rousset to proceed farther by caravan.

Two of my chickens have died but excellent health is enjoyed by the hen I call the "Apprehensive One." This chicken has witnessed the execution of several others and gives the impression of being constantly on guard lest the same fate befall her unawares. She has a nervous temperament. Her worst fears will materialize when meat gets low, however. The household now gives the impression of being thoroughly subdued. The boys must have thought our trip included a pleasure jaunt for them also. Things running better today, but I dare not be too optimistic.

September 9th

One buffalo. Score fifty-six. So sickened by the sight of them I can't eat any more. The "Apprehensive One" is no more. Her fears materialized. But I am sorry I ordered her execution. She was frightfully tough, therefore thoroughly avenged. The porters arrived.

September 10th

Left by caravan for Fort Rousset. Today's performance enlivened by the appearance of a snake crossing the road directly in my path. Vasco followed it into the bush and killed it. Inspection showed it to be the dreaded "babalier," a snake whose bite is deadly; there is no known serum to counteract it. I fear snakes more than any big game.

Two more buffaloes killed en route. I assisted for the first time in a buffalo hunt. My heart was in my mouth. The tent was up and I had just finished the baby's toilet for the night and was looking forward to dinner and rest, when the chief sent two men to Vasco to tell him that about two hundred yards away a large buffalo was standing on a bluff.

We hastily took rifles and followed the men through the high grass, which completely hid us. The animal did not seem aware of our advance.

My husband and the chief motioned to me to remain still when we were within shooting distance. This met with my unqualified approval. They advanced closer. How kingily was the animal's mien as he stood in the pale moonlight, lord of all he surveyed! One shot, a pathetic "moo," then silence.

He was huge. Before the breath of life had left him the natives threw their spears into the animal, screaming and dancing around him. They then cut up the carcass and the women plaited grass baskets and carried it to the encampment, where it was put into pots and boiled.

September 12th

My first day in an African *tipoye*.

When night came I felt that the base of my spine had risen behind my ears. As we passed through the villages the howling of the porters was terrific. There was the usual curiosity to see the baby, who likes his new *tipoye*.

September 14th

We arrived at Fort Rousset late in the afternoon. The prospect of a day's rest is indeed marvelous. We had the administrator to dinner—a strictly canned affair. He has a large vegetable garden and we relish the prospect of a return of our hospitality.

We thought a riot had broken loose when we passed through a village before we reached Fort Rousset. Women mobbed the baby's *tipoye* in a rush to see the white child. A goat joined the expedition today.

We left for Makwa early this morning. I bought a queer-looking idol of carved wood used in cannibal feasts. It is interesting to note that the native idols are painted a light tan instead of black.

I forgot to say that the administrator of Fort Rousset gave us a cat. His wife has two servants, both murderers and condemned to death. They have an extended lease on life as long as they perform their offices satisfactorily. After the day's work is done they return quietly to their prison cells. Think of the excellence of service assured to Madame, for any dissatisfaction expressed by her means the firing squad!

September 18th

Vasco decided that baby and I should remain in Makwa for a week or two until he returns. I am sorry not to be able to watch him shoot elephants. We noticed a fine-looking woman in the caravan, and thought she was the wife of a soldier. This morning her real husband appeared to claim her. We were astounded to find that our he-laundress had stolen her in Fort Rousset. We expected bloodshed at the least. Nothing but conversation ensued, however. Our servant wanted to buy the woman and her husband was willing, but Vasco saved the day by vetoing the sale. The woman returned with her husband.

September 20th

Alas, for my day of rest! Vasco sent word that he wanted me to go to Mohali to wait for him. Hitherto I have not taken a step alone in Africa, but I am game. This place is too awful on account of the mosquitoes.

The administrator called, offering his services to help me en route. He is a nice man but it is hard to understand his black-mistress complex. The woman followed him in, dressed in her best. I paid not the slightest attention to her. However, as soon as the administrator became aware of her presence he dismissed her. She went with bad grace.

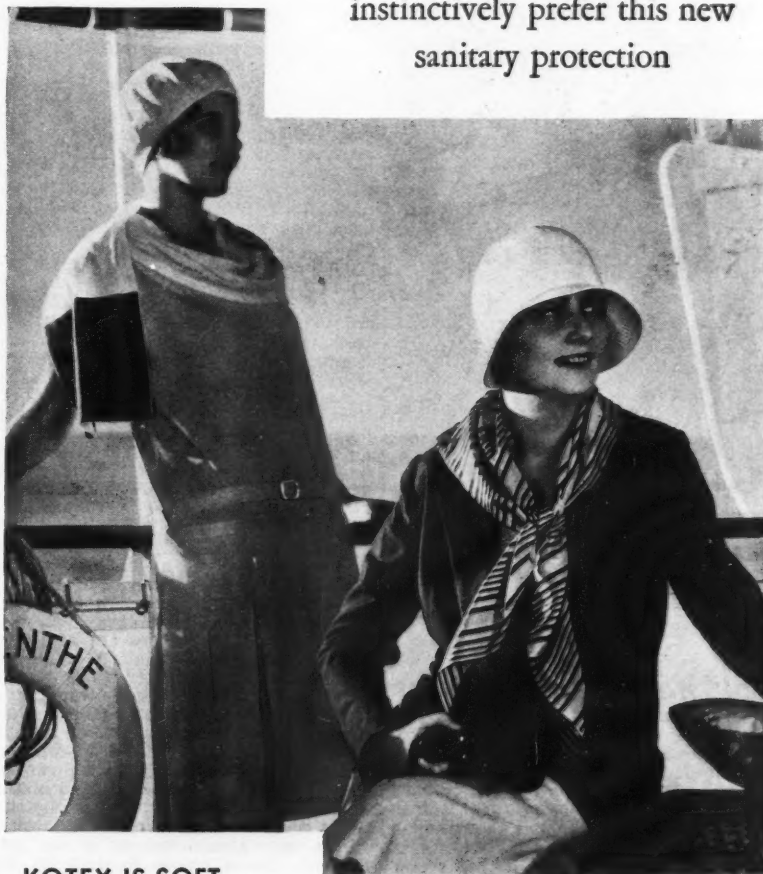
My Kentucky ancestry rebels against the thought of a white man having a negress for a mistress. When one dines with the men, one always feels the presence of these women jealously peering from the shadows.

This is the last white man. Those who have penetrated farther have never returned, so no attempt is made by the government to levy taxation beyond this point.

I made my first trip by caravan alone, spending the night in a native village. As night was approaching a soldier informed me there was no manioc for the porters. No greater tragedy could have befallen them. We had arrived at two-thirty p. m. and it was six when my attention was called to the fact. The interval had been spent reviewing the fact,

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discussing it pro and con, up and down.

I inquired why they had not levied on the nearest village. This had never occurred to them. The natives, with their natural acceptance of fate, finding no manioc, never thought of amending this condition by walking a mile to obtain it. My suggestion filled them with surprise and they acted upon it with alacrity. So peace descended once more.

I have now collected fourteen chickens. Eggs, however, are scarce. I am convinced my husband cornered the egg market when he went through the villages three days ago. I took some pictures.

September 21st

On our way to the village where I stayed overnight I had luncheon at another village. The chief called to pay his respects. He saw baby and sent the news through the village. The inhabitants fell in line and passed baby with open mouths of surprise. He enjoyed it immensely.

That night, after obtaining their manioc, the natives gathered around the camp fire to discuss the events of the day. I called out "Asili!" ("be quiet"), to which they paid not the slightest attention. Seeing that the baby was awake and that the hubbub continued, I called out "Kongo M'Noko" ("close your mouth"). This met with no response, so I advanced upon this group of cannibals armed with an umbrella, stamped out their fire and sent them flying in every direction. Thereafter, the baby slept peacefully.

September 23rd

En route to Mohali. A letter from my husband arrived just as the caravan was ready to start. I was surprised and incidentally amused to receive the letter wrapped in tissue paper tied with elephant hair. The natives are afraid of writing. They think that the paper on which a letter is written talks to the white man to whom it is delivered, and as they are superstitious they never touch it. They receive a note on a large leaf, wrap it inside that leaf, without touching it, then take a stick two or three feet long, splitting one end of the stick and inserting the letter in the slit. They run for days carrying this stick, which they always deliver to the addressee, who is known to them by his native name.

Mohali, September 27th

Three men arrived, carrying a gorilla hide and skull and a pair of tusks from an elephant shot by Vasco. I offered N'Goua a present for preparing the skin so that we might keep it. The gorilla was over five feet tall, with enormous hands and feet.

I am giving baby his first coddled egg.

September 29th

The gorilla hide is now pinned down in the sun. I hope it can be scraped and cured satisfactorily. Two men came to me and asked me for the gorilla's brain. I watched them scrape it out and put it carefully on a large plantain leaf. But the stench was so bad I walked away and continued my vigil from a distance.

After all vestige of it was removed from the skull, they divided it equally and proceeded to devour it then and there—with relish.

Gorilla hands and feet impressed me as most pathetic. They are so human-looking.

A visiting chief watched me mix dried milk and feed the baby. He wanted to know whether white women lacked breasts and therefore were unable to feed their babies themselves. He was captivated by the sight of my pink silk

knickers, which were hanging on an improvised clothesline. He asked for them, but as my wardrobe is small, I was forced to refuse. He was greatly downcast.

However, I had a mirror hanging in my tent which fascinated him. He would take the mirror and examine it closely, his nose pressed down on the glass. Time after time he would turn it over hastily to catch the man who was hiding in the back.

October 1st

Vasco's "monkey de luxe," as I call his gorilla, is stretched out on a frame being smoked. I expected my boys to be impressed by their master's prowess and marksmanship, and so they were—but not in the manner I expected. They resigned in a body, a fact I shall keep from Vasco in order not to cause him undue worry.

My foot hurt me today and I was irritable all afternoon, so when they approached me with long faces and told me that their far-away village was a good place to be and there were no terrible animals there, I told them to go on back, and, in true American fashion, to "make it snappy!"

This caused the usual lengthy discussion among them. At eight o'clock they changed their minds and were content to remain. Poor devils, now they are around the fire which is smoking the hide.

October 2nd

My son is seven months old today. I spent three days breaking him of sucking his thumb, but he doesn't take kindly to the idea. Today, however, he has eaten his dinner without a battle.

October 3rd

A soldier came to me this morning shaking with fear. In his hand he held a block of wood, the center of which was hollowed out and filled with wood ashes and the charred remains of palm nuts. He explained to me that the witch doctor of another village had put that on a path over which he knew the soldier would pass.

According to the soldier's belief, once he walked over this piece of wood he was doomed to death. He felt that it was pointed at me, for the removal of the soldier would make it easier to attack a white woman who was alone. I calmed his fears and ordered him to go into the village, to return with the witch doctor and to keep him a prisoner until the time when the white man would return to administer justice.

October 5th

When a feller needs a friend! A leopard came into my tent last night and killed my pet cat. I must have had a premonition of something wrong, for I woke up and took the baby into my bed.

I heard the agonized cry of my cat and tried to see what caused it, but my flashlight refused to work.

There was no moon and I could see nothing but I was poignantly aware that something was prowling around the tent. As I could not see to shoot I sat up in bed and emitted a shriek for help. There followed only silence and lots of it.

Finally, hoarse with yelling, as I held onto the baby, expecting momentarily to have the animal spring on us, I saw the flash of a light and the tent flap was pushed back, revealing the cook.

Angry as I was at the delay, I burst out laughing. He had stopped to dress fully, in a discarded hat and a pair of shoes belonging to Vasco, before attempting a rescue. For once I thoroughly enjoyed the sight of my African Beau Nash and "what the well-dressed man is wearing."

In the morning the tracks of the leopard showed he had left in haste.

The wash boy persists in wearing my tablecloth instead of his loin cloth while doing the washing at the river bank. This called for renewed hostilities which ended in my slapping him and threatening to hand him over to the tender mercies of the *Mondele* (white man).

October 6th

I was having my bath today when I heard a commotion outside. I thought perhaps it was a visiting chief passing through the village, so did not get excited. Imagine my surprise at hearing Vasco's voice outside the tent. He will be here for three days. I am so happy.

October 7th

Vasco held court this morning. A sick chief from a neighboring village was brought in on a *tipoye* to answer in person for the fact that eggs had been refused me. The nearer he got to Vasco the sicker he was—what unconscious actors the blacks are! I cannot understand these rows about eggs. Most of those presented to me are bad, but I always pay for them.

Two men were lashed by the soldier as a result of judgment and locked in my henhouse. I feel that they are not a good influence on my chickens.

Today we had a rainstorm and the prisoners were put to work digging trenches around the tent. Vasco sent the witch doctor to Makwa to spend two weeks in a chain gang for trying to kill the soldier. I am wondering why he wanted the soldier out of the way, and am convinced it was that he might slit my throat with less difficulty. The chief brought me some unpleasant-tasting honey. I gave it to the boys—a royal present for them.

October 10th

Vasco left again. This time he will cross the Opa River to do some shooting there. He expects to be gone two weeks. The baby is growing active. He has cut his two upper teeth first. He just would jinx himself with the natives. I hope he keeps his mouth shut as the old superstition about death for babies cutting their upper teeth first exists here also. He wants to crawl around.

October 12th

Nothing much to speak of except that baby laughed out loud this morning, showing his new teeth to my scandalized cook. My household force are looking at me reproachfully, wondering why I don't drown him.

I saw a native wearing a discarded sardine-can opener through his nose. He was the envy of the village.

October 14th

A note and a present came from Vasco today. The latter was a small monkey. Vasco always threatened to give me one. Now the blow has fallen. He is a cunning little chap. The natives call him "Boubou," which is "monkey" in Bangali.

I had the boys wash and disinfect Boubou. But the poor thing is terrorized at the sight of a white person. I tied him to the pole of my tent, occasionally offering him a banana and condensed milk. Finally, he became convinced that I would not harm him. It is no longer necessary to tie him to the tent, except that I caught him running his fingers through the baby's hair looking for fleas.

October 17th

Ants by the millions. At two-thirty in the morning I was awakened from a heavy sleep by the sound of the natives



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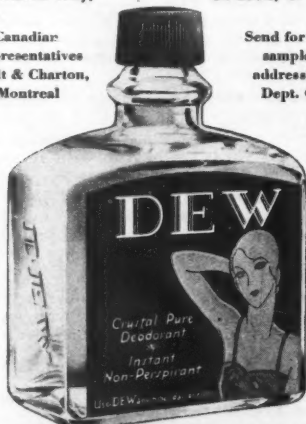
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dancing outside my tent waving fire-brands. It first occurred to me that this was the end, but I dashed out of the tent, gun in hand, to face a situation that I never dreamed possible.

Ants by the millions, steadily marching from the forest in the direction of my chicken house, and the natives, having my well-being at heart, had provided themselves with torches and were digging a trench around the tent and throwing in burning firewood to turn the ants from their course.

Some of these ants got on me and it was necessary to pick them off—pulling the flesh with them—for they fasten on so that it is impossible to brush them off. They marched for eighteen hours, a black ribbon three feet wide. When they left, finally, there was nothing to show that a chicken had ever existed. It was a sight I shall never forget.

I am worried about the baby. He seems to have a touch of diarrhea. Everybody is sick. Soldier has a cold. I have tonsillitis.

October 19th

Baby is very sick. His temperature is 103½. It is no time for me to be sick. I dread telling Vasco, who is days away in the forest. I am trying everything I have in the pharmacy box.

October 22nd

I cannot reduce the baby's fever. His temperature is 105. It is imperative that I get to the river. The nearest doctor is many weeks away. I am writing Vasco, telling him I am moving.

My baby is dying! God help me. Temperature 105.

Later . . .

Throughout these trying days I have had no time to write. I was too weary when I did find the time, too broken to care to review the heartbreaking experience. When I saw I could do nothing to stop the ravages of baby's illness I made a desperate effort to reach the river, although I knew it was a three-weeks' trip to the nearest doctor.

I sent a note to Vasco urging him to come at once, and then, hoping against hope that I could get men to go, I sent for the village chief and told him that the little white man was dying. The men in his village were away hunting, but he sent into the thickest bush and collected porters for me so wild-looking that the sight of them froze my blood.

Early the following morning I set out with the baby in his *tipoye*, carrying with me only the things that were absolutely necessary for the trip. Instead of letting the men go at a leisurely gait, I forced them steadily onward.

First came grumbling and black looks. I dared not stop, I was afraid to go forward, but the sight of my suffering baby gave me courage to force them ahead.

The grumbling grew to greater proportions and several of the porters threw down their loads and started into the bush. A few who were more sympathetic ran after them and brought them back, and I chained them and forced them to march ahead of me.

To be carried in my *tipoye* was out of the question. Not only were the men angry, but I feared their rage would grow and perhaps be directed at my helpless little one. So with my gun in one hand and my thermometer in the other, I marched them on. That night I was afraid to sleep. Black looks met me on every side. But finally I managed to get to Makwa.

I spent three days in the village collecting paddlers for the journey. I was half crazed with fear, watching the little life ebb away. I had had but a

few hours' sleep in ten days; my eyeballs were icy-cold. I was so exhausted I felt I was moving like an automaton, but I never gave up hope.

I had sent numerous messages to my husband, who was rushing through the forest, to keep him informed of my progress and to urge him to join me as rapidly as possible. All plans were made for me to leave the evening of the fourth day and, utterly exhausted, I threw myself on my bed and fell asleep.

I was awakened by my husband's voice. What a shock my letter must have been to him, when he was sure that we were well in Mohall. Without wasting a second, he had called his men together and in a few minutes camp was struck and he was on his way.

Vasco, after a forced march of days, reached the river bank opposite the village where I waited.

There was no canoe there to take him across, and his shouts failed to waken any of the natives asleep on the other bank. He pulled a pistol from his belt and fired several shots over the huts, which finally brought a canoe to the bank on which he was standing.

When he landed he ran towards the higher part of the village, wondering what was awaiting him and whether his child would still be alive. He entered a hut where he saw a storm lamp burning.

I had not heard the shots and was lying there under a mosquito netting, with hundreds of mosquitoes buzzing around. On another bed covered by a netting was the baby, so thin and so pale that Vasco hardly recognized him.

No words can describe our feelings. When Vasco asked me how the baby was, I admitted that I feared it was no more than a question of hours.

Then among the buzzing mosquitoes, a consultation took place. There was at least a three-weeks' journey down the rivers to the doctor at the English Mission at Bolobo. That time could be cut in half by traveling day and night, but the only available canoes in Makwa were the ones used by fishermen. These canoes were about two and a half feet wide and thirty feet long, and traveling at night in them would be most uncomfortable. Besides, the Makwa and the Kouyou rivers are full of whirlpools and sunken trees.

Vasco asked whether I thought it would be better to wait a few days in Makwa, where the baby could rest, rather than start on such a journey. I said I preferred to go down the rivers.

Around five o'clock, a half-hour before dark, we baptized our child (being Catholics), a provision which had not been attended to before. When this ceremony took place in the little hut at Makwa our nerves almost broke down.

A few minutes later, carried by the negroes, the little bed containing our child was taken to the banks of the river and put carefully into the canoe. Two automobile blankets were hung under the roof in order to make a closed cabin where the baby could rest.

The cook's assistant was put on board, also Moke, the boy who had been helping me take care of baby, twelve or fifteen paddlers, a cook box, some cold chicken which I had prepared during the afternoon, and a few assorted tins of food. The rest of our own men, including four native soldiers, were to follow in the other canoes with our cases.

This first night was a horror. I could not sleep, as I was reviewing the incidents of the last days. I feared the baby had no chance to pull through and the problem of disposing of his body obsessed my mind. The waters were high, making it impossible to find land where

he could be buried should he pass away during the night. To bury him on a sand bar was equally impossible as the waters after the next rain would uncover his body, which would then have been eaten by crocodiles. I finally reached the conclusion the best thing would be to wrap him in a blanket and put him in one of our steel cases, or else burn him. A gruesome problem to confront a mother!

It was about six in the morning and the sun was already up when we saw ahead of us the great sand bar of Dongounhama, a village not far from that bend of the river. Our baby did not seem worse, although his pallor had increased and his pulse had gone down. The fact that he had lived through the night heartened us.

This was the first moment since Vasco had arrived in Makwa when we could talk matters over quietly. Vasco asked me if I had used everything that our medicine books recommended for such cases, and of course I had.

Before we had left Kinshassa, shortly after our reunion, Vasco had been told that the main cause of infantile death in the tropics was diarrhea, and the chemist whom he had interviewed on that subject had recommended to him a certain French product, explaining that this medicine was effective in such cases.

Vasco had bought a box containing four tubes, each filled with about ten pills. I had given the baby almost all of them without success. While we were discussing the matter, by good luck, the French prospectus fell from a large leather bag in which I had dropped all small items that had not been packed in the cases.

Vasco read the prospectus and learned that these pills could be given to the child dissolved in water by mouth and also as an enema. I had used them in the former way since I had been unable to read the prospectus, which was written in French. I had not known the medicine could be given in any other way.

We at once hunted up the little box in which three pills were left and decided to try the enema.

But unfortunately we did not have with us the necessary equipment. In one case, though, we discovered a rubber tube. In his gun case, which never left him, Vasco had a small battered tin funnel, which he used for pouring boiling water through the barrels of his rifles to clean them. This funnel was rusty, but the natives promptly cleaned it with sand.

The tubing was not large enough to fit the funnel, and I held it for a few minutes in boiling gun oil to distend the rubber. The whole thing was thoroughly sterilized in boiling water and with it we accomplished our purpose. I held the baby, a native held the funnel, while another native poured the medicine into the funnel. We repeated the treatment some time later, and from that moment the baby began to improve.

The next afternoon we reached the village of N'Touko, where we hoped to change paddlers and have a rest. Baby seems somewhat improved. While looking around for several natives to take with us on the next leg of the journey we heard the most terrible screaming from the direction of the chief's hut.

It developed that the detested chief of the village was dying and that the screaming was due to joy at his passing. The dying man's grave had already been dug, amid dancing and rejoicing.

Under no circumstances would any native of that village forgo the festivities or the pleasure of throwing the



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I enclose 6 cents. Please send me Glazo Samples (polish and polish remover). Also booklet of complete manicuring instructions. (If you live in Canada address P. O. Box 1054, Montreal.)

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Street.....

City..... State.....

GLAZO

chief into his grave. Some spearmen appeared and Vasco realized that not one paddler could be forced out of the village that night without a fight.

We hurried back to the canoes, where our faithful paddlers of the previous night were waiting for orders to disembark. We explained what had happened and demanded that they continue paddling one more night to the next village.

The poor men pleaded with us, showing their ankles, swollen from standing for the twenty-four-hours' paddling, their hands blistered and bloody from the paddles, but we had to steel our hearts to their sufferings. We told them we must go for the "Bwana Moke's" sake and mercifully they consented to continue one more night in spite of their fatigue.

My little baby, when you are older and can read this diary of your mother's, be grateful to these unknown black men. They did their best, and it was their best that carried you through this darkest hour of babyhood.

I cooked some chicken broth for the baby, and my heart sings with happiness to see him eat some of it. I hope he is now definitely on the road to recovery.

One more night of upset. Another set to with the new paddlers, who would not paddle if we slept. Vasco had to stand guard all night, it being my turn to sleep.

Two more days have passed and we are now in Loboko. We change here into a larger canoe with a little hut aboard. Such luxury—such affluence! The baby is steadily improving but he is just a bundle of bones. He is alive, though, and that is all that counts.

We are still going night and day. Our cases have caught up with us. I am now feeling the after-effects of this tremendous strain. We are nearing Mossaka, and even this dirty post is heaven.

A tiny steamboat takes us to Bolobo.

But oh, the irony of things! The doctor has gone into the bush to treat sleeping sickness and is not due back for several weeks. Two English nurses, however, have given me all the help they could. Baby is improving steadily. All danger is past. Once more I can draw a free though weary breath.

Months later, on baby's first birthday, we were camping in the Iluri forest and I expressed a regret that we had no toys for him. Almost immediately after I had spoken a native came up to tell Vasco that on the previous night an elephant had passed not far from our camp.

We left the baby in the care of Moke and started out after the elephant. Several hours later we caught up with him and Vasco shot the animal.

I told my husband the elephant should be baby's first birthday present, so after our return to camp we photographed him atop his gift. When he is older he will appreciate this sample of his father's excellent marksmanship.

So with one more entry I will end my diary—end it on a note of thankfulness.

What thrilling experiences have been mine since the day I faced my husband and told him I could enliven a hunting party by converting it into a kindergarten! But "that is another story."

Suffice it to say I made good the promise I made myself to bring my baby out of the jungle, where he had spent his first months surrounded by cannibals, tsetse flies, mosquitoes and wild animals, in as good health and spirits as he would have experienced in the nursery we left behind.

The littlest big-game hunter lived up to the standards and while he never shot a lion, he spent his time profitably cutting teeth, which is just as satisfactory to his mother. And above all, he gives me the opportunity to say to my husband, "I told you so."

Keep Out of the Kitchen (Continued from page 43)

for Velario did not contain, at the most optimistic, more than three hundred people. The only café, besides the den down at the boat landing, had wooden tables, and when a Continental pub cannot afford marble, it is in a distressing way. Four wooden tables it had, out on the sidewalk, under the arch of an arcade, and another four in the steamy interior.

Outside, it was too wet, and inside, it was crowded with small-town sports, like small-town sports everywhere, from Tallahassee to Tibet, very intimate and joky, and giggling at the stranger who happened to be dressed differently from themselves. (Their particular style was tight trousers and short jackets of olive-green, long-toed lemon-colored shoes, and hair plastered in barber's-locks on their temples.)

They made Telford, in dinner clothes and mackintosh, feel ridiculous, and after drinking one americano (a beverage which no American has ever mixed and few have ever drunk more than once) he sulkily crawled out again.

He was not far from the shore, and he heard a steamer's piping, saw its lights sliding golden along the water. Its coming was as much of an event in Velario as the arrival of the Seattle Flyer at East Fork Rapids, Minnesota, and Telford rambled toward the landing.

The Grand Hotel Universal omnibus was waiting. Himself unseen, Telford saw the driver hunched on the box. She drew off her broad felt hat, and he

realized that she was the chambermaid, also the girl who had waited on him.

"I'll bet she and that manager chap are the only employees left in the whole hotel!" he marveled.

He ambled back to the hotel, reached it before the jogging omnibus. He had noted that there was a side door to the dining room. He entered by it. Cautiously, feeling himself on the edge of a mystery, he tiptoed through the dining room into the kitchen.

No one there. The chef's cap and overall lay on a chair near a mess of half-washed dishes, and on another chair was the costume of the porter. Now Telford knew why the manager with his Assyrian beard, the humble porter and the busy chef looked so much alike.

"But it's none of my business! What difference does it make?" he informed himself. But to him who had spent so many years in hotels, there was something fascinating in the spectacle of a sizable hotel without that crew of half-hidden, always-present servants whom one took for granted; as dramatic as finding a bark at sea, its sails set but no one aboard.

He slipped back through the dining room into the lounge, and stood in a dim corner. By the front door was the manager, again frock-coated and executive, but rubbing his hands nervously, peering through the glass.

Telford heard the clapping of the bus horse, saw the manager throw open the door.

Through it came the maid-waitress-driver, flinging down her broad hat, her hands out in a gesture of futility.

"No one?"

"No one!"

"Quick! Off with you, and turn down the bed of the Signore!"

The girl was coming toward him. Telford slipped back through the dining room and two minutes afterward he appeared at the front door as if he were just returning from his walk.

In that two minutes he had had a startling notion. "Be fun to join in and help 'em—put the hotel over—so tired of doing nothing but loaf!"

He caught the manager as the tails of his frock coat were flapping out of the lounge, and shouted, "Will you have them bring me a Cinzano?"

"I will bring it myself, if the Signore permits. The—uh—waiters are off for the evening."

Telford blurted, though he wasn't, generally, a good blurter, "Look here, Signor—"

"Aragno, Pietro Aragno. I," proudly, "am the owner!"

"Splendid! Then will you have the goodness to sit down a little minute? I wish to make certain inquiries."

"The Signore speaks Italian but perfectly!"

"The Signore speaks it rotten! And he is inexcusably curious—that is why he travels so much and goes poking into things that are none of his affair. It is true, is it not, Signor Aragno, that I have for the moment the pleasure of being the only guest in your charming and so well-situated hotel?"

Aragno carded his beard and said gravely, "It is practically true. That is to say, yesterday I had two guests, but— And what did they desire? I would have got it! I can get them such saddle horses!"

"I am sure of it. And is it not also true, Signore, that the young lady who is the chambermaid—"

"She is my own daughter, Margarita."

"I congratulate you! A beautiful young lady! Is it not true that she and you are the whole staff of the hotel?"

"Sir, I am poor and a man of misfortunes, but I am not to be insulted!"

"A moment! Far from insulting you, I admire your gallantry in carrying on. My dinner tonight was of the best. It is true, then, that you do alone this huge task?"

Telford was answered by a shrug in which the owner's hands, shoulders, beard, eyebrows and nose took equally spirited parts.

"I have a wild notion," said Telford. "I have a certain small income, and I do little save travel and read. I am tired of it. If you would consider my proposal, I might become a sort of partner here for a few months. I fancy I could write advertisements that would attract the Americans and English, and I would pay for their insertion. If they succeed, you can repay me, if you wish."

He was interrupted by Aragno's leaping up and ringing a bell. In answer to it came Margarita, adorable in her maid's uniform, ready to take center-stage and sing of the June moon and spoon soon and a tune. Aragno whooped at her that Telford was a millionaire, a gentleman of the highest eccentricity and genius, in fact, an American.

He embraced Telford beardedly, but the unfortunate was able to endure it because Margarita was standing with her hand out to him. He came near to kissing her mouth instead of her hand, and he knew then, dismissing the nice Miss Featherington of Boston, looking at Margarita's welcoming lips, that



Needless Pain!

Some folks take pain for granted.

They let a cold "run its course."

They wait for a headache to "wear off."

If suffering from neuralgia or neuritis, they rely on feeling better in the morning.

Meantime they suffer unnecessary pain. Unnecessary, because there is an antidote. Bayer Aspirin offers immediate relief from various aches and pains we once had to endure. Rely on these tablets to relieve almost any pain, but remember that only a doctor can cope with the cause.

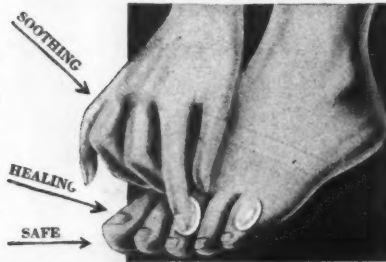
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BAYER ASPIRIN



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new scientific way



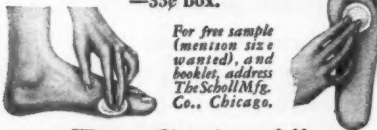
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Imagine—in one minute you won't feel the slightest corn pain when you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads! You never experienced anything like it before. It's the only scientific way to treat corns. Removes the cause—friction and pressure of shoes; relieves and heals. No risk of acid burn to the toes as with harsh liquids or plasters, or danger of blood poisoning from cutting your corns.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are thin, dainty, protective, cushioning—guaranteed safe, sure. Doctors recommend them.

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Put one on—the pain is gone!

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TODAY gray hair is given youthful color. This way is clear, colorless as water. Just comb Mary T. Goldman's through hair. Imparts color that will not wash nor rub off. Make amazing test. Get full-size bottle from druggist. Every penny back if not delighted. Or send coupon for free "single lock" test package (give color of hair).
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something more than the fun of helping keep an inn had inspired him.

For the first time in the ten years since the war Telford had more work than he could get through in a day, and he enjoyed it.

This must not be construed as a recommendation of anything so ruinous as work, which the Bible recognizes as the curse of Adam. But ten years of loafing can become almost as poisonous as ten years of work.

He had scoffed at the new school of travel advertisements—"Egypt and the lush moon dreaming its age-old enchantments behind the wonder of the Pyramids," or "Lake Woollawoolia and the sweet rare breath of the pines, low rates," but it must be admitted that when the sophisticated Mr. Telford came to write advertisements for the Grand Hotel Universal they were as lush and moony and sweet and rare as the professional examples.

In the hope of procuring a rush of tourists, he announced that the hotel was free of a rush of tourists. In the hope of roping in battalions of young American females with sweaters, tennis rackets and no vocabulary, in any language, beyond "Hot dog!" he announced that Velario was the "real unspoiled Italy—entirely off the beaten track." He handed Velario (though the town council never thanked him for it) a couple of prehistoric tombs and a ruined castle.

They were, in fact, good advertisements, and not sordidly cramped by realism.

Now in the Paris editions of the New York and London and Chicago papers, most of the advertisements were written by timid Europeans and did not belong to the New Lyric School. To the bewildered souls sitting in Paris hotels and wondering where the dickens they could find this Romantic and Picturesque Europe of which they had read back home, Telford's prose poems came as a life buoy, and they started for Velario, just as the rain rained itself out and the mountains sprang up in splendor across Lake Como.

There was, then, the problem not of finding guests but of entertaining them, and Telford was no Cæsar, to turn the struggling inn into a palace, while Signor Aragno admitted that he had lost his capital in an Argentine land speculation. Telford could, however, hire and pay an assistant chef, a porter, three waiters (he discovered that waiters don't really wear dress shirts, but dicker with ready-tied ties on top of red flannel undershirts), a chambermaid, a woman devoted to laundry and scrubbing, and a page.

It was not enough. The guests were actually coming. In two weeks there were twenty-six of them, and Telford, with that innocent zest which always distinguishes converts, was moved to assist Margarita in the kitchen. Under the new dispensation she was housekeeper and extra chambermaid, while her father was able to look distinguished in the office for all but two hours a day, when he galloped out to the kitchen and spoke to the assistant chef and the dishwasher in the manner of Napoleon addressing his marshals—except that it is probable that Napoleon never addressed them while simultaneously repairing the cookstove, making cakes for tea, restoring oysters to freshness, and overseeing the preparation of a vast stew of eels.

Not enough. So the zealot, Telford, rejoicing now in having virile and greasy hands as, these many years, he had rejoiced in having clean ones, rejoicing in carrying trunks as once he



PYORRHEA

may strike before you even realize it—Bleeding gums the sign

YOUR teeth may be white and free from decay, but unless your gums are healthy, pyorrhea may gain a foothold before you are aware.

Pyorrhea starts with tender, bleeding, receding gums. Extraction of all the teeth is sometimes the end, no matter how perfect they may be. Dentists warn, "Don't neglect the gums—their care is fully as important as care of the teeth."

Pyrozide Powder was formulated especially for stimulating and hardening the gums. Medicated and sterilized, it contains Dentinol, used for many years by thousands of dentists. The wide use of Pyrozide for gum protection is largely the result of dentists' prescriptions. While a superior tooth cleanser itself, it should be brushed on the gums at least once daily no matter what tooth preparation is habitually used.

Your druggist can supply Pyrozide. Its daily use costs only 4c a week. Mail coupon below or a post card for free sample.

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The Dentinol & Pyrozide Co., Inc. (Sole Distributors)
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Mail free sample of Pyrozide Powder and booklet on care of the gums.

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Dissatisfied Men AND Women

WANTED TO MAKE \$40 TO \$100 A WEEK
Mr. Magill learns over \$50 weekly during the early months of the year, twice that amount after September first and last week made \$125.00 in five days. Miss Decker writes that she made \$66.70 in an hour June first and \$27.00 in ten minutes two days later. These are not exceptional cases, since we have people who earn from \$10.00 to \$20.00 a year, but any man or woman of average ability can earn from \$40 to \$100 weekly with our nationally known personal and business Xmas Greeting Card and Stationery lines. We pay liberal commission in cash every day together with liberal monthly bonus and furnish magnificent samples and everything necessary to do business with—Free.

Address _____
Sales Manager, Dept. T
THE PROCESS CORPORATION
Troy at 21st Street Chicago, Illinois

had been gratified to have them carried for him, retired at midnight and rose at five to sweep the terrace. He had not hitherto known that five A.M. was an early morning hour. To his experience, it had been a late hour of a late evening party.

He swathed his neatness in Margarita's old cape and felt hat, whenever the porter was busy moving beds and cleaning gutters, and, driving the omnibus and arguing with the pessimistic old mare, he met clients at the boat landing and was meek to their insulting queries, explaining to Italians that his Italian was so funny because he was an Austrian, to Austrians that his German was so remarkable and genderless because he was Italian, and to Americans and Englishmen that he was a Greek.

But these heroisms were less important to Telford than the hours when he worked side by side with Margarita Aragno, when the kitchen was swamped.

He wiped plates.

Had he remained in Chicago instead of letting himself become confused by the wide world, he would have known long before that there is no approach to the beloved so successful as washing dishes with her. But he was unlucky. He knew a little about Wilna, Lithuania, instead of all about Wilmette, Illinois. And so he came with a childish excitement to working beside his goddess of the soapsuds. Little Margarita—well, she wasn't actually so little but, he assured himself, she had that exquisite spiritual quality of littleness.

He tried to impress her with the new arts of the kitchen which he was learning. And so he fell into ignominy.

When the assistant chef was ill, Telford galloped out to the kitchen in the belief that he could help with dinner. Had he not dined in every good restaurant in France?

He did have the sense to leave to the dishwasher the carrying out of Aragno's orders about preparing the meat, but he himself grandly started the vegetables. He poured into quantities of cold water the fresh peas he had bought that morning at the market, and started them simmering on the charcoal Italian substitute for a stove.

Into the kitchen wandered the lovely Margarita, in a frock not very new but terrifically ladylike and Milanese. She touched her red hair with an aristocratic forefinger; she smiled condescendingly on the eccentric Telford; she straightened a dish towel, and then, as she saw the peas, she flew into a tempest.

"Imbecile! Idiot! Fool! Madman! American! Englishman!" Was it possible that he did not know that root vegetables were started cooking in cold water but green vegetables in hot water?

And Telford bowed before it and the more worshiped her who could bully him as no Miss Featherington ever could.

There were other catastrophes. He had noted that the silver was not too well polished, and one afternoon when he had leisure—he had been moving bureaus and beating rugs since five that morning—he rounded up an armful of silver and started cleaning it with the scouring powder which he had seen the dishwasher using on the sink.

It was true that the powder seemed to scratch the silver, but he was touchingly sure that the scratches would turn into luxurious glossiness. He was working hard, whistling "Ol' Man River" in a most lugubrious and cheerful manner, when Margarita burst into the pantry, glared at the scratched silver and observed with considerable heat, "Oh, accidents! What are you trying to



WHAT IS THE VITAL NEED OF LOVELY SKINS TODAY?

PRACTICALLY everyone, sooner or later, is troubled by enlarged pores and coarse-textured skin, yet until recently no one preparation had been evolved which could be used on every type of skin for refining its texture. There were preparations intended for that purpose, but if used often enough to be effective they were entirely too drying except for very oily skins. Moreover, they contained no cleansing properties, and perfect cleanliness is absolutely essential to refining the skin... particularly in these dusty modern days.

Exquisite cleanliness, freshness and clear fine texture are the greatest beauties any complexion can possess—and yet no one preparation had been created that would as-

sure this loveliness to every woman.

But now there is such a preparation! It is called Texture Lotion.

Dorothy Gray Texture Lotion will actually refine the texture of even the coarsest skin, and it can be used daily on every type of skin. Moreover, it cleanses superbly. Besides that, it removes the last lingering suggestion of greasiness after any sort of facial cream has been used. It leaves your skin cool, refreshed, tingling and gloriously alive!

Texture lotion is a lightly scented liquid, in color the faint orchid of young lilacs. You will find it at smart shops everywhere and at the Dorothy Gray salons. Its price is surprisingly moderate; there is a one dollar size and a much larger two dollar bottle.

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DOROTHY GRAY

Dorothy Gray Building

683 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

CHICAGO LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO WASHINGTON ATLANTIC CITY

do? To destroy our forts? Oh, miserable ones, that we should have a mutthead for a partner!"

With all these misfortunes, he had the joy of working with Margarita. He wiped the wineglasses while she washed them, and to him the red-gold copper sink became a chalice. By accident—well, not altogether by accident—he would touch her sturdy arm, soft and shining and slippery with soapy water, and look at her with the timid affection of a puppy.

And he was behind the scenes.

The theater is not the only world in which outsiders long to know what goes on behind the scenes. To the layman, all the veiled mysteries are stirring—the high venturesome things that reporters say daily to city editors regarding the low-down on the latest murder—the drama in the life of every detective, though apparently detectives spend most of their time chasing peddlers off the street—the Conradian feats that ships' captains perform each fifteen minutes by the chronometer—the nobility of authors, all of whom delicately indite romance with gold-and-ivory pens by midnight. And of all these mysteries, none is more fascinating than the backstairs life of hotels.

The Telford who in hotels had been only a room-number and a key significantly in or out of his box was now privileged to discuss with the veritable owners of the hotel, at late suppers in the managerial suite of Signor Aragno, such occult phenomena as the character of that Miss Smith in 4-B and the inside facts of her pursuit of Mr. Jones in 7-A; to learn that though the handsome Russian in 32-C wore magnificent evening clothes, his bath robe and socks were, the maid reported, in a state shocking to behold, and they would do well to see that he paid his bills on the day they were presented and to count his towels daily.

He learned that the quaint word "fresh," used in the phrase, "fresh eggs," had utterly different meanings as regards boiled eggs and scrambled eggs; that the charming woman who now called herself "Lady Higgins of London" had been Mrs. Tillingham of San Francisco when she had registered at the hotel of Aragno's brother three months before; and that one of the most important tasks of a chef was to fill out the blackboard in the service pantry with the items of food on which the hotel was overstocked, so that the waiters might particularly recommend them to the innocent patrons and earn a slight bonus for disposing of them.

Yes, he was behind the scenes—he, the unfortunate well-to-do wanderer who had always been a stranger in strange cities.

For years Telford had held the belief, popular among travelers, that all hotel-keepers and their minions are in a conspiracy to make the guests miserable; that hard beds, lukewarm water for washing, slow service at meals, and butter sauce gone rancid, are tricks played on the guests intentionally. With the suddenness of a convert he turned now, and he felt with an ardor beautiful to see that all hotel-keepers and their aids were angels and that all guests were fiends whose every demand was unreasonable.

What they expected!

All of them, of course, would awaken at eight-thirty and want breakfast at a quarter to nine, though for even the nimblest waiter it is difficult to be in sixteen rooms at the same minute. All of them stole ash trays. All of them,

though notices informed them that the dining room closed promptly at nine-thirty of the evening, expected to be served if they arrived at the door at nine-twenty-nine, though that meant that the waiters quit. Telford discovered that waiters are actually human; that many of them have wives and families whom they like and desire to associate with; that a waiter who has worked from seven A.M. to ten P.M. is likely to be noisy about it; and that it is difficult to give the gentlemanly perfect service if all the waiters have struck.

And in the hours when Signor Aragno changed from manager to chef and Telford took his place in the front office, he discovered that a hotel clerk is expected to know the following things: how many kilometers is it from Velario to Milan? how much does a room cost in the better hotels in Ragusa, Jugoslavia? what is the Italian for "the carburetor needs adjusting and I think we need five pounds more air in the left front tire"? and how is the road between Porlezza and Cavargna?

The vague pride Telford had once had in being an American Gentleman was nothing compared with his pride in being a proletarian, admitted to the wise chatter of waiters, the confidence of chambermaids, and the friendship of Margarita and her father.

By the most expensive education and travel he had learned what he would have learned normally if he had never been educated and had never traveled at all.

He was not such an innocent as not to consider that his partnership with Signor Aragno was dubious. He had no proof that he had paid for the advertisements and written them, that he had worked for nothing. But when he thus reflected, he smiled. Signor Aragno might try to cheat him, but he was going to marry Margarita; he was going to inherit the hotel, and he was thus going to profit by having been cheated!

He developed grandiose ideas. He would be the great hotel-keeper of Italy. He'd show his cousins back in Wilmette that he wasn't just an idler!

And so he tried to enact the impetuous and Napoleonic magnate, to end this nonsense and marry Margarita at once.

Now Europe is old and cautious. No European would have been so precipitate. If you want to sell a flivver to a European, you start with his grandfather. But as for Telford, on an evening when he was supping late with the Aragnos he sprang up, unconsciously struck a quite Latin attitude, and cried, "My dearest friends, it has been splendid, eh?"

"What?" said Aragno flatly.

"Our success! The hotel! The coming of so many guests!"

"Huh!" said Signor Aragno. "They would have come anyway, of course!"

"Of course! My only desire is to increase their influx. But what I meant—what I desire to say—in fact, Margarita, and you, her most illustrious father, I think—Margarita, will you marry me?"

Signor Aragno and Margarita looked at each other. Aragno observed in a senatorial way:

"So! I knew it would come! I have humored you. I have let you play at hotel-keeping. I had hoped that you would not make an idiot of yourself, but it seems that you would have your way! You, a beggar, a wanderer without family, who cannot even make plain bread, you would marry an Aragno? Get out! Send me a bill for what I owe you, and I shall pay it—in reasonable time!"

Telford stared at Margarita.

She rose, crossed the room to the satin-wood piano, drew a finger along it and said languidly that it was nothing less than a disgrace that the maid did not dust better.

Telford demanded, "And why not? I am a man of some probity and fortune."

Margarita observed, blowing the dust from her rosy forefinger, "That has been the funniest of all, my foreigner! Funnier even than your ignorance about silverware and cooking vegetables! Your pretense that you are a man of property! For, naturally, I, the daughter of a hotel-keeper, I know! If you had more than the few miserable pennies you have lent us—and which we shall of course repay, in reasonable time—you would not have split kindling and swept basement stairs and peeled spuds!"

They laughed together, father and daughter, and Signor Aragno said condescendingly, flicking his handsome beard, "No! The comedy has been excellent, but it is now time for it to end. My daughter is to marry a most respectable wood-and-kindling dealer with an income of fifty thousand lire, which is, in your funny American money, no less than two thousand dollars a year."

"And you think this is important?" panted Telford.

They laughed again.

Telford stood up. "I thank you," he said. "You have shown me what a fool—"

"Yes, that is quite so," said Signor Aragno. "I congratulate you on having the sense to admire my daughter, a civilized and cultured Italian, instead of the wild buffalo-hunting females of your native land, but really, you must not strain our patience with your idiotic pretense of being a gentleman and even a man of leisure!"

Two days later Telford walked into the apartment of that nice Miss Featherington of Boston, in Paris.

"Oh, hel-lo!" she said.

Her eyes were gray and kind; her eyes would forgive even a middle-aged pilgrim who had gone romantic and foolish.

"Just come back from Como—Lake Como," he said.

"Really? Charming there, in spring."

"Yes, awfully nice. I say, Miss Featherington, will you marry me?"

"Why, yes, if you'd like. Will you have some tea?"

"I'd be delighted, if you'll let me wash up afterward."

"Don't be absurd! Think of you trying to wash dishes!"

"Yes, you're right. Could you love a fool like me, if he were one of your own people?"

"Yes, of course. One's own people!"

"What would you do if I started cooking peas in cold water?"

"I think I would tell you to use hot."

"Edna! Did you ever think what fun it would be to start a little inn in the States?"

"Yes, wouldn't it! Do you know, I've found a place here where we can get a whole set of the loveliest peasant china for about a quarter of what we'd pay in New York."

"Gee, this chair is comfortable. I love you. Really!" said Telford.

And so, during all the success of the Lake Como Inn on Cape Cod, he thought of Margarita's soap-shining arms only once or twice a day, and whenever he thought of them he kissed the former Miss Featherington of Boston.

For what no one has yet told about the lightning of romance is the fact that it never thunders and strikes in the same place.

Ladies' Man by Rupert Hughes (Continued from page 61)

her and then stood for a moment at Sibyl's side while they watched her as if she had been their ailing daughter. It was a quaint burlesque of domesticity and Sibyl unconsciously set it down to Darricott's credit on the better side of his ledger.

He snapped off the light and they went into the living room, overcome with an immediate realization of prolonged fatigue. He sank into a chair and motioned her to one. She dropped as if clubbed down. They smiled drearly and Darricott groaned:

"Sweet little party I pulled off for you, eh?"

"Sweet!"

He meditated aloud: "There's an awful lot of this sort of thing going on in this town—and every other town, too, I imagine. I wonder how many young women are drunk or on their way there in this country at this minute—not to mention the men—and the boys. A million, maybe. Nice little old world, eh? Makes you feel mighty patriotic and proud."

HE WAS sitting near the table where Mrs. Fendley's photograph also sat and faced Sibyl, who could neither quite look at it nor keep from looking at it.

He leaned forward and laid the picture face down without a word. But that did not seem to solve the problem, or dismiss it. With Rachel on her back in the bedroom and Mrs. Fendley on her face in the living room, there seemed to be a lot of Fendleys about.

Through the open window came a faint whirring sound as if an automobile were speeding across the sky with the cut-out open. Sibyl turned her head quickly and saw through a window a sprinkle of stars in a patch of sky. Darricott answered the query of her glance:

"That's probably the sight-seeing airplane that we were to have taken. Want to see it?"

He rose wearily, helped her to her feet and, opening a door, stepped out on a balcony. A nod invited her to follow.

She still wore her mink coat and she needed it here, for there was a polar chill in the outer air. She walked through the door, but fell back in a tremor, for it seemed that she stepped out into interstellar space.

The little stone balcony seemed as frail as a butterfly's back and she was so far from the dear solid earth that the lower planets gleamed beneath the level of her feet.

Her eyes took in only the somber star-punctured heavens at first, from the sky-piercing giralda higher than the piling of steeple upon steeple. The insubstantial support appeared to be toppling forward into the bowl of the earth. It was only when she advanced to the balcony and peered over that she understood the distance down and shrank back as if from the clutching talons of death.

Bracing herself against the door and gripping it tightly, she lowered her eyes timorously to the remote horizons and could hardly resist the temptation to reach out and snatch at Darricott, who seemed to be doomed to drop away from where he stood on emptiness with the night wind fluttering his hair.

He seemed foolhardy at first and then audaciously heroic to dwell on such perilous heights.

As she grew calmer in the realization that they were not pitching over to an unimaginable crash, she quelled her fears

and studied the scene. Beneath a close and enveloping sky, the city spread its majestic beauties abroad in an opulence of jewelry. It looked almost as distant and dreamily remote as the stars, and they almost near enough to pluck.

She knew that the town was islanded with many waters, the Hudson, the Harlem and the East rivers, and the Bay, but the rivers were hard to find in the universal velvetiness. They could be known only by the fact that the lamps beyond them were tasseled with reflected light, and by the motion of the few slow ferryboats moving like glowworms.

Central Park was known by the labyrinthine lights that followed its twisting roads.

But the buildings, the wilderness of roofs and, wrought upward from them, the huge towers and the clusters of them! They lurched toward her, leaning inward as they climbed. To the south they were massed together enormously and jumbled in such chaos that they gave an effect of ruins, as if an earthquake had knocked down greater towers even than these and piled them in confusion.

They frightened Sibyl. It was as if she gazed on an apocalyptic disaster, the gigantic debris of the day after Judgment Day.

The street lamps were a constellation of themselves, tenderly drowsy at their posts in a sleeping Babylon. The moon poured down on it floods of blue vapor, but in one hidden canyon there was a ravine of fire, persistent, rebellious against the heavenly spell of slumber, the lordly proclamation of the night. Devils might be at work there in molten pits.

"That big gash of light is Broadway," said Darricott.

Sibyl's eyes had been so stormed with visions that her ears had been unable to claim her mind. But now she heard again the whir that had drawn her to the balcony. The hum increased and an airplane sailed round the corner of the wall and joined the conquest of her eyes.

Its propeller was invisible with velocity, and its means of progress were as unexplained as its presence here. The lofty wanderer circled the tower questioningly as if the peopled insect saw Sibyl and Darricott pasted on the side of that stone masthead and found them more puzzling than they found it.

Then it turned away and glided down along the mountain tops, its lights dimming as it became an unbelievable, an unbelievably beautiful myth, divine in a way and yet so pitiful somehow that tears bewildered Sibyl's eyes as she watched it go.

Pitiful, too, was the gigantic city there beneath. It was a work of such valor, such godlike victory over so many discouragements, such devotion, toll, benevolence, the work of so many hands, and such hard work—what did it matter if a few of the citizens were a little foolish, now and then, a little vicious?

What did anything matter in such magnitude? What did she herself matter? or her little scruples, and delights, and disgusts, her infinitesimal ideals of a microscopic insect?

"Jamie! Jamie!"

She heard a cry of fear back of her and retreated into the room, followed by Darricott. Inside, with the sky and the universe shut out, Darricott was instantly a giant and she was a gnat, and Rachel Fendley a Titanic problem of infinite importance, as she wailed:

"Jamie, it's dark in here! I'm afraid of the dark!"

It was easy enough for him to drive away the gloom, but there was no switch to press that could dispel the alcohol clouding Rachel's whole being. She scattered the stars and shattered the epic thoughts of Sibyl by her immediate problem:

"I think I'm goin' be awful—agh!—blup—awful hick at my hummick."

Sibyl heard Darricott open a door, click a switch and say with dreary calm: "Here's the bathroom. Go as far as you like."

"Help me up—quick!"

Sibyl heard scuffings and rustlings and the closing of a door, and Darricott returned to the living room with a look of stolid superiority to disgust.

"Intimate details of the life of Miss America, 1929 model. I'm afraid our child will be much worse before she's better. There should be music. We need only Weldon to make the night divine. Good Lord, he might decide to come here!"

He went to a telephone in the bedroom and spoke softly:

"If anybody calls me, I'm out. Understand? I'm not asleep; I'm out. And you don't think I'll be back tonight. And there's nobody else here. And nobody has been here. And don't ring me up unless the building catches on fire. Please. Good!"

He came back to say: "I've got a private telephone, too, but it's not listed, and I don't think Weldon knows of it. If it rings, don't answer it. I'd hate to have him break in here and compel me to toss him off the balcony. I couldn't even have the pleasure of hearing him splash."

Sibyl wanted to ask if Mrs. Fendley knew the number of his private telephone, and if she were not even more likely to call up. But she could not add to the unpleasantness of the situation, and Darricott's orders not to answer either telephone covered the peril of Mrs. Fendley's intrusion by wire.

What if she should knock at the door? Personally, Sibyl would have preferred Weldon as a fourth member of the little house party.

Darricott's patience was wearing thin. He said to Sibyl, who drifted toward a chair like a fagged-out wraith: "Please lie down on this couch before you die. You ought to have some sleep, since you're not going to have any other fun."

SHE shook her head, but he caught her as she was toppling into a chair and softly compelled her toward the couch, lowered her gently to it, and even as she protested, bent and lifted her feet and laid a silken coverlet over her and shifted a light so that it would not burn her eyes. The cushions closed about her as softly and soothingly as eyelids and she hung suspended between sleep and waking.

Perhaps it was because she still felt about her the magic constraint of his arms as he guided her to the couch that she began half in dream, half in memory, to recall that epochal kiss he gave her in the taxicab. It was a live coal on her lips now and sent along her nerves currents of fire. She tried to wake fully and sit up, but it is sometimes pleasant to brood over sinful or sinward experiences.

The force that she could not command within herself to lift herself out of this drowsy reminiscence was lent to her by

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Rachel, who suddenly cried from the other room:

"Jamie! Jamie!"

With a groan he hoisted himself from the chair where he was sleepily smoking and strode to the door to hear Rachel's newest plaint.

"That picture of Mother on the bureau. She keeps her eyes on me as if she hated me. Take it away."

Sibyl heard the slap of another portrait laid prone. She heard Rachel whimper:

"Take it out of the room, won't you? And kiss me good night again. You don't hate me, do you? I'm awful wicked but I'm so ashamed." Evidently he kissed her, for she murmured: "Don't leave me. Sit down and talk to me."

"Shut up and go to sleep," was Jamie's lullaby, as he switched off the light and came into the living room with another framed photograph, which he put out of sight.

The presence of two portraits of Mrs. Fendley in the room, and a sudden feeling that this too-comfortable couch had probably known her weight, ended Sibyl's repose. She got up and walked to a chair.

For a time Rachel sobbed hopelessly, but that drum slowly ceased to beat the air and died away at last in evident sleep.

Sibyl's eyes were so bright and hard with insomnia that Darricott offered her a cigaret. She took one and he closed the door on Rachel stealthily so that they might talk. But there seemed to be a dearth of subjects.

Suddenly she was tempted to ask what she felt that she had earned the right to know. Such intimate terms with this man had been forced on her so swiftly that a little belated preliminary information was in order. She began abruptly:

"Tell me all about yourself."

"There's nothing to tell. Will you have a little drink?"

"No, thank you. You mean there's nothing you dare confess?"

"Do you mind if I have one? It's cold in here." As he found a bottle and glass he answered her question: "I have no secrets. I kiss and tell, and talk about my friends behind their backs. It's about the most interesting talk there is. And of course, I betray confidences and do just what everybody else does. Only, I don't pretend that I don't."

There was an uncomfortable truth in his generalization. She wanted to pin him down.

"I've seen you do some very decent things tonight. You've played the Good Samaritan pretty recklessly. Yet they say you're a man without a conscience."

"So I hear. But what do they mean by that? I act just like everybody else, don't I?"

"Not quite."

He stretched himself out in a chair and studied the long glass in his hand as he drawled wearily: "I'm lazier than most people, I suppose."

"Too lazy to run away from temptation, perhaps."

"Maybe that's it. Maybe I'm too lazy to be tempted."

"Maybe that's why you're so tempting." "Maybe it is." He took a long drink, before he realized that his confession had the air of complacency; he amended it with a clause—"If I am. Am I?"

"So I hear. And you must be, or I shouldn't be here with you."

He smiled at her skeptically and, holding the glass up to one eye as if it were a grotesque monocle, asked: "Do you find me tempting?"

"Not in the least." This was not quite honest, but he was so boyishly greedy

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for admiration that she felt called upon to repress him.

He pretended an excessive disappointment. "That's too bad. I was in hopes you could tell me what my fatal charm might be."

"You admit you have a fatal charm."

"How can I deny it? You just told me so." His eyes besought her not to deal too unkindly with him.

"Don't you know what it is?"

"I haven't the faintest."

"Did you always have it?"

"I don't know what it is." He laughed with a sudden rashness. "I know I've always been annoyed by women."

"When did you first notice the symptoms?" She was trying to be sarcastic but having little success. He answered with disarming naïveté:

"Since I can remember anything I remember being picked on by women. My mother tells me I was always being devoured in my cradle and always howling and kicking. By and by I learned that I could make money by it—what a child calls money: candy, apples, gifts, sometimes cash. It was the only way I could earn anything. I hated to study. I wouldn't run errands, deliver newspapers, or keep lemonade stands or get up circuses or any of those things."

"I've never been able to concentrate or save, or deny myself. I'm supposed to be a bond salesman but I don't know what Wall Street's all about, and talking up the investment return on this bond or that makes me sick."

He took out his cigaret case, found only one, took it, tapped it idly and thought of long ago.

"A lot of girls and women have always been crazy about me. Why? I don't know. I'm no beauty. I've got no brains. I've got no character. I'm not even one of those lads that send flowers and presents, and squander flattery on women. They squander it on me! Why? Don't I wish I knew!"

Sibyl eyed him narrowly. A confession that would have sounded like an intolerable boasting in any other man was plainly a sincere bewilderment, a modesty in him. She wondered what his charm was. Sitting at his side and vivisectioning him she could not discern any special quality in him. Yet he had something.

If anyone had said to her, "You will meet a strange man at noon, and will immediately cancel your plans, buy expensive clothes, put yourself in compromising situations, go with him wherever he leads," she would have been too incredulous to be insulted.

Yet here she was. Why? He exhaled no stupefying scent to call women to him. Yet they came. She was here herself. Under what mystic compulsion? He had simply beckoned and she had followed. Why?

Another and a more acute curiosity emerged from her perplexities. He had said that he was too lazy to work for money, yet he had it in abundance. He "ran with the rotten rich," as he said himself.

He lived here like a prince. The cost of this apartment must be staggering, far beyond the reach of a poor young man from the South.

It was unpardonable to ask anybody the source of his income, but she had been subjected to so many unpardonable affronts that she felt justified in offering one or two on her own. After a little hesitation, she put it up to him squarely:

"You said you were lazy and couldn't understand Wall Street or earn or save any money, yet you live here like this. How come?"



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You may not make such glaring errors as *I ain't*, *you was*, and *between you and I*, but perhaps you commit other mistakes which offend the ears of those who know, and cause them to judge you unfairly.

Perhaps you sometimes use *who* for *whom*, or *would* for *should*. Are you always sure whether to spell words with one or two 'c's' or 'm's' or 'r's' or with 'ei' or 'ie'? Do you ever say, "I did it already"—or, "He don't mean what he says."

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Did he blush? or was that quick change of color a flash of anger at her insolence? His frown slowly unknit itself and he began to smile, to chuckle softly and to put on that look of impish mockery which women found more enchanting than any high look of integrity.

"I owe this to my sainted mother," he said.

"But you told me she was poor."
"In worldly goods, yes, but not in worldly—worldliness. When I was telling her good-by as I set out for the big city, she said, 'Jamie, honey, if you would only be sane about women, you might succeed without working your poor self to death. If you would only look at women the way other women look at them, you'd be almost the first man that ever handled them sensibly.'

"For ages men have flattered themselves that they were the masters, but they've worked for the women just as if they were servants. The men earn and the women spend. Lots and lots of women let their husbands work themselves to death—make their husbands work themselves to death—to buy them what they want; then those very same cats complain that they are neglected! They use their husbands' money to make themselves attractive to other men.

"Your father was just such a fool over me. The only thing that saved him was that he didn't know how to make much money and I never got enough from him to turn against him. Besides, he was so much more charming than any other man that nobody else even interested me.

"You've got your father's beauty and his inability to make money," she told me. "You've got a genius for driving women crazy about you, but you'll only use it for drawing them to you and letting them work you. Don't do it, Jamie. They're not worth it. Work for yourself and don't be any woman's fool. If you could only escape that, Jamie, I'd be so proud of you."

Sibyl felt ice water in her veins at such counsel from a mother to a son, though she had in herself the germs of the same contempt for other women. One cannot criticize a man's mother to his face, so she merely asked:

"Did you take her advice?"

"Yes, but not as she meant it. I went on beyond to what my mother never quite said. I suppose she'd be shocked to death if she thought I thought she meant it. But the lesson I took from that good wise little woman was to avenge my sex on the other sex that has enslaved us for ages.

"Instead of working for women, I've tried to—well, not to work them, but to—it's hard to say, but—since they won't let me alone, why shouldn't they pay for my time? I'm only using the poor little talent God gave me.

"Do you want to hear the sad story of a young man alone in a great city?" She nodded. He went on: "You asked how I came to this." He indicated the sumptuous environment. "It's the question a man asks of fallen women, and I suppose I'm a fallen man. Only I've fallen upstairs. I've fallen so high that I live in the clouds. Heaven help me when I start to drop, but at least I'll have had the fun of the clouds."

Beginning his revelations was not so easy, after all. He had not altogether deracinated himself from the common soil of ancient standards. He tried to justify himself:

"You'll probably hate me when I tell you, but maybe it will be better for you if you do, because I don't seem to bring women much luck. I like you immensely. You seem different from the rest. The



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best gift I could give you to prove how much I admire you would be to teach you to despise me."

His face was darkened with a solemnity of high renunciation that seemed beyond him, yet was perhaps attainable if he made the sacrifice with a rush.

"You tempt me terribly. I'm just fool enough to believe that I could get you if I tried—not because I'm anything much, but because passion is; and you're human, and so am I. And it takes only two humans to make a passion, and they set each other on fire and—but we'd better not go into that."

Her heart was swinging like a little bronze bell. She was in a rage, but whether of resentment at his implication that she could be led astray or of sudden realization that she might, she could not tell. To proclaim that she was beyond temptation and to admit that she was not were equally impossible, so she kept silent while he hurried on to advertise his depravity:

"I suppose it was as low a thing as a man could do, but I did it, and I'm telling you so that you can't say I ever deceived you intentionally."

"When I got a job as a bond salesman I fell in with lots of women who made love to me and gave me presents. I met them everywhere. You can't imagine—nobody can except a bachelor or an easy-going married man whose business takes him among women—how many, many women there are waiting about to have a little fling with the first fellow that comes along. They love their home, but—oh, their idle hours are irksome!"

"Well, I met one, no longer young, who went after me with—well, ferocity, you might say."

"She tried to put up a bluff about being interested in buying the best bonds, but she was really buying me. What stories I could tell you of how some of these middle-aged women, mothers and wives, too, of the most tremendous respectability, in appearance, anyway—how they lasso a young man, how easy they make it, how impossible they make it for him not to—well, to make love to them."

"This woman nearly destroyed me: took me everywhere; kept me on a leash; made a lap dog of me; left me no time to earn any money; paid all the expenses but ran me ragged."

"One night when I was with her and couldn't get my mind off the fact that I had to pay a month's back rent on my shabby bedroom, owed for everything, she took me to the opera, and home with her for a supper *à deux*—well, talk about Potiphar's wife and Joseph—and I was no Joseph, except that I was another young fellow from the country—well, as she was lolling in my arms I couldn't keep my eyes off her diamond necklace. I took it from her throat and fooled with it and put it in my pocket, pretending it was just in fun."

"She took it as a joke and forgot about it and—well, when I went away I still had it in my pocket. If she remembered it at all, and I don't suppose she did, she supposed I'd bring it back to her the next day. It would be an excuse for another call. Anyway, she didn't mention it."

"All that night I studied it and figured how much it would be worth. I said to myself, 'Why should I be put out in the street when I could pawn this for a fortune and live like a king for a while? She's got a bushel of diamonds. Lord knows, I've earned these.'"

"Well, it was stealing, I suppose, but I was stealing so many other things said to be more precious than rubies that one more theft wouldn't matter. The next morning I went to a pawnshop. If I'd



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had any sense I would have expected to be arrested as a burglar, but I marched in looking as rich as I could and told a cock-and-bull story about the family heirloom I wanted to put away for a month or two.

"The old Shylock looked it over and didn't even worry about asking me where I got it. He said, 'Fifty dollars,' and I said, 'You're crazy.' And he said, 'That's all we give for paste.'"

"My jaw dropped and I stuffed the necklace back in my pocket and ran out in a blind fury, such a fury that I went right up to Mrs.—to the woman's house, and when she came in with her arms out and a cooling tone of surprise, I flung the necklace right in her face and said:

"You wouldn't even put on your real diamonds for me. These things are paste and so are you!"

"They cut her lip and broke her heart, I reckon, for I never saw such a look in a woman's eyes. She didn't dare accuse me of trying to pawn them or even to think I was capable of it, but she apologized. She apologized!"

"She said her husband gave her the originals but wouldn't let her wear them, for fear somebody would kill her to get them. So she kept them in a safe-deposit vault. But if I didn't believe her, or felt insulted, she'd get them out, just to show how she loved me and trusted me and wanted to look her best in my eyes.

"And the poor fool did. That night she wore them, and asked me if I thought her beautiful. I was so desperate for money that I said No, I thought they were ridiculous on her, that she was better without them, just going about on her own throat, so to speak.

"And I had the nerve to say, 'If you love me as you say you do, give me this necklace to prove it.' She gasped, 'My husband would kill me if I lost it! And he'd find out.' She asked me why I wanted them. Did I want to give them to some other woman, some younger, more beautiful woman?

"No," I said; 'I want to sell them. I can use the cash.' Instead of throwing me out of the house, the poor fool broke down and sobbed and wept and clung to me and said:

"Why didn't you tell me you needed money, you poor darling? I'll give you anything you want, gladly."

"She begged me to let her buy the necklace from me as if it were my own, but I couldn't quite rise to that magnificence. I was only a young fool then, a crude beginner. But finally she forced me to accept a check for ten thousand dollars.

"I repaid her by taking this place, and she's found it very convenient. So now you know. You asked, and now you know."

Sibyl's horror had lifted her more and more rigidly erect till at the end of his chronicle she was on her feet in a transport of disgust. The cry that sprang to her lips was uttered for her by another voice.

She whirled and saw Rachel standing by the door, as wild as Lady Macbeth, if Lady Macbeth could be imagined young and clothed in gaudy pajamas.

"That's Mother you're telling about!" she cried. "I heard the whole story, and I remember when she was so worried because you'd carried off her paste necklace by mistake. She begged me not to tell Father. I remember how she bragged about your bringing it back."

"She never told me about the money she gave you—no wonder she's always broke. No wonder she's been borrowing from me. For I've got money of my own."

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I really had a rich old aunt. I was named for her and she left me everything. And Mother's been digging it out of me—and giving it to you.

"Oh, what a woman! No wonder I'm such a rotter. No wonder I'm a crazy sot. What a filthy lot we are! What a filthy world it is! I don't want to live in it any longer. I won't!"

She ran to the balcony door and ripped it open.

Darricott leaped at her and caught her half-way out. He flung himself on her as if he were tackling a football player. He dragged her back, but she fought him, sobbing weakly:

"I want to die! Please let me die! What have I got to live for! Please, Jamie, let me go. Just one little moment and it's all over."

Then she began to struggle again with such power that he had all he could do to restrain her.

Sibyl ran to the door, closed it and stood with her back against it, and Rachel began to battle with her.

The thing that broke her finally was Jamie's gnarling wrath:

"Stop it, or I'll throw you off the balcony myself. I saved you from your drunken riot with that man Weldon, and brought you up here to keep you out of jail and the newspapers, and now you want to throw yourself all over the front page and ruin me for life, and your father, too. You don't deserve to live. Open that door and let me chuck her out."

Rachel's crazed mind swung instantly to the opposite pole. And now she wept and groveled and implored Darricott to forgive her, called him an angel, vowed that she would rather die than cause him a moment's pang after all he had done for her.

Exhausted with terror of what might have been and with his unseemly battle, Darricott accepted her promise to be good, to go back to bed and stay there until she was ready to go home.

There was such meek sincerity in her vows that they could not be disbelieved. She staggered to the room and closed the door.

Darricott nodded to Sibyl and whispered: "She's asleep! You'd better try a wink or two."

"I'd never dare close my eyes," she answered, slumping into a chair and falling instantly into a coma.

How long she slept she could not tell, but she woke from a dream of watching Rachel leap across the balustrade in her bright garb and fall, fall, dwindling so fleetly and so far that she could not see her when she struck, though she knelt on the balcony and peered into the utter depths.

It was the light of day that woke her. It was suffusing the room, curdling the tinted lamplight through the colored shades with a stealthy gray. The windows were coming forth in pallid blotches squared and more and more incisive.

Darricott slept in a chair beneath a lamp, the two lights warring for him and the wan light winning. The lamp blessed him with warm radiance; the dawn was cruel. He existed now in two separate selves under two separate judgments, illusion and realism disclosing him as he looked to eyes blurred with infatuation and to eyes clear, precise, honorable and merciless.

In Sibyl's heart both visions of him struggled, but the wisdom of the day was erasing the false wisdom of the night. She could not select between the two opinions of him and was wearily giving him up in despair of decision when his eyes opened.

He smiled at Sibyl, and recaptured her reluctant interest. He was like a awakened infant as he stretched and yawned and flung his arms aloft and thrust out his long legs and writhed in the awkwardness a woman loves in a man.

"Well," he said, "here's another day! And high time for one. High time for a bath and a change of clothes. Don't you want to take one while little Rachel sleeps?"

She shook her head. She had no other clothes and doubted that even his resources included a fresh wardrobe for her.

With dazing carelessness he said: "Well, I'd better take mine while I've got the chance. Rachel will be dead to the world for a while and when she wakes she'll have another act to put on. I'd better be ready for it."

He went into the bedroom and bustled about, collecting his things, no doubt. She heard the bathroom door open and close. She heard Rachel's breath come and go in a stridulous cacophony that was even more reassuring than less grating tones. She faintly heard water running in a tub. She heard the sudden deluge of a shower bath.

She drew a chair to the window sill and watched the silent building of the world from the delusive erasures of the night.

The moon was gone yet there was more to see. The sky grew taller and withdrew. The East River began to flow clearer and wider and to separate itself from its shores, from the bridges over it and from the thin islands in it. The boats took shape; tugs and barges could be distinguished, and the wakes they left. Industry woke on the three rivers, and the waters turned to liquid slate.

The buildings drew apart in their entities, their roofs in all their planes were distinct. The streets were laid down on their levels.

Suddenly the myriads of street lamps were blotted as if a Titan had puffed them out with one breath. But the lights in Central Park glowed on, and so did the lamps left burning all night in the shops and in windows here and there.

Darricott came and stood beside Sibyl and then sat down at her elbow, but neither of them spoke. She saw that he was in a business suit with a colored tie and russet shoes. She looked at her fluffy skirt of net and her frail bodice of silk and felt ashamed of herself.

The air was softer now and she was growing drowsy in its soothing flow. She sighed:

"It's beautiful up here. No wonder you love it."

"I did," he sighed. "But all of a sudden I'm afraid of it. For the first time I have a horror of the height. I can't get over the scare Rachel gave me. I can't stop thinking of falling myself, and falling, and falling."

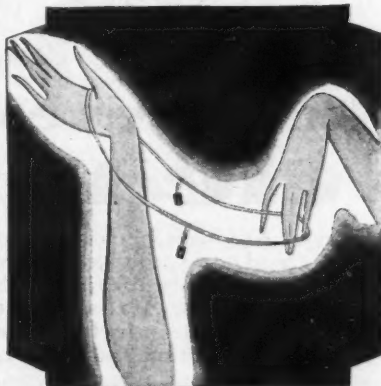
She also thought of falling and falling, and fell asleep. How long she slept she could not know, but she was whipped awake by the sudden trill of the telephone in the bedroom. Darricott knew its tone; he seemed to be startled, too:

"It's my private wire again. I wonder who the devil—" He yawned and mumbled, "Let it ring."

But he had not counted on Rachel's being awake. He heard her voice: "Hello! H'lo! Yes, this is Miss Fendley. Who wants her? Who wants her? Well, I'll be—oh, Jamie!"

He went to the door. She was leaning on one elbow, less befuddled now by her liquor than by what she described.

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"That telephone rang. I answered. A woman's voice—a telephone operator's voice said: 'Is that Miss Rachel Fendley?' And I said, 'Yes, who wants her?' And the operator answered, 'Holawire plee-uz!' and I heard her say, 'Booth number fi-uv, plee-uz! Miss Fendley's on the wire, sir,' and I waited and waited.

"Then she said, 'Never mind. The gentleman wouldn't wait. Excuse ut, plee-uz!' And she hung up on me.

"Now who do you suppose wanted to know I was here, and didn't want to talk to me the minute he found out? Do you suppose it was Peytlee Weldon? If it is, he'll come up here. But don't you let him in. Call me at noon. G'night all!"

And she was again asleep. Darricott was ill at ease and with reason enough.

"It's a good thing you're here," he said to Sibyl. "You can save the situation and you have a most respectable look."

"What if Weldon should try to break in?"

"Then I'll have to do the best I can with what I can lay my hands on. He's a powerful thug, and I shouldn't hesitate to tap him on the head with—let's see what's the best tapper I've got."

Sibyl had visions of witnessing a murder and of having a day in court. "What if you killed him?"

"Oh, no. A policeman taught me once the art of bouncing a club off a head so as to knock a man unconscious without breaking a bone. If it's Weldon, I'll just give him a gentle rap."

He found a stout stick and leaned it against the door. As he returned to his chair, Sibyl said:

"It might be the girl's mother or father asking for her. What if either of them came here?"

"Oh, they won't miss her for hours yet. She rarely gets in before daylight. Her father is up pretty early, being a banker; but he's been taught to keep his hands off his little wild cat. Her mother sleeps till noon."

At every reference to Mrs. Fendley a look darkened Sibyl's face. Darricott could not fail to notice it. If he had thought it was jealousy before, he could not account for it now on any such grounds. He chose not to ignore it.

"I know what you're thinking of. You're blaming Rachel's mother for the girl's lawlessness. But what can a mother do with a headstrong girl—especially nowadays when so many of the men ignore a girl that won't drink?"

"No; Rachel didn't get her dipsomania from her mother. Helena doesn't touch hard liquor, and wine only softens her and cheers her up. Rachel's father likes his cocktails and high balls, but he keeps himself in fine trim. He's athletic and always on the job. Rachel's curse came from further back somewhere. And if you think her bad behavior is due to bad home influence, how do you explain her brother?"

"I didn't know she had one."

"Oh, hasn't she, though! He's been raised under the same roof with the same conditions and opportunities and—why, he might have been reared in a monastery. Anthony—that's his name. His friends call him Saint Anthony. He never looks at a girl or at a bottle of liquor except in horror."

"He'd be a saint if he weren't such a fanatic. He's always trying to convert everybody. Goes to parties only to talk about the evils of punch and the wickedness of dancing. You can imagine how popular he is! Rachel says he's what drives her to drink."

"They have the most frightful wrangles. He wants her to be good and pure and gentle, but she says that he makes



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virtue so hideous she has to run wild to save her self-respect.

"He's a good deal like Rachel, at that. He has as bad a temper as hers. He makes you understand the good old persecutors of the Middle Ages. He'd burn a man or a woman at the stake to save his or her soul. He believes in what he calls the militant virtues, and Lord, how he hates me!

"I'm telling you all this just to show you that you mustn't blame Helena for Rachel's bad habits. The safest thing is not to blame anybody for anything."

Sibyl nodded, but she kept on wondering who had rung the telephone. A battle in this crystal-clear morning light in this pure upper ether seemed peculiarly intolerable. Battles were for the night.

Darricott had apparently dismissed the omens from his volatile mind. He said:

"Aren't you hungry? I'm famished. You didn't eat any dinner. We got cheated out of supper. We've had one busy night. What would you say to a little breakfast? It's half past seven, and the restaurant here has to be open for the brokers and the other early birds."

He went to the telephone and asked for Room Service, gave his number and his order: "Two double portions of orange juice. Scrambled eggs and bacon. Marmalade. Toast and crescent rolls. And coffee. All that for two, please. Yes, thanks."

The words had a lyric quality and Sibyl realized that she was more nearly starved than she had realized. She was disappointed in herself. After all the miserable abominations of the long night, she was still capable of being hungry and of taking up again the old round of three meals a day.

When the waiter brought the breakfast table Darricott offered her a long glass of orange juice. The chill potable gold was an elixir, and she was able to smile at the audacity of Darricott's toast:

"Here's to the best sport and the best girl I ever met. Long may you remain the best sport!"

He drew her chair back for her and pushed it in deftly. He took up a napkin and tied it about her neck, saying: "Baby mustn't get breakfast on ball gown."

When she tore it away, he kissed her on the top of her head and seated himself opposite her, lifted a silver dome, tapped it like a gong and pointed to a heap of beaten gold and ivory with strips of crisp vellum alongside.

He served her the eggs and bacon, but made her pour the coffee. She grew braver with every sip and more robust with every bite. Marmalade and toast persuaded her that life had its good qualities, after all.

"Domestic, eh?" said Darricott. "The only problem Papa and Mama have now is how to get rid of our angel child."

"Your angel child wants a jink."

Rachel was standing in the door, as fresh as a daisy, and as tall and florid as a hollyhock.

"A drink!" Darricott gasped. "Good Lord, haven't you had enough booze for one night?"

"More than enough. And I'm never going to drink again—that is, after I've had one little bracer to start me on the path of reform."

"A bracer, eh? Solid food is what you're going to have. I'll order you some oatmeal and prunes."

"If you mention food I'll curl up and die," she pleaded. "Just a noggin of brandy, just a teensy-weensy sippity."

"Brandy, ye gods! You disgust me."

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Contest Editor, Nujol Laboratories
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the mouth" generally. The most world-famous athletes tell us that they have taken Nujol for years. If they need it you surely do! Nujol works gradually, slowly—but surely. Continued use can do you no harm. It forms no habit. Take a swallow from the Nujol bottle every night for two weeks. See how bright life will look to you as the poisons are absorbed and carried away. Millions have found that Nujol is the way to health and happiness. Get a bottle at your druggist's. Start being well, this very day!

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She disgusted Sibyl, too, but chiefly by her blooming radiance and by the stainless purity of her eyes, the girlish incandescence of her cheeks.

Even her pleading for a drink was babyishly sweet and irresistible. At length Darricott rose, went to a cabinet, took out a bottle of cognac and poured a bit of it in a glass.

She whipped it into her throat, blinked her tearshot eyes and thrust forth the glass again.

"Just a wee droppie more and I swear I'll never touch another."

As Darricott hesitated, the doorbell rang.

Sibyl's coffee cup clashed with the saucer. Darricott stood petrified.

"It's only the waiter," said Rachel. "More brandy, for the love of—"

"The waiter would have knocked," said Darricott. He stood irresolute a long moment, then set down the brandy, and said: "We'll soon know. If it's Weldon, we'll teach him to wait for an invitation."

As he moved to the door, Rachel slipped forward, snatched the bottle and hurried toward the bedroom, but paused to see who the visitor might be.

Darricott picked up the cane, poised it and made a tentative pass or two with it, bouncing it off an imaginary skull.

Sibyl could not quite see the door from where she sat behind the table, or be seen from it. But she heard the knob turn. She saw Darricott's upraised arm lowered slowly as the cane slipped from his hand.

She heard a strange voice: "I've come for my sister."

Her eyes turned to Rachel, bottle in one hand, glass in the other, her hair tousled, and her feet bare where they issued from the garish trousers of a man's pajamas.

"Hello, Anthony," Rachel laughed. "You're just in time for a drink."

Sibyl heard something like the low howl of a mad dog; unbearable pain and uncouth wrath in one hideous sound, then:

"You blackguard! You foul beast!"

Will Darricott be able to justify the presence in his rooms of Rachel Fendley to her outraged brother? It's a tense situation in Rupert Hughes' unique novel—Next Month

What You Need is Exercise

(Continued from page 57)

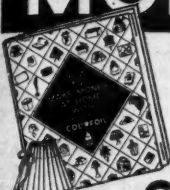
rust out of your system. Fifty dollars, please."

Fortunately an artist friend of mine had been frequenting one of the most reputable gymnasiums in New York and recommended it highly. He introduced me to the gentleman who was the guiding spirit of the enterprise.

He was an ex-fighter who had taken up the case of the tired business man in a big way. With the talking movies crowding out the big undraped theatrical revues which used to give the tired business man his only form of uncommercial exhilaration, there was nothing left for the tired business man to do but exercise in the afternoon and get so tired he didn't feel like doing anything in the evening.

The gymnasium was really a beautiful place. It did not have the smell with which I had associated all gymnasiums during my long association with prize

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fighters in their native lairs. Everything was orderly and quiet and gentlemanly. All the customers wore the same kind of neat white shirts and trunks, and the attendants had that fine white immaculate antiseptic look you generally associate with hospital attendants and soda jerkers.

I had never lifted a dumb-bell in my life, except once years ago when I took a girl out into the country and had to carry her across a stream. But I was ready for the great adventure, come what might.

Mr. Sweeney—that wasn't his name—took me into his private office and immediately wheeled out some apparatus that looked strangely familiar. Bless my old rusty bones if it wasn't my boon companions, the blood-pressure gauge and the stethoscope.

"Don't waste your time, Sweeney," I said. "You don't have to go over all that stuff again. I've had everything done a dozen times and my organs are o. k. I can stand anything. I'm willing to sign a paper releasing you from all responsibility if I drop dead during my exercises. My heart and lungs and stomach and kidneys and elbows are fine. You don't even have to scrape carbon."

He reluctantly wheeled the machinery back into a corner. Then he led me over to a table and opened a book containing clippings telling about the miraculous cures he had accomplished.

One glowing report stated he had taken three or four feet off Babe Ruth's waistline and made it possible for him to buy ready-made pants. Another brought to light the fact that a Wall Street broker went all to pieces from the strain of making twelve million dollars and was about to throw himself off the top of the Williamsburg Bridge when Sweeney happened to be strolling past with a medicine ball in his hand.

Sweeney threw the medicine ball to the nervous wreck and the distraught man, for want of anything better to do, threw it back. The two of them threw the ball back and forth violently for five or ten minutes, until the broker worked up a perspiration and a new interest in life. Sweeney escorted him to the gymnasium.

That was only four months ago. Today the man not only enjoys his twelve millions but does riveting on big buildings during his spare time and rocks the great sea monster to sleep when Barnum and Bailey's circus is in town.

I asked Sweeney if he got most of his clients by hovering around bridges with a medicine ball under his arm.

"Oh, no," he replied, pointing to an account of his experience with a lighthouse keeper who was in bad shape because of the sedentary nature of his work.

It told how Sweeney was taking one of his customary forty-mile swims off Nantucket one day when he heard strange noises coming from the lighthouse. He swam alongside and saw the lighthouse keeper making wild gesticulations like one fighting off mortal enemies, and yelling "Boo!"

Upon questioning the poor fellow, Sweeney saw that he had gone completely goofy from staying so long in one place all by himself. From his strange mutterings it seemed he thought he was a piece of antique furniture and was fighting off small loathsome creatures who were trying to fill him with worm holes to make him more valuable.

Sweeney hit him over the head with an Indian club—he always carried a set of Indian clubs with him for such an



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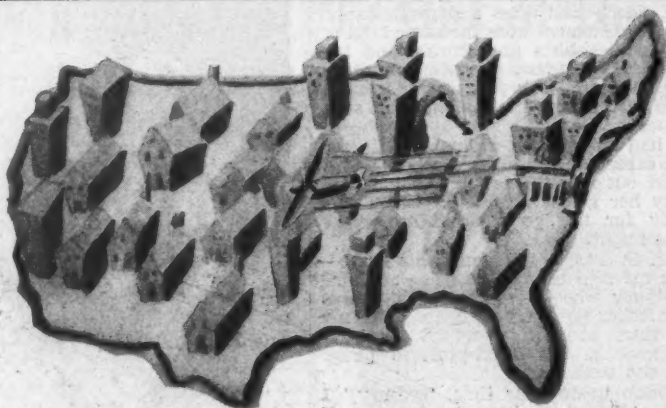
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via Albany		Albany	25.00			Tucson	
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emergency—strapped him to his back and swam with him to the gymnasium. Today the lighthouse keeper is the happiest man in the world. Not only has he regained his health but he has a group of sixteen Tiller girls constantly with him to dance to the rhythm of the waves beating upon the rocks below. He is never lonesome.

Sweeney was indeed a miracle man. He pointed to a magazine article giving the details of how he had led a well-known movie actor out of the slough of despond.

It seems the great flicker ham had been drinking heavily, had washed up three or four wives, had been battling with the income tax authorities and was run down generally. He went to the most expensive specialists in the country but they could do nothing for him. He was at the end of his rope.

He even let his wardrobe dwindle down to forty shirts and thirty-seven pairs of shoes. He lost interest in everything—even himself. When he lost interest in himself his friends knew it was serious. They wrote to President Hoover, Ambassador Dawes, Owen Young, Will Rogers and Jimmy Walker, and asked them what was to be done. They all sent back the same identical answer, "Tell it to Sweeney."

So they did. They wheeled him into the gymnasium on a tea wagon. He was very low.

Sweeney took one look at him and said, "It's a cinch." Then he bent over and yelled into the prostrate actor's ear, "You can have ten thousand dollars a week, write your own scenarios, have your own bungalow on the lot and work when you feel like it."

The broken celebrity sat up and reached for a fountain pen with which to sign the contract. Quick as a flash Sweeney shoved a dumb-bell into his hand and started counting, "One, two; one, two; one, two."

The patient easily fell into the rhythm. Before he could realize what he was doing he had a dumb-bell in the other hand and was actually going through the exercise routine. Sweeney believes in the old theory that a dumb-bell in the hand is worth two in the street.

Needless to say, the movie goof after three months of regular training in the gymnasium was his old sweet self again and was able to autograph his photographs without the slightest quiver.

Sweeney explained to me that each individual case presented a different problem and needed different treatment. I wondered what class I came under.

The first part of my treatment was to make out a check for two hundred and fifty dollars. I was afraid to ask just how much time this amount was to cover. I did not wish to appear gymnasium-conscious. I thought of the emergency that might occur should I die before I had used up my two hundred and fifty dollars' worth.

Somehow the atmosphere suggested that this was a gentleman's game and questions about terms were slightly out of place. The whole thing was more like a mother-and-child affair where everything was done in a family spirit. I expected to see some song pluggers emerge from the little dressing booths singing their mammy songs.

When I timidly showed myself in the passageway outside the dressing room Sweeney turned me over to one of his smiling, gentle-souled, bulging-muscled lieutenants. He wore white trousers but the upper part of his body was pretty well exposed, showing a fine development of brawn. His general appearance convinced me that he was not the type of

person who argued long over anything. He simply said, in a high tenor voice, "Come this way."

His gracious but final manner suggested more the keeper than the gymnasium instructor. There was no other word than "inmate" to express my state of being at this moment. I would have responded, "Present," if someone had yelled, "Number 1326." But inmate, delinquent or patient, there I was, a Spartan gladiator ready for the tournament of nerves.

We went into the gymnasium proper where big business sheds its aura of dignity and becomes a prey to liniment and adhesive tape. Each of the ten or twelve health-seekers had his individual instructor. Some were waving dumbbells; others were lying on mattresses lifting their limbs and bodies to the accompaniment of puffs and grunts, while still others were tossing the medicine ball from different stances, all of which seemed uncomfortable.

Sweeney whispered into the ear of my male nurse. I don't know whether he said to go easy or make it snappy. It was all the same to me. When you consider that it had always been a great strain for me to lift my arm when I hailed a taxi, you can imagine my feelings when my keeper placed the inevitable iron dumb-bells in my hands, stood facing me and said, "Now, do everything I do. One, two; one, two; one, two; one, two."

It really didn't seem so bad when I got started. After about ten minutes of bending and waving I was still alive and rather pleased with myself.

I was ready to say, "Gee, that was great. I'll put on my things now and be back Thursday."

But my teacher told me that now that we were warmed up we would soon get going. He led me to a row of mattresses spread out on the floor. Most of them were occupied by the athletic remains of what were once men of affairs. They were throwing their legs over their heads and tying themselves into sailors' knots. A ball player got tangled up with a broker and it took two of the assistants to reassert their arms and legs.

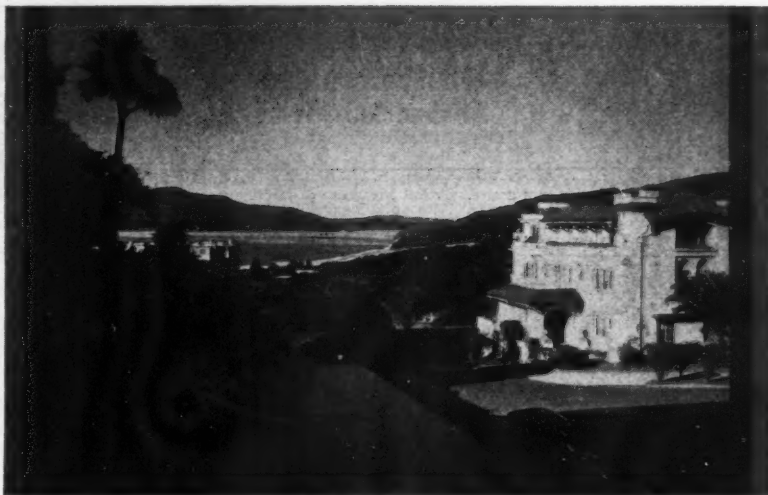
"I'll start you light," said my instructor. "This being the first time, I'll just let you do the pendulum, the cocktail shaker and the accordion."

He grabbed my left foot and pressed it against my nose. He pushed my right foot up against the small of my back. He worked both feet back and forth against my eyebrows in perfect rhythm until the squeaks in my bones made a crooning sound like Rudy Vallée singing, "Lover, Come Back to Me."

All of a sudden everything went black and when I came to I was looking out from under my left armpit. He had taken me unawares and given me the pretzel twist. I finished with a double overhand stroke to get out of my own perspiration and then he said, "Now you can rest."

He turned me over like a fried egg and wrapped me in a blanket. I took a side glance along the row of victims beside me. Many others were lying on their backs wrapped in blankets, too. The gentle, rolling topography of their stomachs gave the effect of the cooling sand dunes of Southampton, Long Island, and I fell asleep.

I must have said something in my sleep about the killing I made in General Electric, because when I awoke Sweeney himself was standing over me asking how I felt. He told my tutor to put me through a few paces with the medicine ball and then let me off for the day.



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I don't know what a medicine ball weighs under normal conditions, but when I started tossing the leather projectile back and forth I realized what a tough job Atlas has had standing around all these years holding up the world. Every time that ball hit my chest I was convinced it was stuffed with broken battleships that had been junked by the Treaty of Versailles. The particular ball that I was using had a few cruisers thrown in for extra measure.

I used to kick when my wife, wanting to change the arrangement of furniture in the living room, asked me to move the piano. Moving the piano was like passing the salt compared with tossing the medicine ball. The only sense I could see in this weird, degenerate form of exercise was that if I ever lost my cunning as an artist I could qualify for a job tossing bums out of speakeasies.

It was with a feeling of tremendous relief that I lay down on the rubbing table for a refreshing body massage. The rubber had the same smiling indulgent personality as the gym professor. I was too exhausted to suspect anything and lay back thinking of the glowing, healthful, muscular joy the future had in store for me.

Then it happened. "Slap" went a big calloused hand on my chest. "Klunk" went a set of brawny knuckles on my neck. "Bang, sock, bam" came the blows on my waist, arms, legs and ribs. Alcohol splashed in my eyes and mouth. I was all red. When I finally struggled to my feet I was bent in half and looked like a firecracker that had already exploded.

The masseur pointed to a shriveled individual who stood beside me, and whispered, "See that guy. He is worth thirty millions and is seventy-six years old. He hasn't missed a day here in three years."

I thought he had aged rather slowly considering the course of treatment. I had taken only one dose and felt ninety-nine.

The smiling custodian of the showers—everybody seemed to be smiling but me—asked me if I would like a Scotch "blizzard." Before I could answer he turned the hose on me and knocked out the little strength I had left in my body. It was more than a Scotch blizzard. It was a Japanese typhoon and a Caribbean hurricane.

Fortunately, I still retained my olfactory sense and I was brought back to consciousness by the smell of something cooking. I looked into the next compartment and saw a bald head sticking out of a square cabinet. The head seemed to be lighted indirectly like the dome of the Capitol in Washington and I must admit that the effect was somewhat pleasing to the eye. The face had an expression of courageous resignation.

Sweeney snuggled up to my side and said, still smilingly, "I won't let you sit in the electric cabinet today. You've had enough for the first time. I think it is better to leave that enjoyment as something to look forward to."

I kissed him for those kind words and left him standing bewildered as I ducked into the dressing room and started to dress.

All around me were men of all sizes, ages and shapes, dressing and singing. They had finished their exercise and were ready for a glorious dinner and a wild night. They said between their snatches of melody, "Gee, I feel great." "I had a wonderful workout today." "I conquered the jackknife bend today." "I played six games of handball and don't even feel it." "Wow, this is great!"

The human story behind the business wall map

by

William Wrigley, Jr.

*Famous business man,
sportsman and philanthropist*

"YOU have often seen huge maps hung in the offices, usually the executive offices, of large business houses.

"These maps no doubt have a practical value. Even the colored pins with which they are stuck have a business—strictly business—meaning.

"They are therefore not hung up out of sentiment. And yet well they might be!

"For it is my belief that back of every such map is a story intimate to a man, a story significant of his achievement, but even more significant of his dreams.

"Long before such a map could hang in such an office, this man must have carried it about with him in his mind. He must have studied, long and eagerly, a smaller edition of the very same map, perhaps one he found in his oldest child's geography book at home.

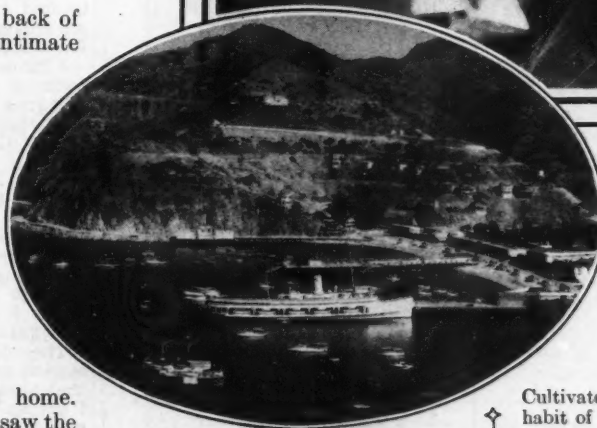
"There, years ago, he first saw the possible scope of his business. What the map before his eyes represented was his field of conquest. Some day he might have it all for his market. Whether he knew it or not, then and there was born the vision upon which, from that time on, he built.

"The map which hangs in his office today is the symbol of that vision translated into actuality.



William Wrigley, Jr.

Harbor scene at Catalina Island, the Pacific isle owned by Mr. Wrigley, and an internationally famous show place.



EITHER a globe or an atlas, certainly maps in some form, should hold an important place in every private library as well as in the office.

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"He has probably assigned its care to one of his subordinates, leaving to other hands now the marking of new warehouses, new factories, new jobbing-points.

"Strange he should have forgotten that the red-headed pin which marks Little Rock, Arkansas, is the realization of a dream!"

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Telephones should be one of the great conveniences in your home. With them you can make nearly all of your social engagements. You can "voice visit" with friends, no matter where they are. You can keep family ties alive. You can widen your circle of activity and companionship.

"Telephone hour" is one way many households keep in touch with friends who live in other cities, and members of the family who are away. Regularly—in many cases on Sunday morning—they place calls to them. It takes but a few minutes and is thoroughly reasonable in cost; yet it pays large returns in appreciation and affection. Why not have a "telephone hour" this week and every week thereafter?



and so forth. They were glowing with health and I was a wreck.

Sweeney watched me struggle with my socks and said, "You did fine for the first time. In three months I'll have you biting nails. See that fellow over there?"

He pointed to a dark, sunken-chested individual who looked like the pictures they put in pamphlets asking for funds for starving Hungarians.

"Well, he came here six months ago a total wreck. He was so shaky his friends actually carried him in here. He had seen every specialist in town and was getting worse all the time.

"Look at him now. He is just going into the handball court for a fast game and is as calm and cheerful as the Prince of Wales. He is doing better work than he ever did in his life. He was afraid he couldn't find time for this. Now he wouldn't miss a day in the gymnasium if his mother was dying."

The fellow's looks gave me fresh hope. I thought I was in awful shape but compared with him I was Tarzan of the Apes. If I died in the attempt to give this highly recommended form of health-building a chance, I would never look as cadaverous as this exhibit of six months' training.

I owe him a vote of thanks. He was the innocent cause of helping me to carry on.

When I got home, my wife sent the children out of the room and said, "You've been drinking some of that awful gin. You can hardly stand up."

"You're wrong, dear," I came back with the fine sense of righteousness one feels when one has the truth on one's side. "You see before you the result of a few hours' work in the gymnasium. It cost me a lot of money to find out that I need exercise and I am spending a little more to find out if the man who told me I needed exercise was right. Wait for a few weeks and see what happens."

I think she believed me because I fell back on the couch and went to sleep. She knew that if her first conjecture had been right I would have told her to put on her things and get ready for a big night.

When I awoke the next day I was as stiff as King Tut. It took me three-quarters of an hour to shave. I had barely enough strength to open my egg.

I entertained grave doubts as to the wisdom of it all but said nothing. Now at least I knew why I felt so awful. While I was going to specialists I was only guessing. It was a step forward.

The first fellow I met downtown started right in with one of those things that always open with, "In the morning I get up promptly at seven-thirty, take a few setting-up exercises, put on the dressing gown that happens to suit my mood and eat a light breakfast consisting of so and so and so and so. Then my man lays out my clothes for the day while I play a few selections on the flute.

"Sometimes I have my personal masseur come in and give me a Swedish. But as a rule I leave that till four in the afternoon, when I get to the gym. At eight-fourteen when I am fully dressed I walk eight miles through the park. My car meets me at the corner of so and so and so and so. I can do two hours' work in one on account of my perfect coordination.

"Promptly at three-fifty-two in the afternoon, I tell Miss Glutz to finish up the few important things left over, and take a taxi uptown to the gym. It's the only real gym in town. When I reach the gym I say, 'Hello,' take off my coat, take a drink of water, scratch my nose,

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weigh myself"—and so on *ad nauseam*. I was dying to describe my own day, which I knew was at least as interesting as his, but I didn't have the nerve. Somehow I felt it was too unimportant to inflict even on a fellow bore. I wasn't quite sure how long my day would follow its present schedule. If I looked as I felt, my day was past anyway.

The following day I staggered back to the gym and amidst a sea of those ever-smiling faces I went through the same torture as on my first appearance, only I played two games of handball and sat in the electric incinerator.

Now, it's all right for Kreisler to play the violin and Schmeling to fight and Lindbergh to fly and Pavlowa to dance. They have done it before; in fact, they have been doing it for years. But for a man who has grown to be over forty without ever wearing a pair of gymnasium trunks suddenly to start trying for tackle on a college football team doesn't seem right. In fact, it isn't right.

I went to the torture chamber every other day for three weeks. Each time I went they opened the throttle a little wider. When they saw that I survived the rigors of the first few weeks they looked upon me as a hardened veteran. They did not let me out of the electric box until I was well done. They did not stop tossing me the medicine ball until my front elevation was dotted with golf traps and bunkers.

They gave me the heaviest dumb-bells in the place. When I lifted them they had to chisel my heels out of the floor. They paired me off with the champion handball player of the gym, who kept me playing until my hands hung at my sides like a couple of ancient valises. The rubber gave me the half nelson and strangle hold and wrestled me to a fall. They called out the fire department to give me a shower.

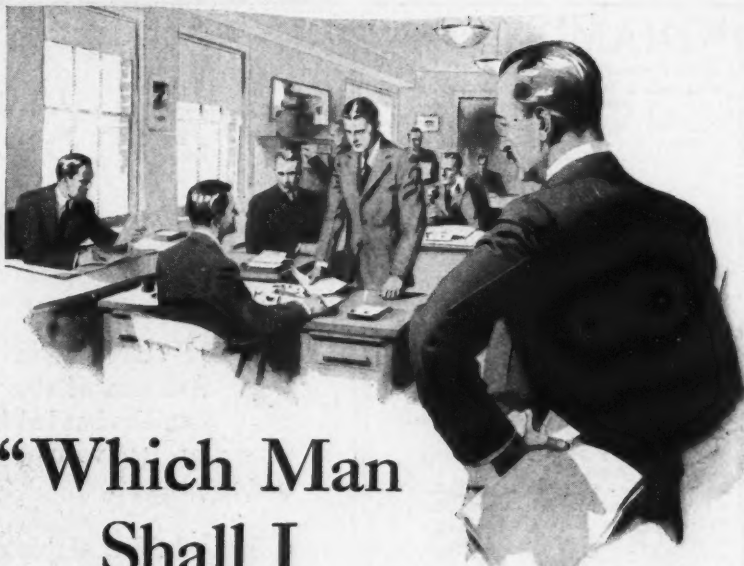
Organically I wasn't any better and I wasn't any worse. I was simply dead-tired.

After my workout I could rest in any position. I relaxed in the subway with four umbrellas sticking in my eye and a Bronx politician at my side who was taking home a bundle of herring. I fell over a toy airplane when I entered the house and I simply lay there until some of the guests started to throw cigaret stubs in my mouth, thinking I was a decorative ash tray. I slept like a babe while all the husbands and wives were fighting at bridge.

When I felt the numbness creeping upon me to such an extent that it became an effort for me to work, I knew exactly what to do. I simply stopped going to the gymnasium. I stopped taking exercise. I determined not to fool myself any longer. There were a lot of places where I didn't belong, and the gymnasium was one. While some people can weave rugs, others make mayonnaise, others hunt lions in Africa and still others sit on flag poles, my life had not been exactly a failure for the want of doing any of these things. By the same token I have never grown morose over the absence of Indian clubs, dumb-bells or medicine balls.

Maybe I am still swallowing an occasional capsule of air and my nerves are still jumpy once in a while. But I am gradually rounding into shape without the aid of any regular exercise and I can keep awake at night when I see three aces in front of me.

Sweeney really misses me a lot because he has sent me telegrams and letters and post cards. But there are still plenty of fellows to come breezing out of his place full of the joy of life. So we're all getting a break.



"Which Man Shall I Promote?"

THERE is probably no one problem in business that gives an employer so much concern as this—"Which man shall I promote?"

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